

SMASH

10¢ COMICS

JULY
No.44

WOW,
MIDNIGHT!
WE'RE IN
AN AWFUL
SPOT,
THIS ISSUE!

**CRAMMED FULL OF
SMASH ACTION**

FEATURING

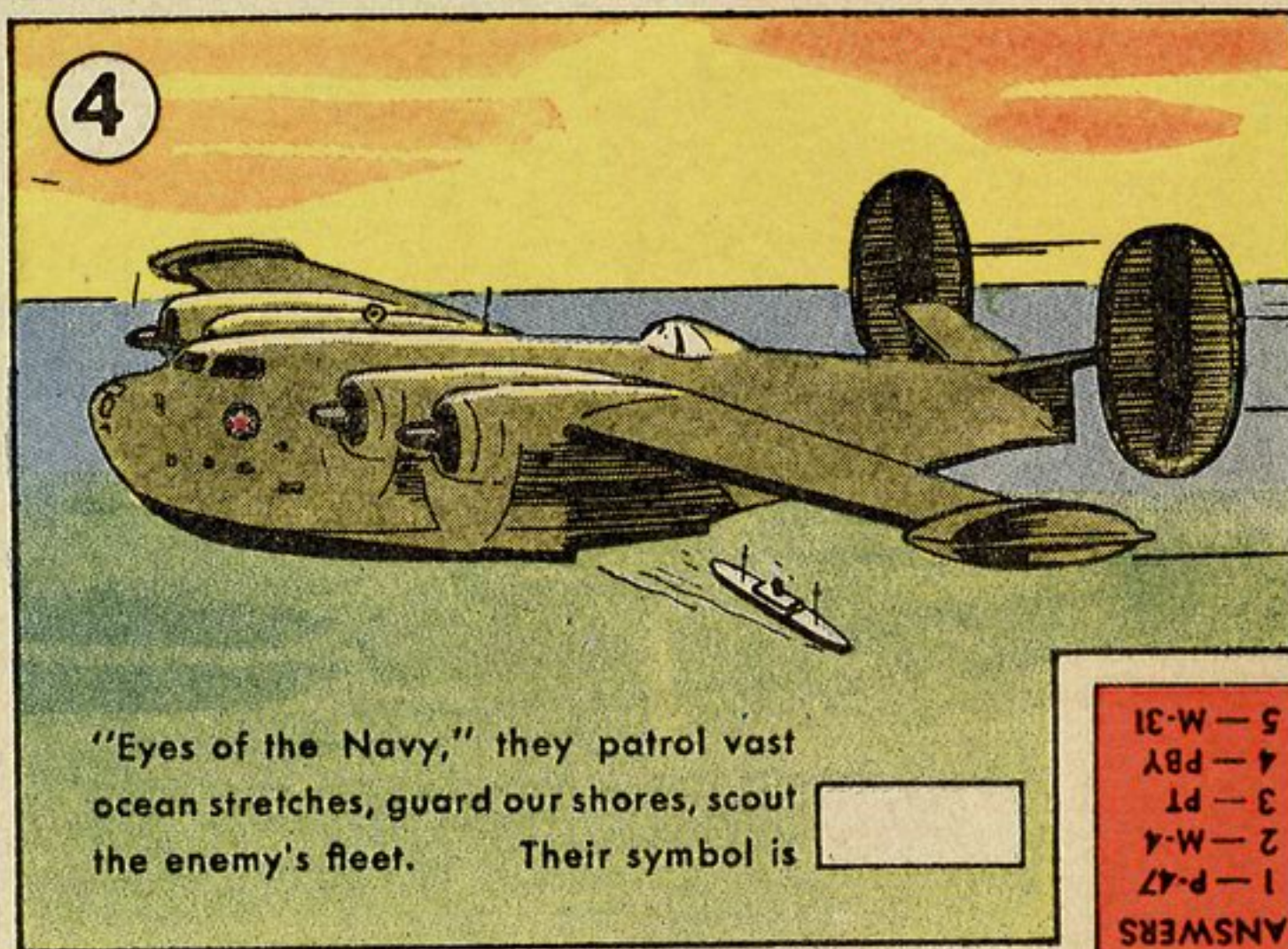
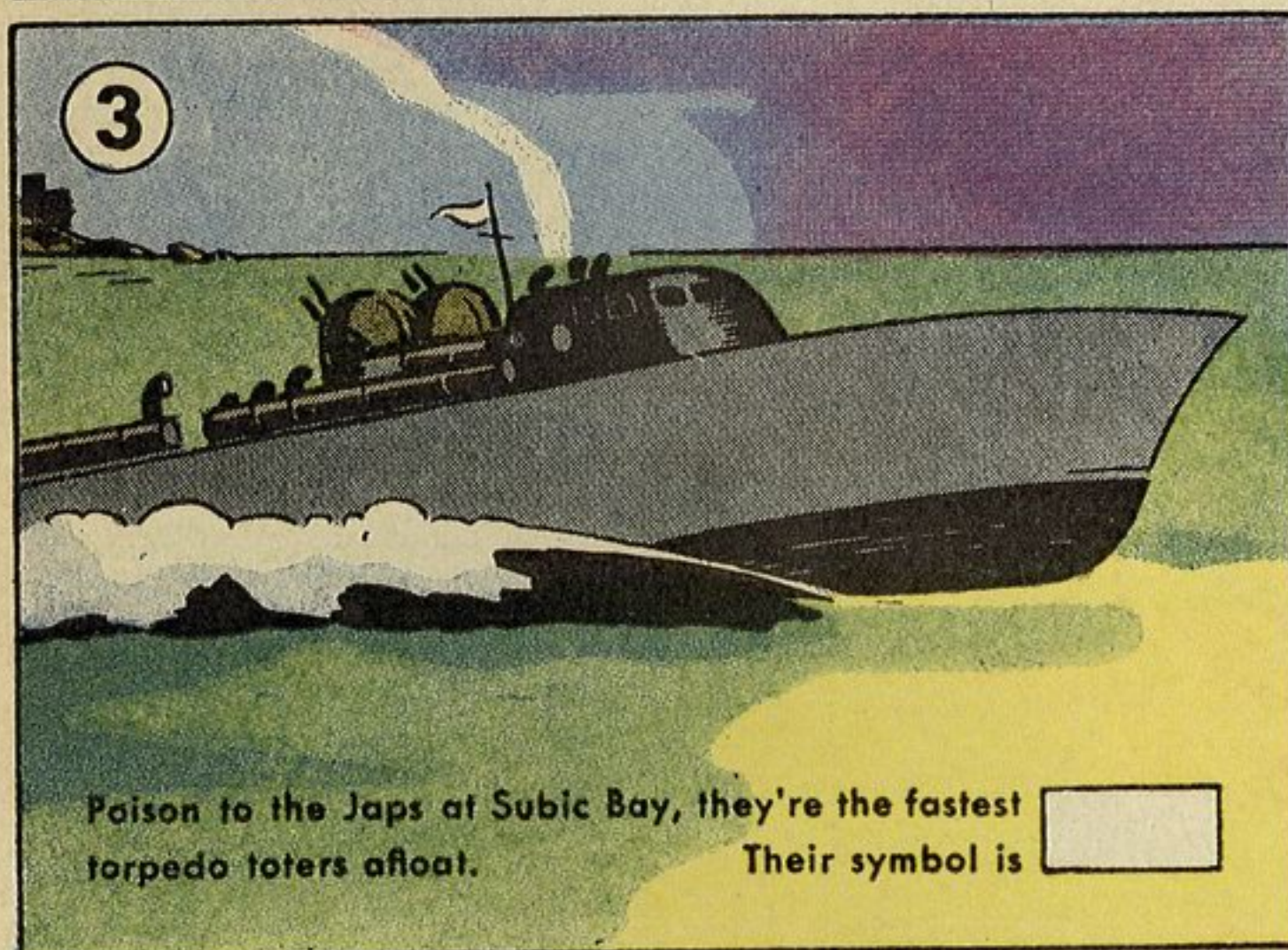
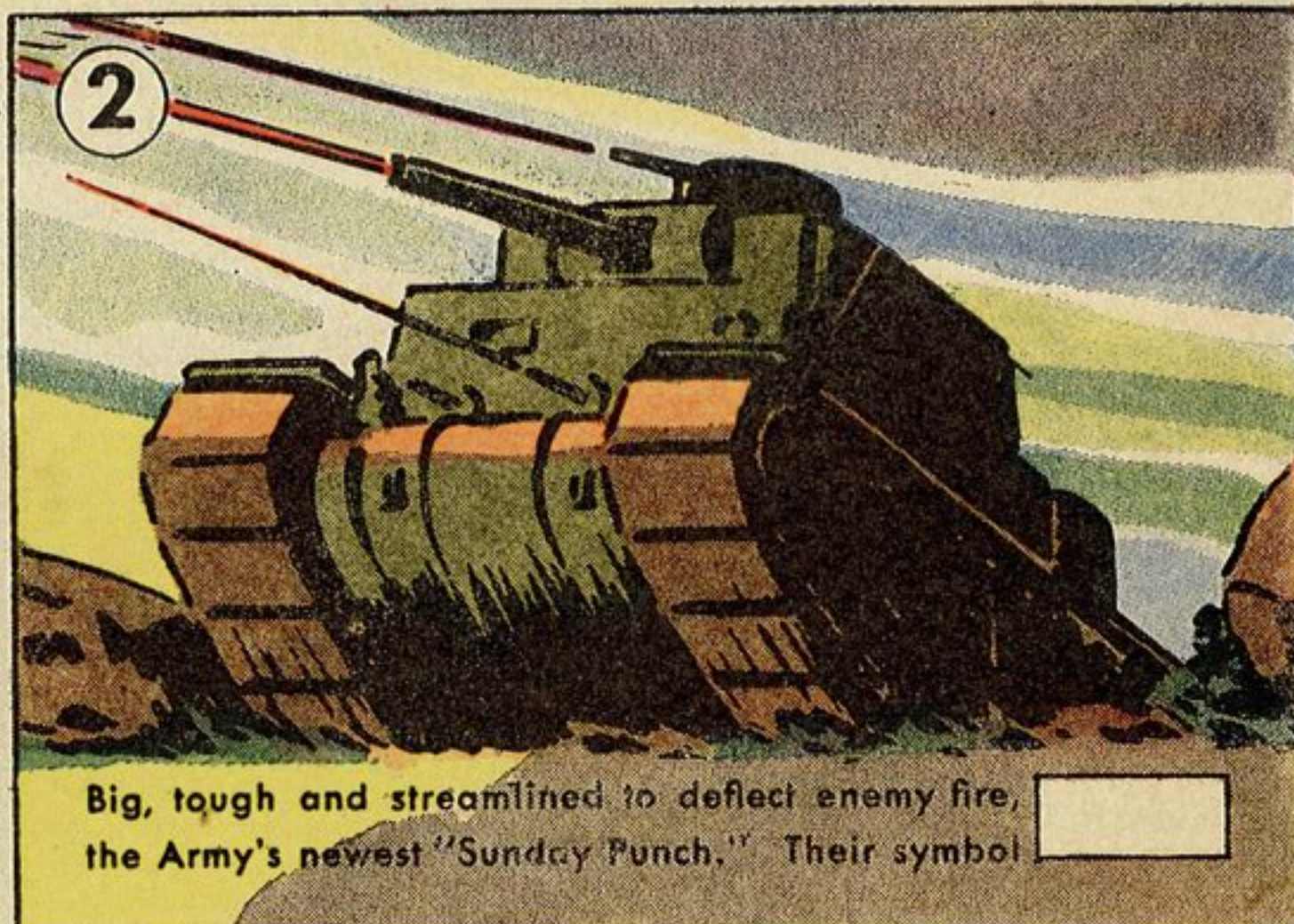
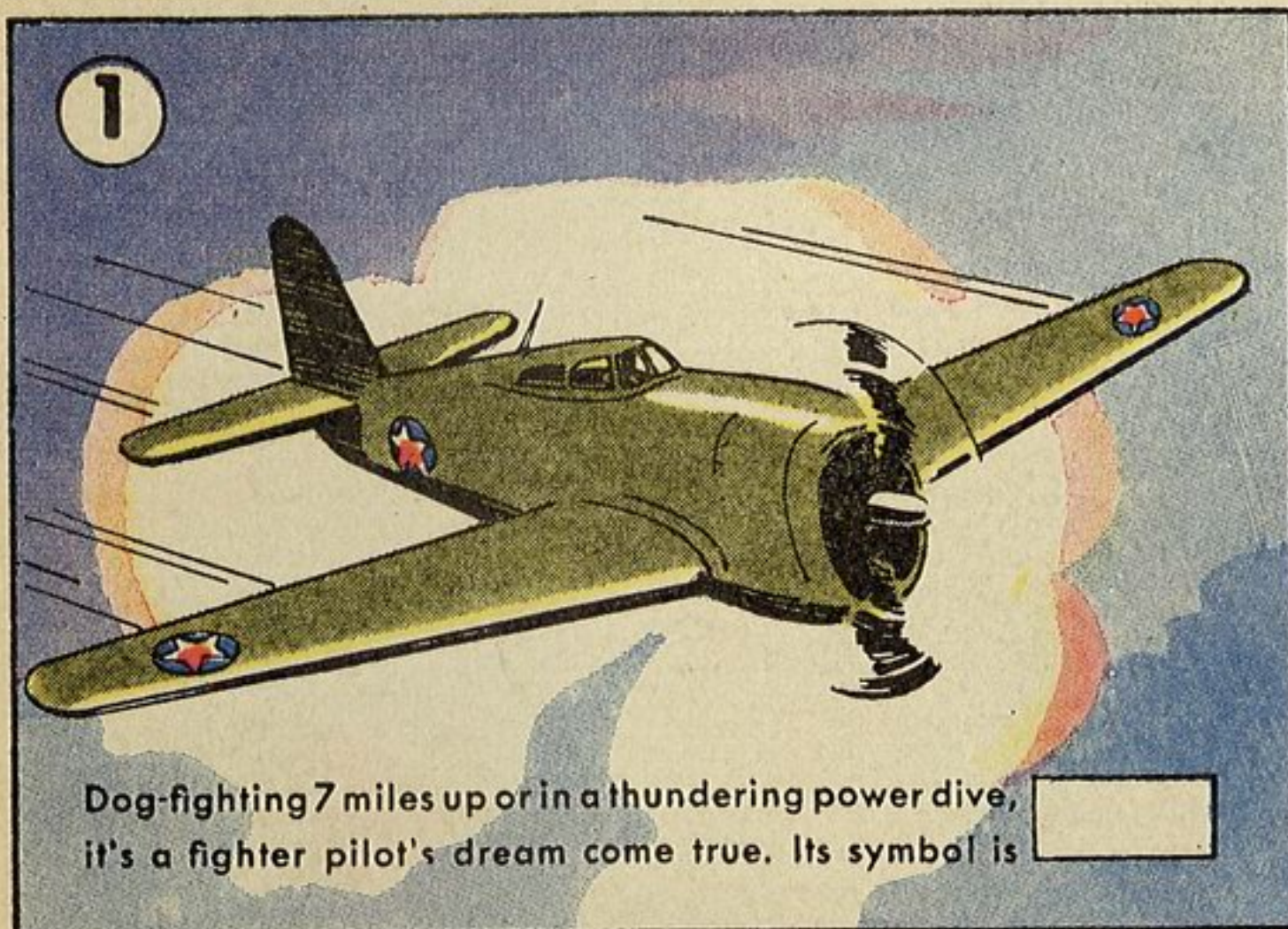
**THE JESTER
ROOKIE RANKIN
ESPIONAGE
THE MARKSMAN
YANKEE EAGLE
LADY LUCK
AND DAFFY**



WEB COMIC
UNIVERSE.COM

HOW WELL DO YOU KNOW OUR WAR WEAPONS?

See how many of these famous symbols you can write in the blank spaces under the pictures.



ANSWERS
1—P-47
2—M-4
3—PT
4—PBY
5—M-31



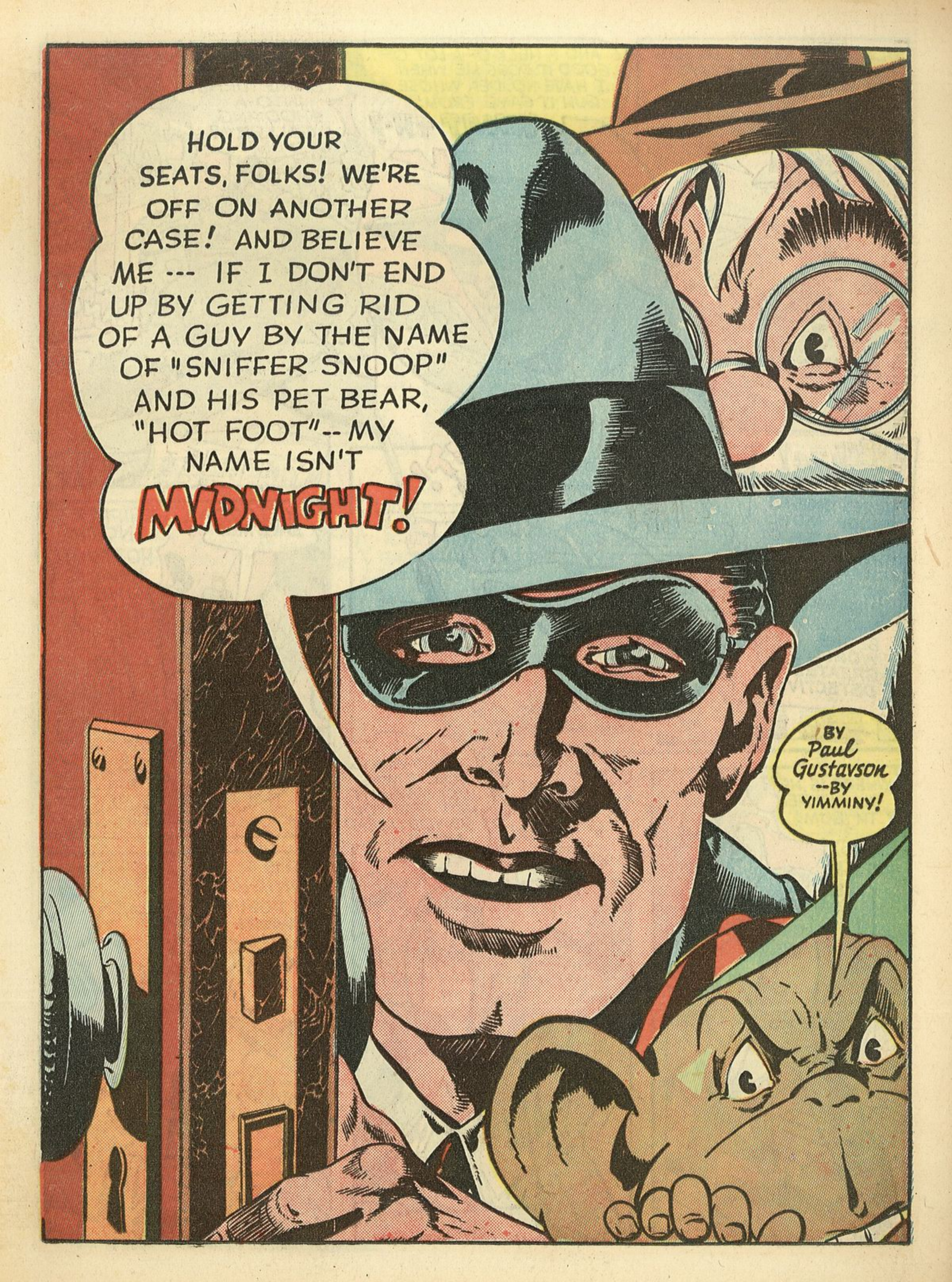
The Morrow Coaster Brake is a member of "The Invisible Crew"—precision equipment built by Bendix—on war duty on every front.

MORROW COASTER BRAKE. They fight with our Bicycle Troops and with our Parachute Troops. Their symbol is (because of the thirty-one ball bearings that give you the longest coasting, easiest pedaling bike-ride you ever had).



ECLIPSE MACHINE DIVISION

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HOLD YOUR
SEATS, FOLKS! WE'RE
OFF ON ANOTHER
CASE! AND BELIEVE
ME --- IF I DON'T END
UP BY GETTING RID
OF A GUY BY THE NAME
OF "SNIFFER SNOOP"
AND HIS PET BEAR,
"HOT FOOT"-- MY
NAME ISN'T

MIDNIGHT!

BY
Paul
Gustavson
--BY
YIMMINY!

BLAST IT!! THIS CASE HAS ME RATTLED! EVERY LAST CLUE RUNS INTO A BLIND ALLEY--EXCEPT THIS SLUG WHICH CAME OUT OF THE WATCHMAN'S BACK!



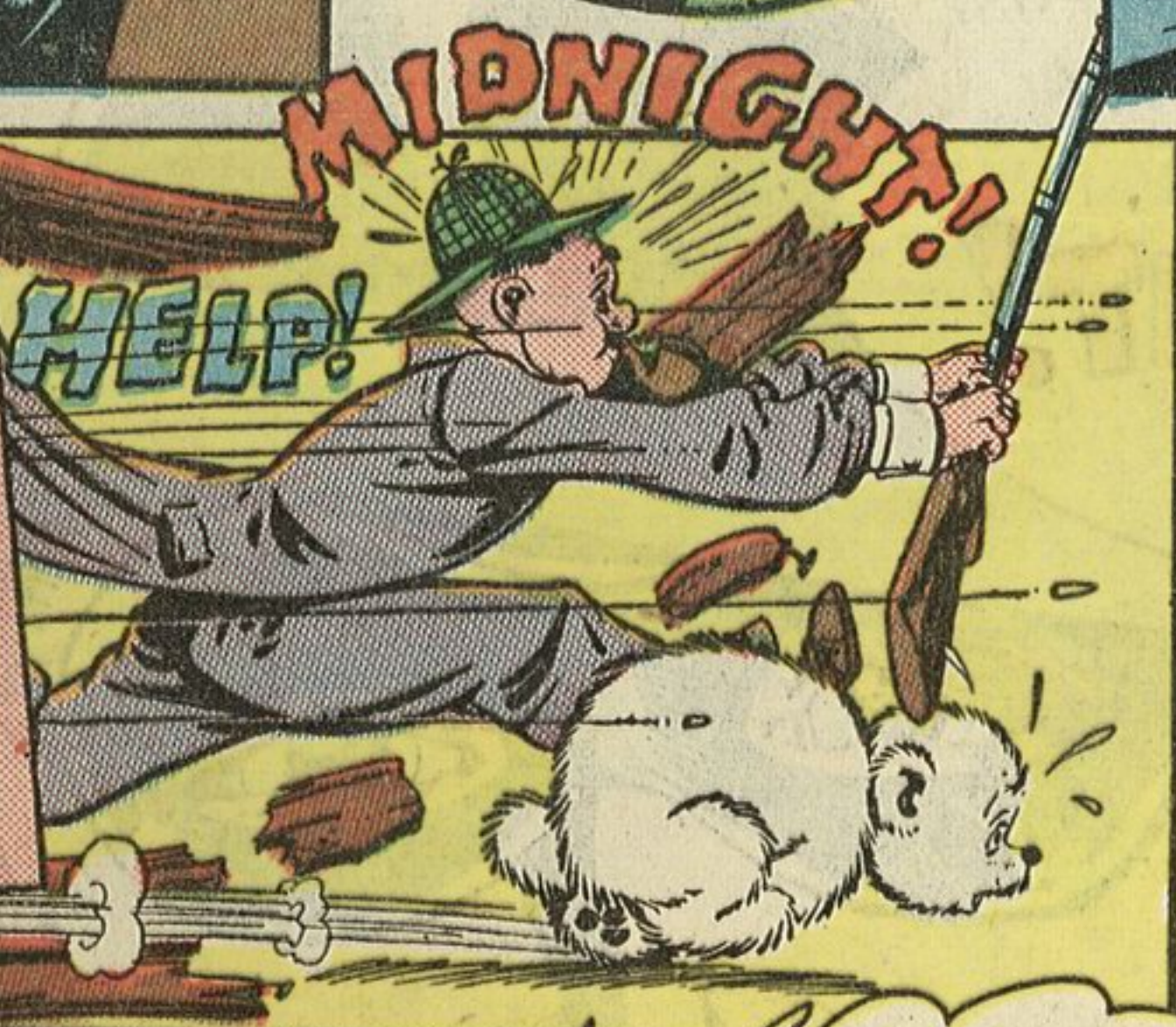
AND A HECK OF A LOT OF GOOD IT DOES ME WHEN I HAVE NO IDEA WHOSE GUN IT CAME FROM!
WHAT TH-?

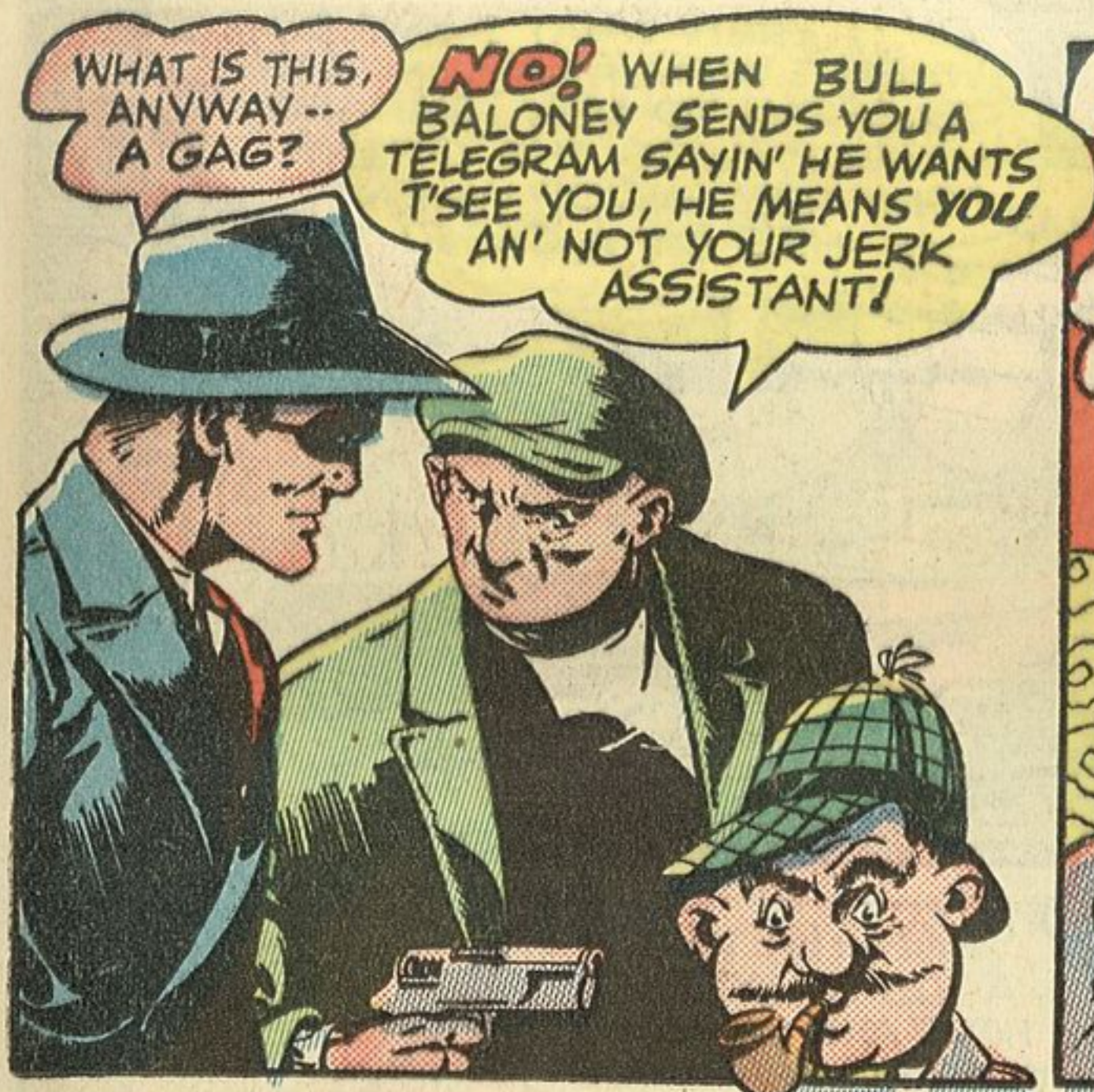


IS THIS PLACE BEING TURNED INTO A SHOOTING GALLERY?



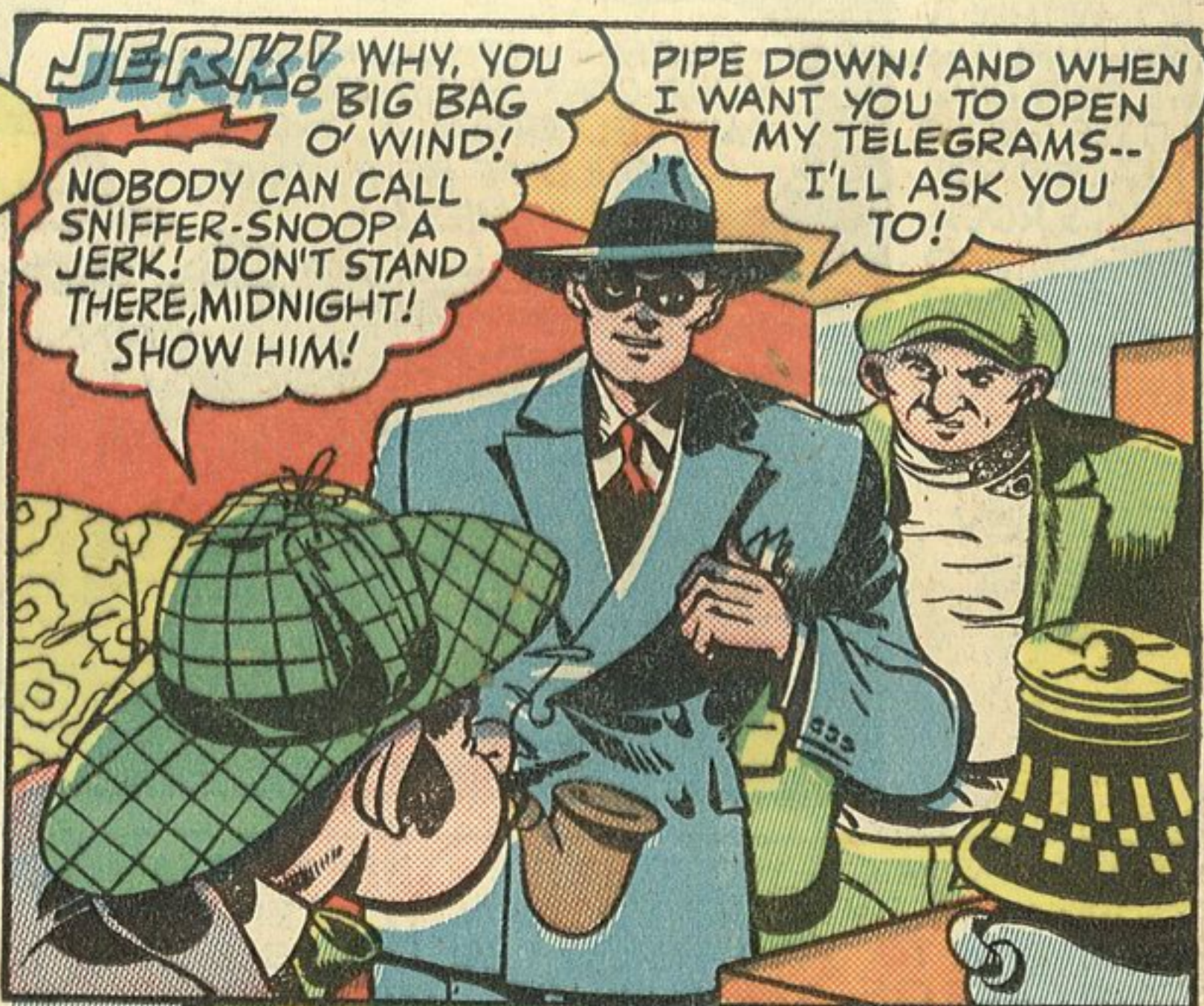
WELL FOLKS!
HERE'S SNIFFER SNOOP AND HIS BEAR, HOT FOOT, THE HALF-PINT NUISANCE WHO MOVED IN ON MIDNIGHT AND WHO CLAIMS TO BE THE WORLD'S GREATEST DETECTIVE!





WHAT IS THIS, ANYWAY -- A GAG?

NO! WHEN BULL BALONEY SENDS YOU A TELEGRAM SAYIN' HE WANTS T'SEE YOU, HE MEANS YOU AN' NOT YOUR JERK ASSISTANT!



JERK! WHY, YOU BIG BAG O' WIND! NOBODY CAN CALL SNIFFER-SNOOP A JERK! DON'T STAND THERE, MIDNIGHT! SHOW HIM!

PIPE DOWN! AND WHEN I WANT YOU TO OPEN MY TELEGRAMS-- I'LL ASK YOU TO!



AND AS FOR YOU AND YOUR CROOKED BOSS, BULL BALONEY-- WELL, I WOULDN'T EVEN GO TO YOUR FUNERAL! NOW, SCRAM!

YEAH? WELL, TAKE A LOOK AT WHO'S COMIN' THROUGH THE DOOR! AN' SEE IF YOU'RE COMIN' OR NOT!

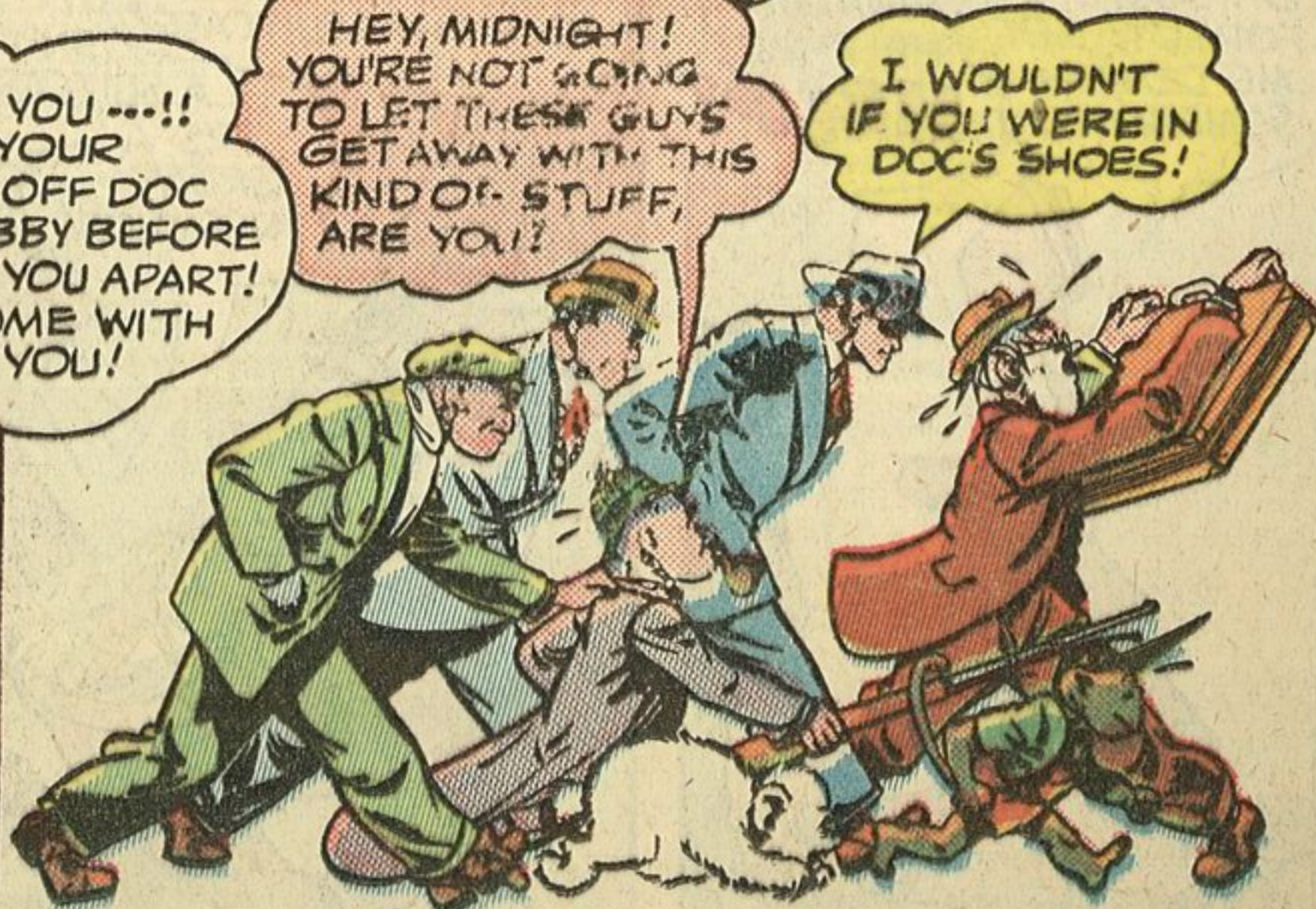


HEY, MIDNIGHT-- WHAT'S GOING ON HERE? THIS MUG BUSTED IN ON ME JUST AS I WAS ABOUT TO TEST MY GREATEST INVENTION!

OH-OH!-- LOOKS LIKE DOC WACKY, THE INVENTOR, AND GABBY, THE TALKING MONKEY, ARE GETTING INTO THIS, TOO!



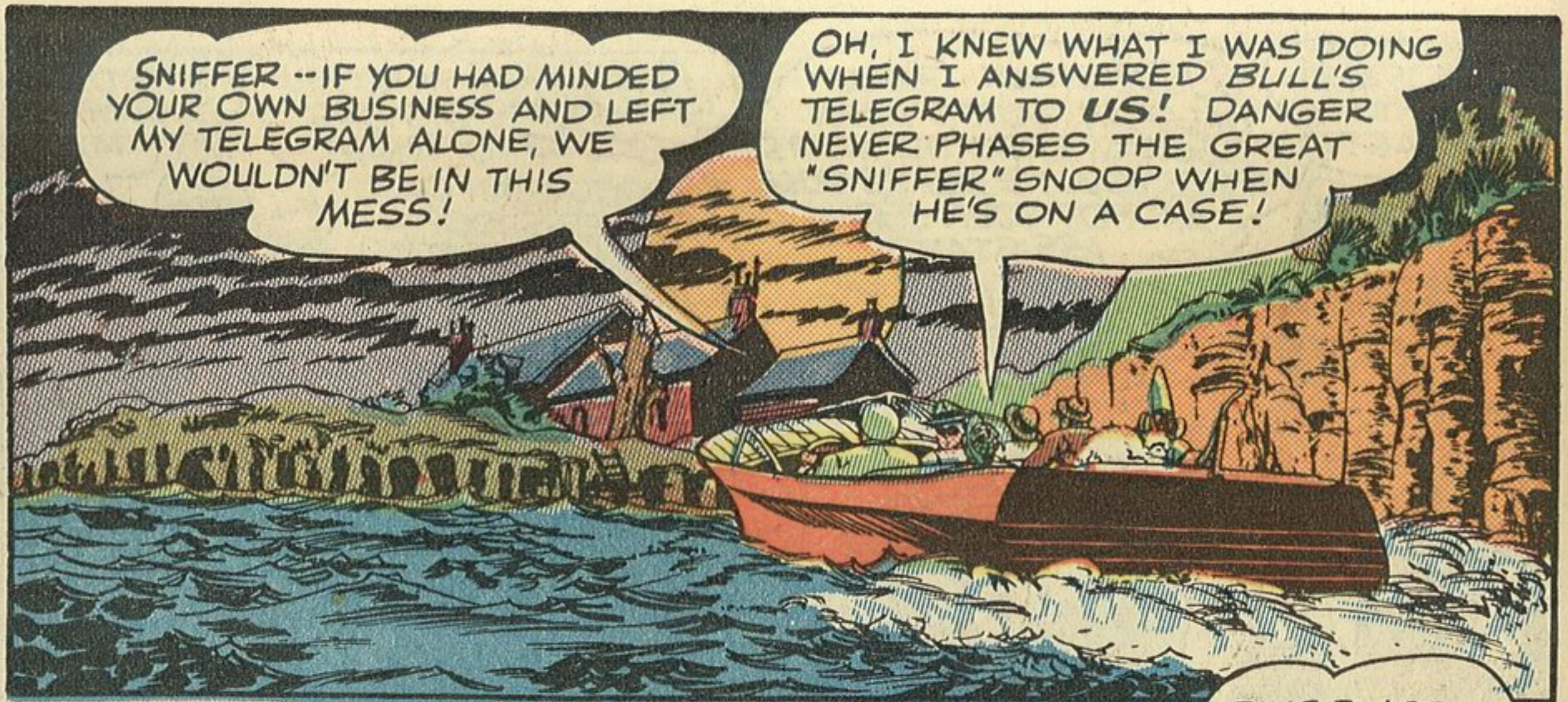
WHY, YOU ---!! GET YOUR MITTS OFF DOC AND GABBY BEFORE I TEAR YOU APART! I'LL COME WITH YOU!



HEY, MIDNIGHT! YOU'RE NOT GOING TO LET THESE GUYS GET AWAY WITH THIS KIND OF STUFF, ARE YOU?

I WOULDN'T IF YOU WERE IN DOC'S SHOES!

SO--WITHIN A FEW MINUTES, WE FIND OUR LITTLE GROUP HEADED FOR DEVIL'S ROCK, HIDE-OUT AND STRONGHOLD OF THAT DREAD UNDERWORLD KILLER--
BULL BALONEY



SNIFFER --IF YOU HAD MINDED YOUR OWN BUSINESS AND LEFT MY TELEGRAM ALONE, WE WOULDN'T BE IN THIS MESS!

OH, I KNEW WHAT I WAS DOING WHEN I ANSWERED BULL'S TELEGRAM TO *US*! DANGER NEVER PHASES THE GREAT "SNIFFER" SNOOP WHEN HE'S ON A CASE!



O-Doodee... IF I DIDN'T HAVE MY INVENTION TO TAKE CARE OF, I'D THROW YOU IN AND SEE HOW BRAVE YOU ARE!

YOU SAID IT! --AND I'D LIKE TO THROW THAT BEAR OF HIS IN, TOO! IN FACT, I THINK I WILL!

BREAK IT UP! I'VE ENOUGH TROUBLE ON MY HANDS WITHOUT TRYING TO KEEP YOU FOUR FROM FIGHTING!



YEAH-- WE'VE GOT A JOB TO DO OUT HERE AND WE DON'T WANT NO CRACK-POT INVENTOR UNDER OUR FEET!

DING BLAST IT! I'VE HAD ENOUGH OF YOUR GALL!



OH GOSH! I FORGOT! GET ME DOWN-- SOMEBODY!

MIDNIGHT-- HELP ME! **HELP!**



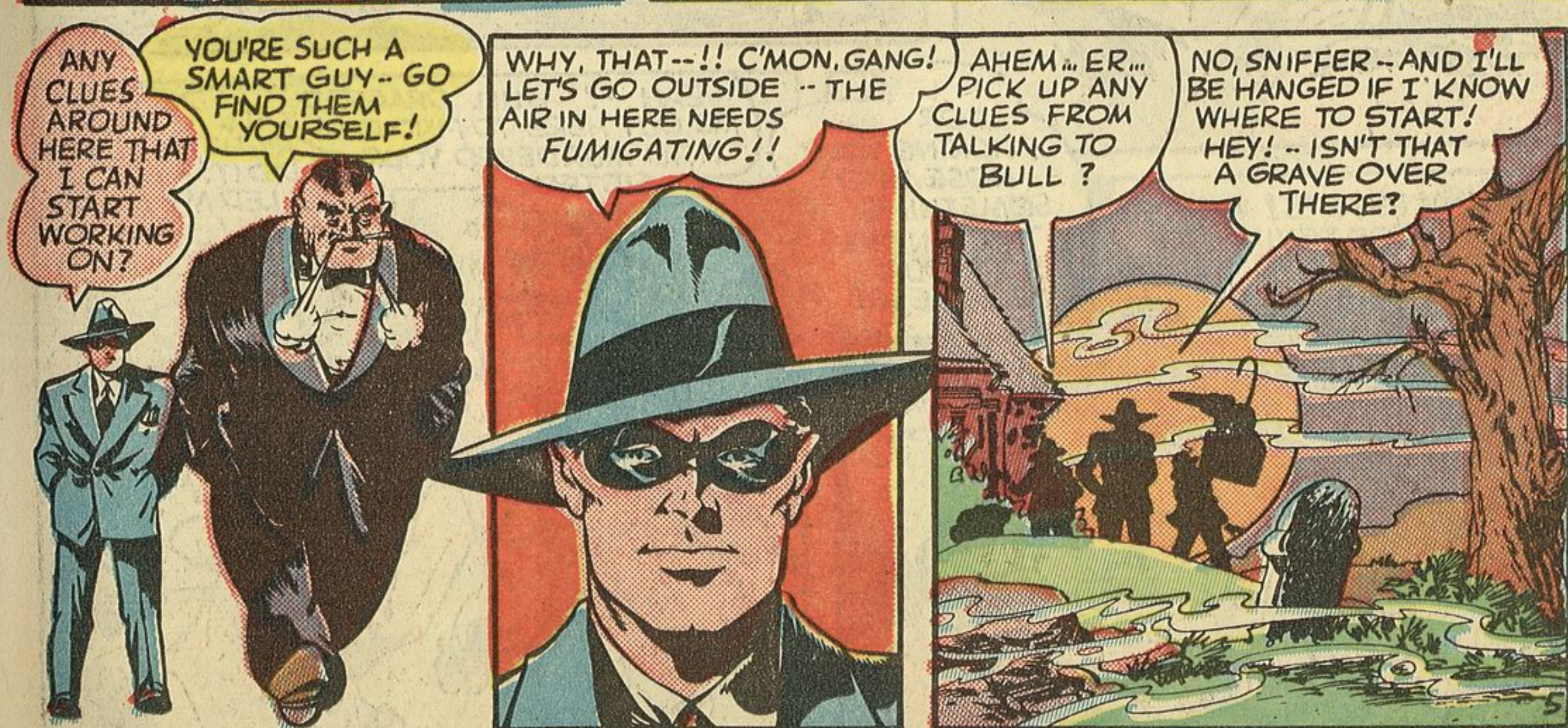
WHAT IN TARNATION IS IN THAT SUITCASE?

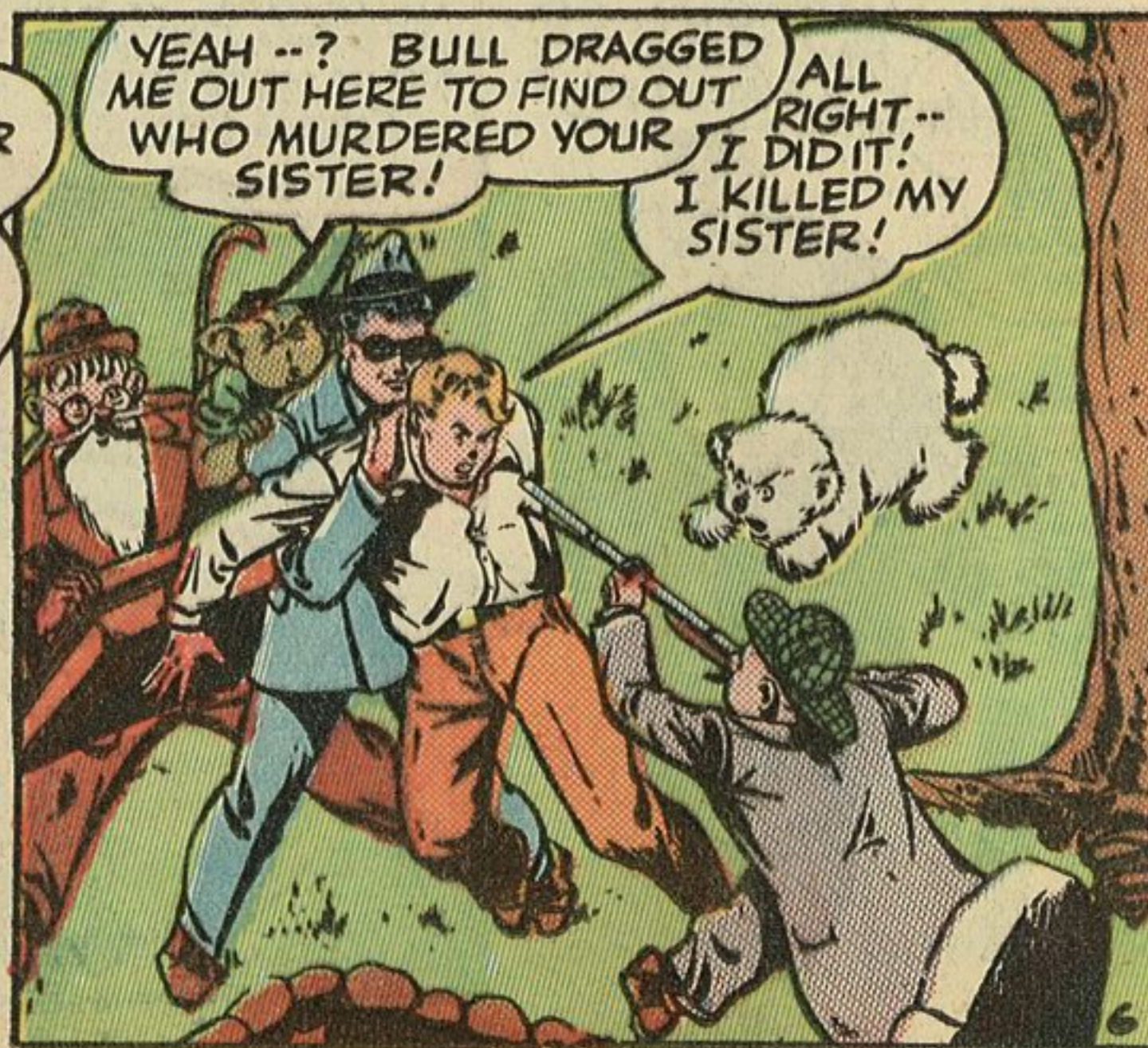
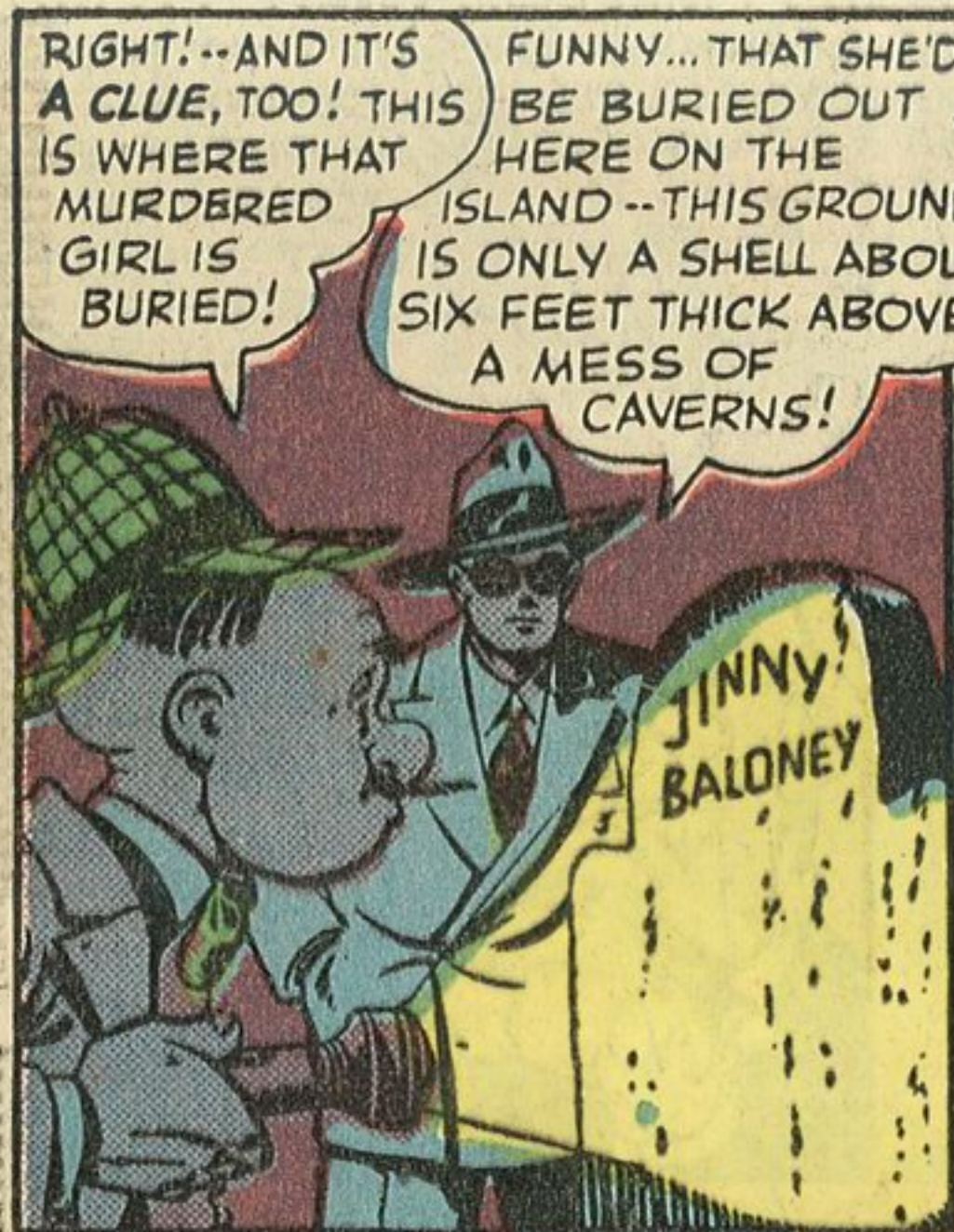
IT ISN'T A SUITCASE! --IT'S A GREAT INVENTION!

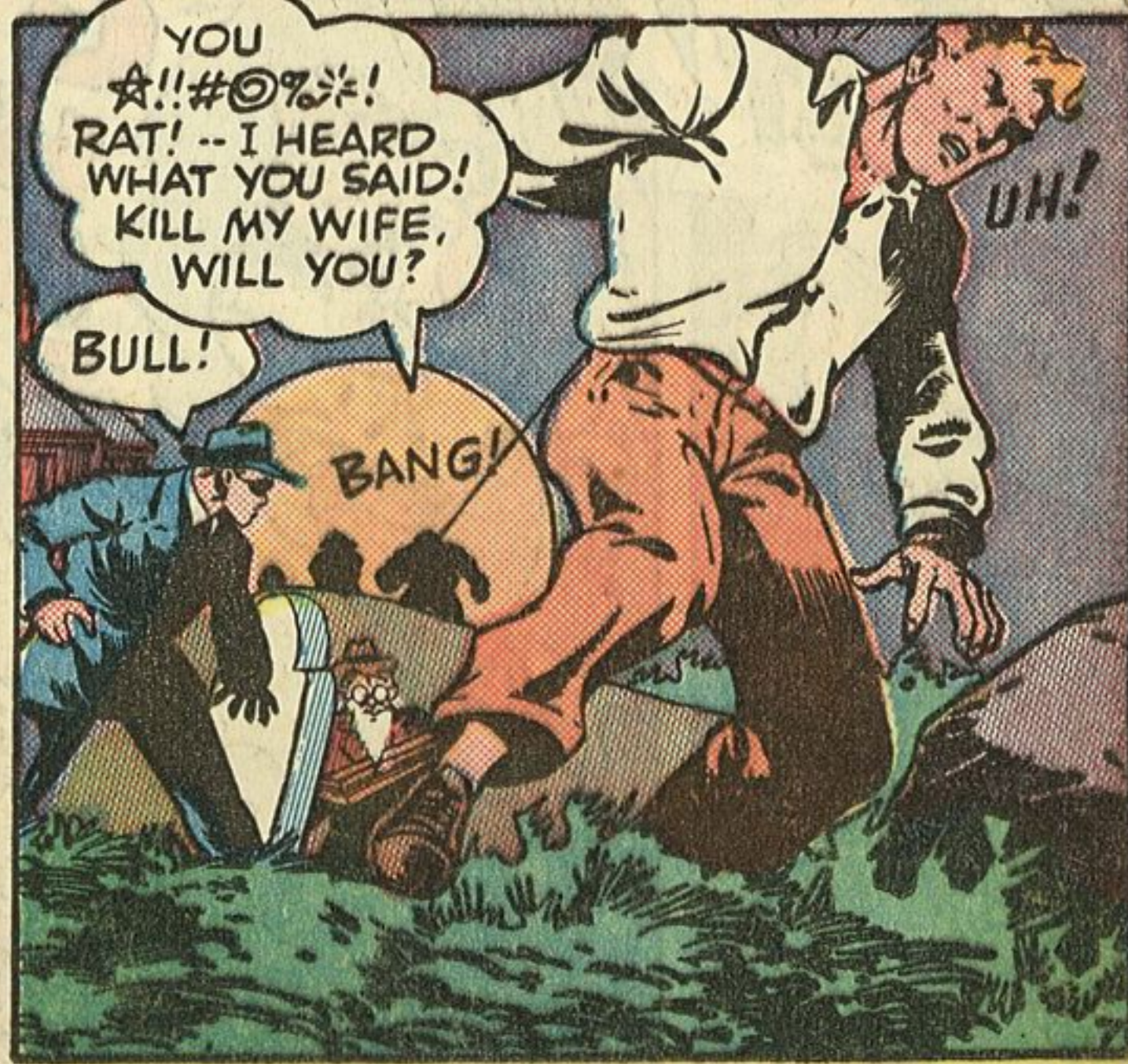
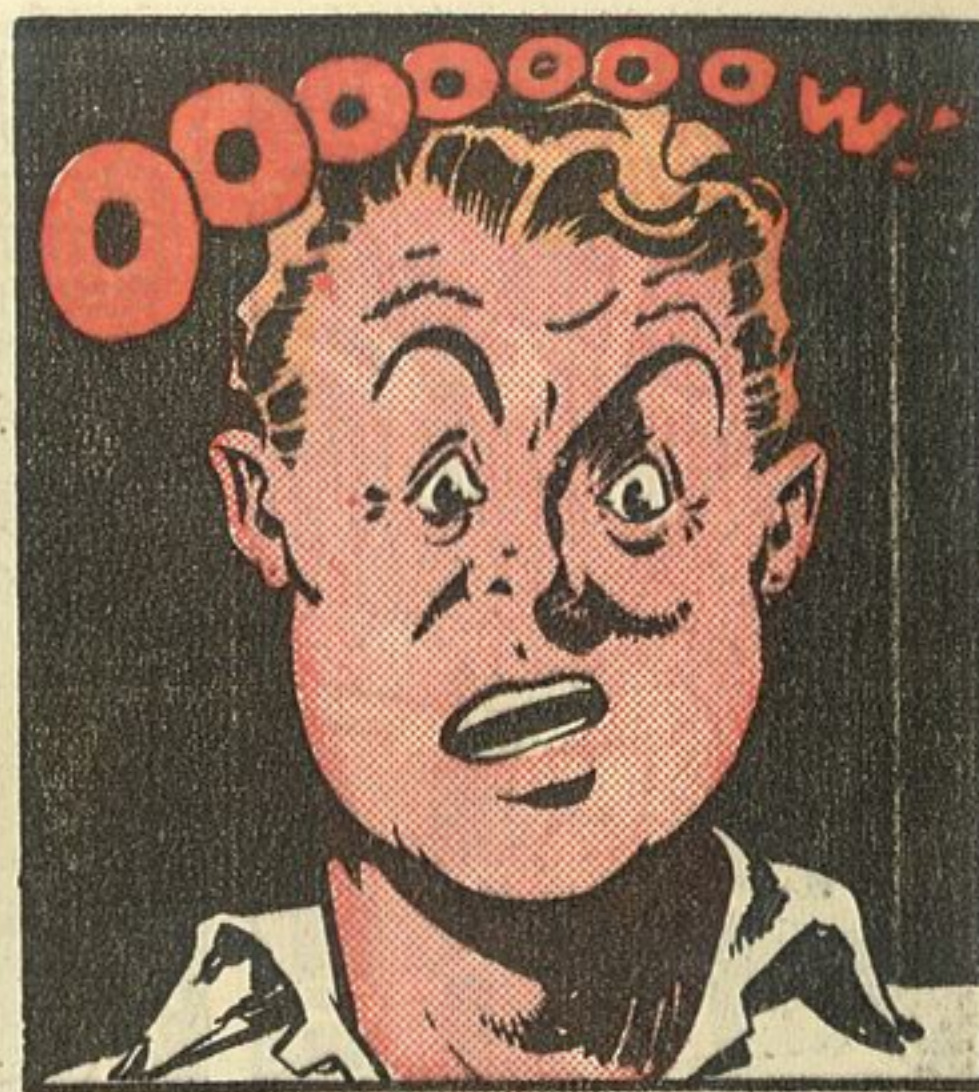


INVENTION -- HA! IT'S PROBABLY FULL OF THAT HOT AIR HE'S ALWAYS BELLOWING OUT!

LEMME AT THAT GUY!









YOU'LL NEVER STOP ME, BULL!

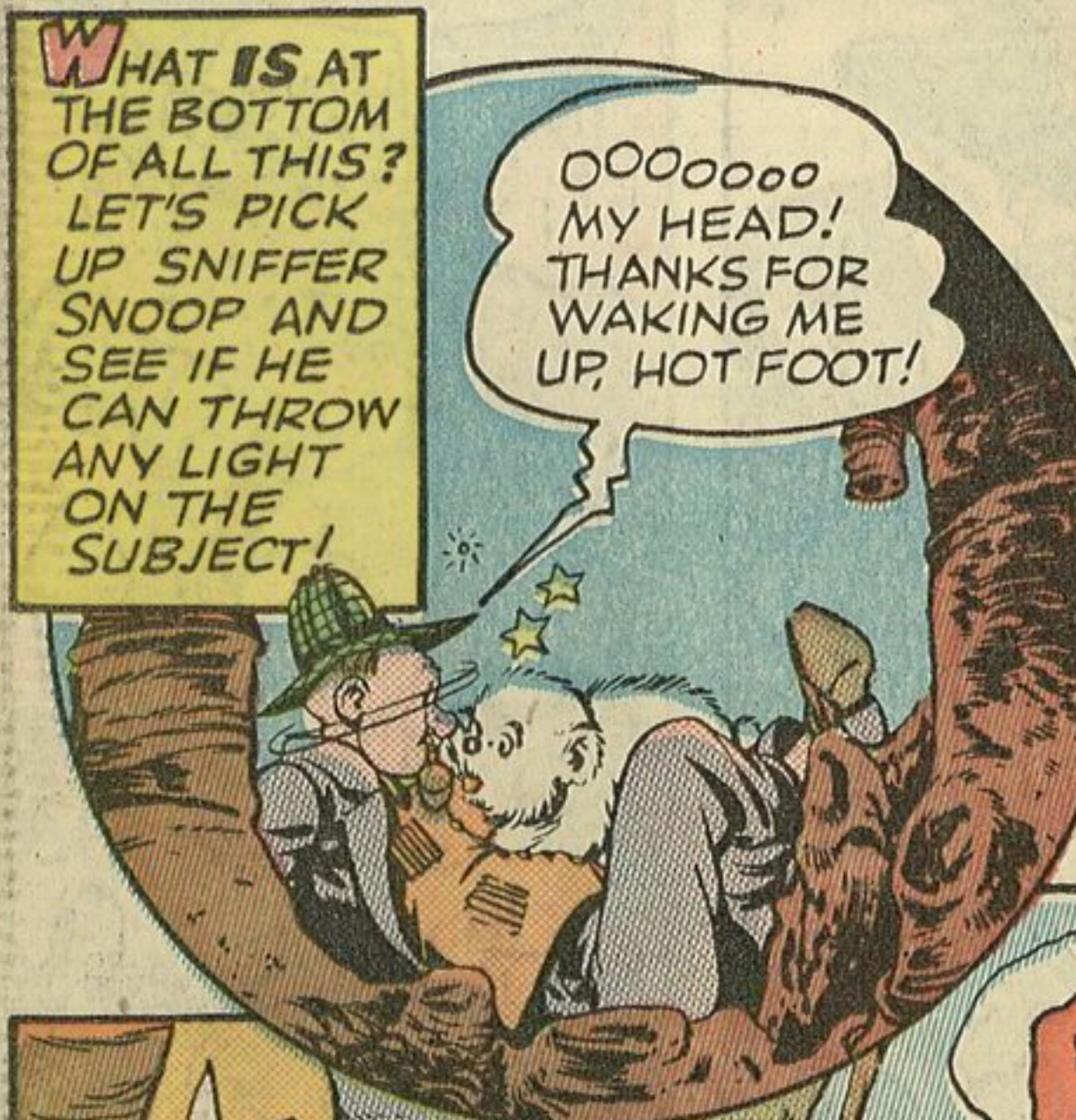


DAG BLAST IT! -- THERE'S SOMETHING PHONEY GOING ON AROUND HERE! BEFORE THIS GRAVE CAVED IN, JOHNNY PETERS WAS ONLY TOO ANXIOUS TO BE TURNED OVER TO BULL -- AND NOW HE'S TRYING HIS DARNEDDEST TO GET AWAY FROM HIM!



DOC! GABBY!... C'MON! WE'RE FOLLOWING THAT KID AND GET TO THE BOTTOM OF IT ALL!

WHAT IS AT THE BOTTOM OF ALL THIS? LET'S PICK UP SNIFFER SNOOP AND SEE IF HE CAN THROW ANY LIGHT ON THE SUBJECT!



OOOoooo MY HEAD! THANKS FOR WAKING ME UP, HOT FOOT!

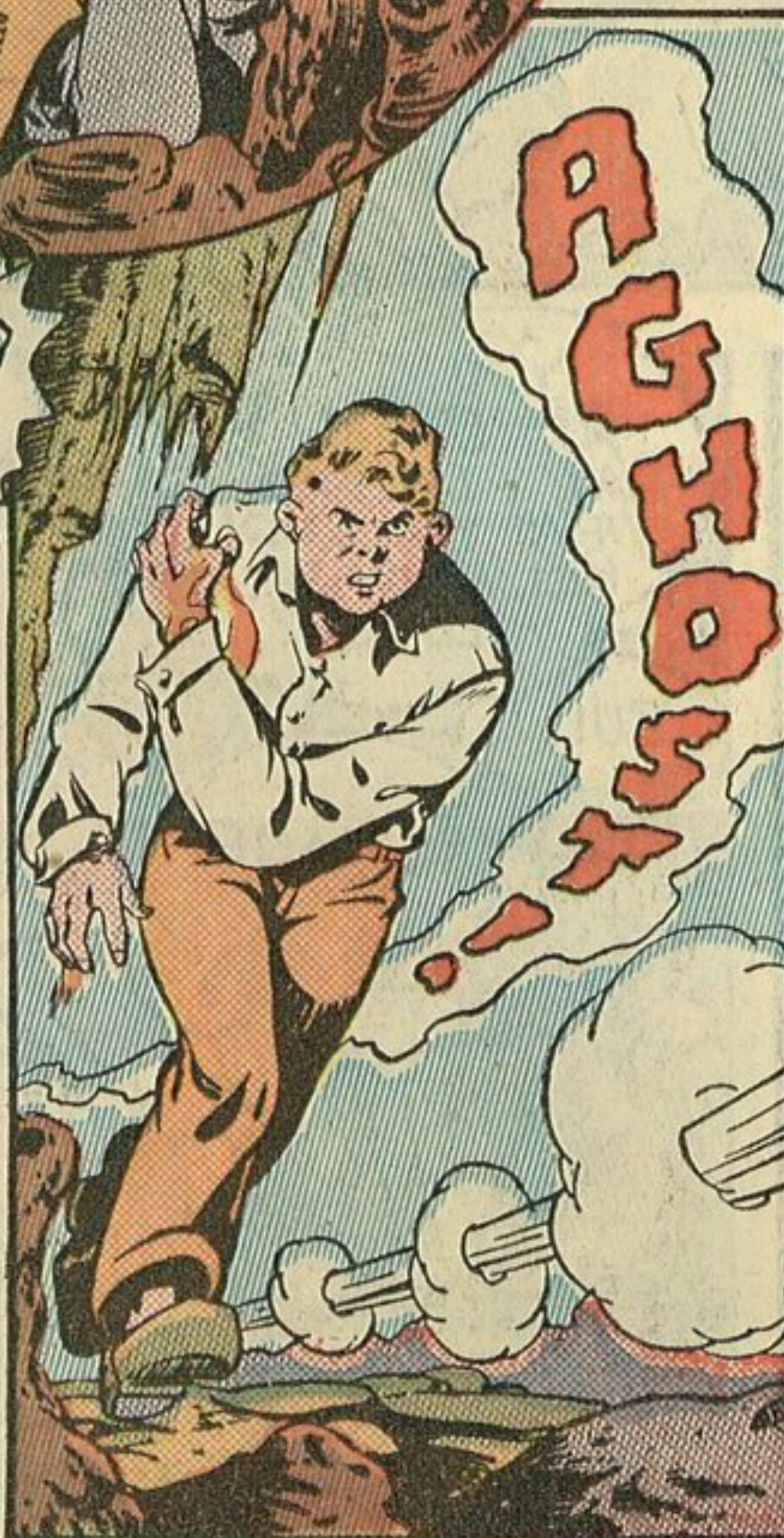


UH THAT'S THE MURDERED GIRL! -- SHE'S G-GETTING UP! SHE'S ALIVE!

OOOO AH



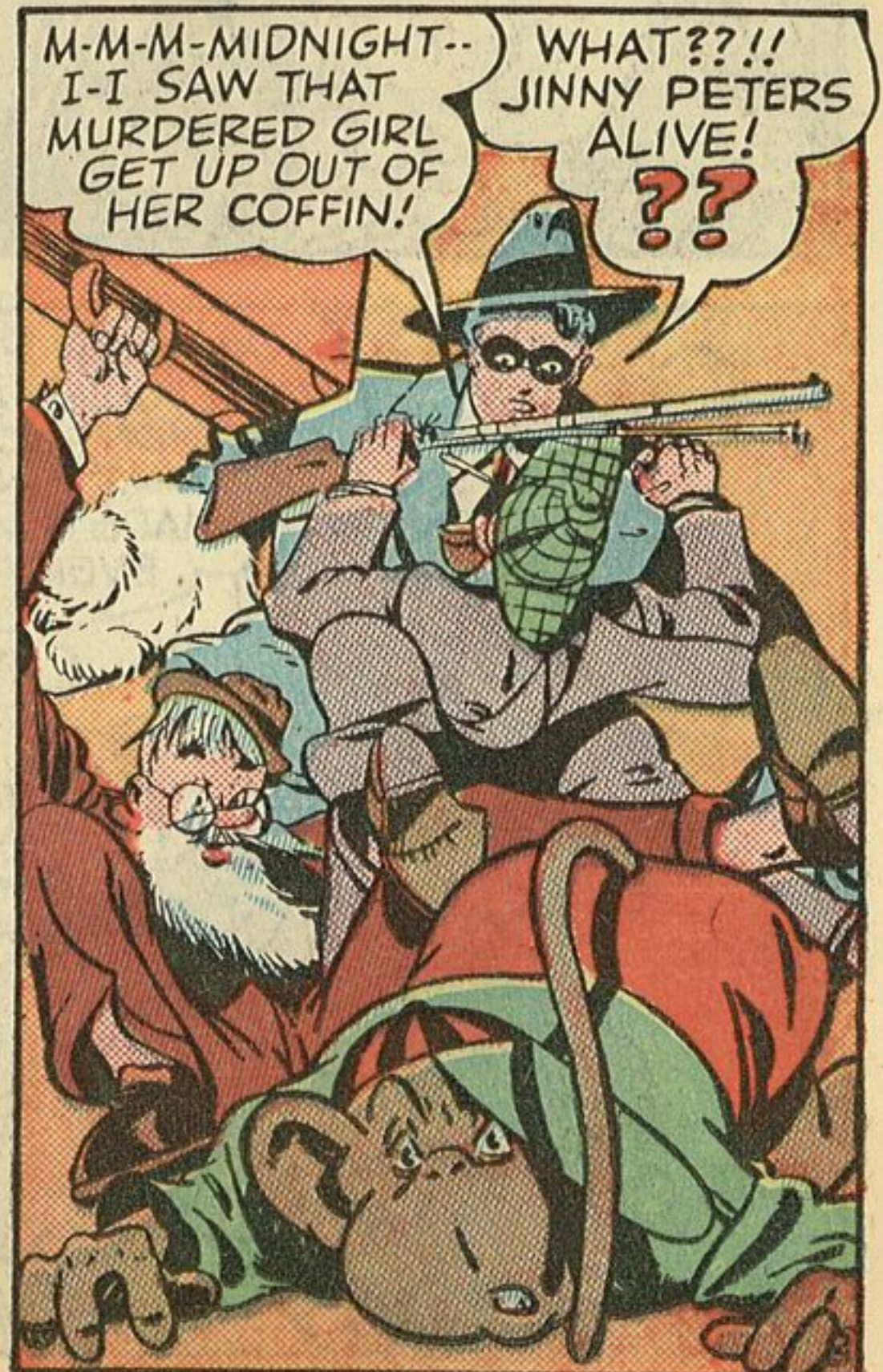
A GHOST!



A GHOST!



A GHOST!



M-M-M-MIDNIGHT-- I-I SAW THAT MURDERED GIRL GET UP OUT OF HER COFFIN!

WHAT??!! JINNY PETERS ALIVE! ??



N-N-NO! SHE ISN'T ALIVE -- SHE'S A GHOST!

CLEAR OUT OF HERE, MIDNIGHT! YOU'VE MESSED THINGS UP ENOUGH AS IT IS! UH -- OOOooo!



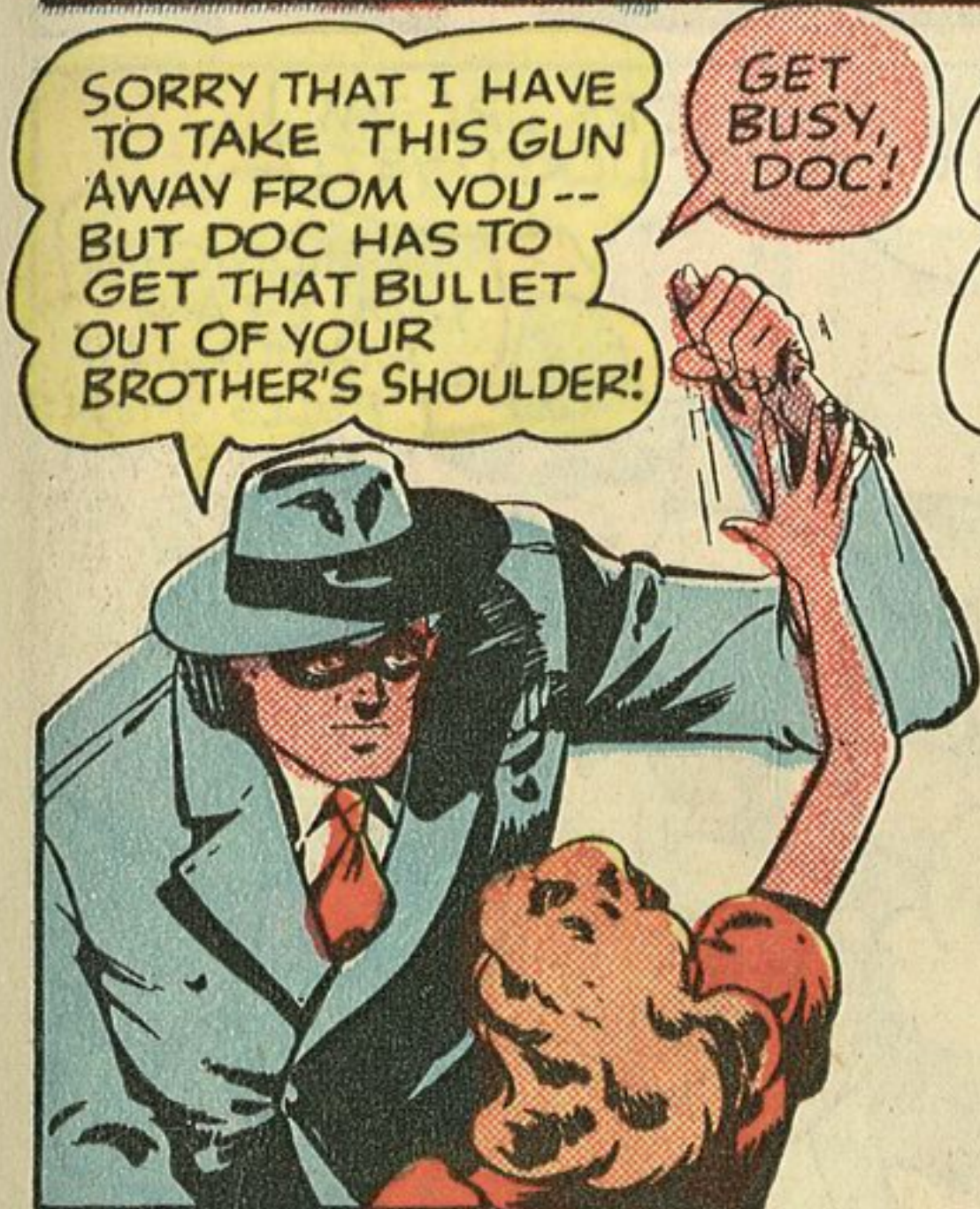
JOHNNY
▽
○

DOC-- C'MON! THAT SLUG BULL PUT IN HIM HAS FINALLY KNOCKED HIM OUT!



KEEP BACK! JOHNNY TOLD ME -- YOU'RE WORKING FOR BULL!

LOOK, KID-- WHEN I WORK FOR BULL, YOU CAN GO ICE SKATING ON THE SAHARA DESERT!



SORRY THAT I HAVE TO TAKE THIS GUN AWAY FROM YOU -- BUT DOC HAS TO GET THAT BULLET OUT OF YOUR BROTHER'S SHOULDER!

GET BUSY, DOC!

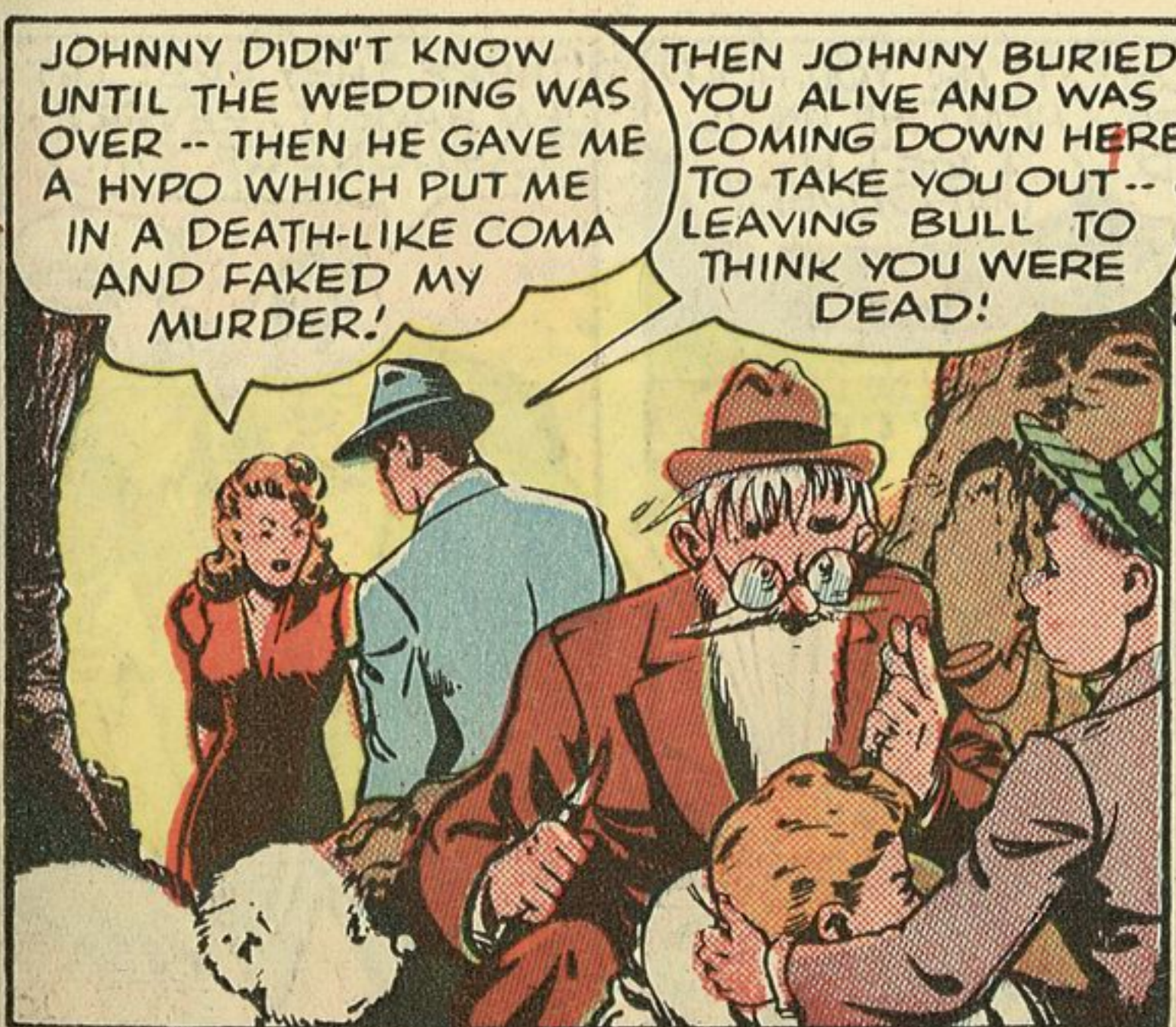


YOU AND YOUR BROTHER ARE IN A JAM OF SOME KIND! --HOW ABOUT GIVING ME THE LOW-DOWN? MAYBE I CAN HELP!

YOU'D PROBABLY FIND OUT LATER ANYWAY --- JOHNNY RAN UP A LOT OF DEBTS IN GAMBLING HOUSES... BULL FORCED HIM TO BECOME A MEMBER OF HIS GANG AND TAKE PART IN NUMEROUS ROBBERIES TO PAY BACK THOSE DEBTS!



A WEEK AGO JOHNNY KILLED A WAREHOUSE WATCHMAN! BULL THREATENED TO TELL THE POLICE IF I DIDN'T MARRY HIM!



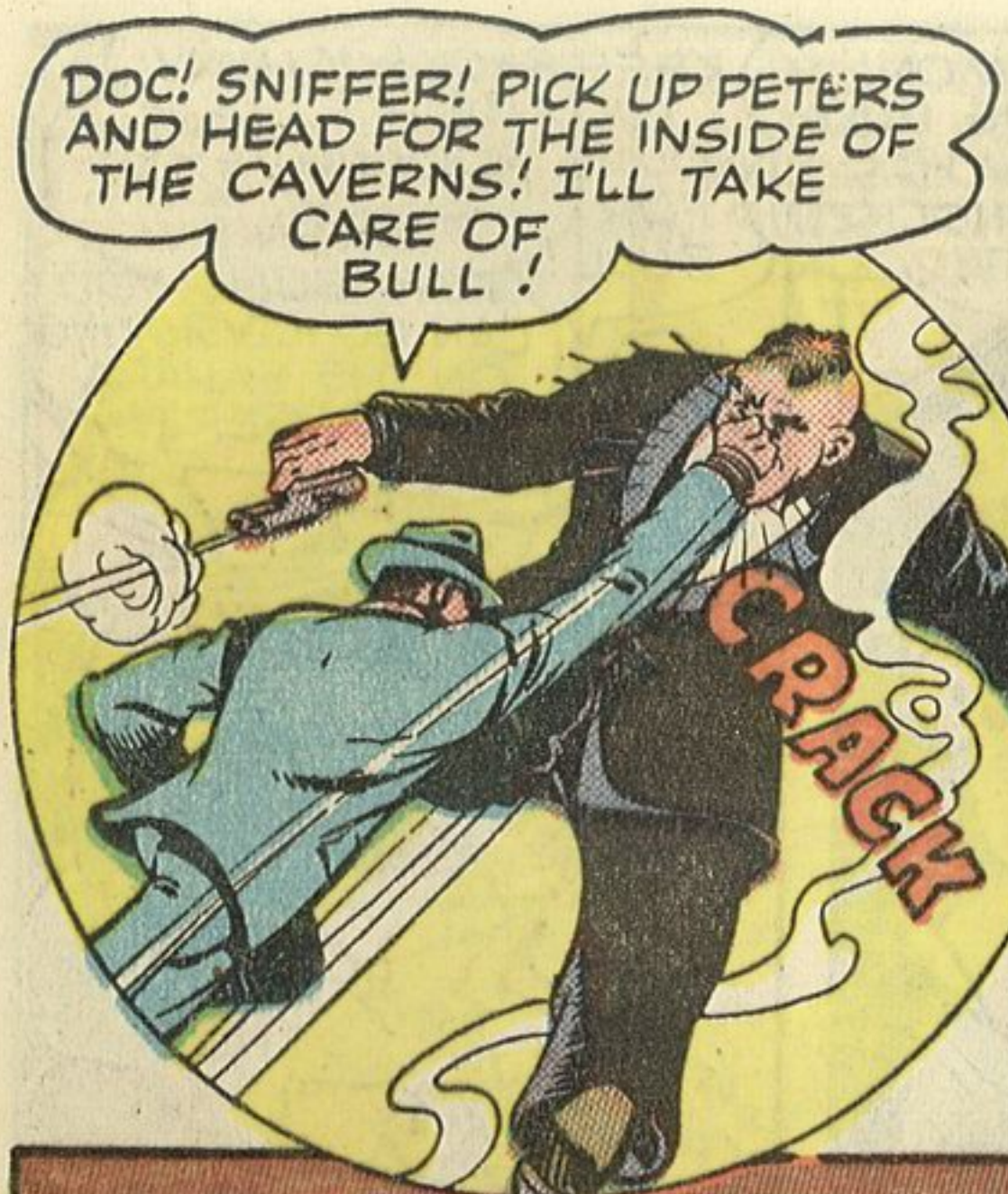
JOHNNY DIDN'T KNOW UNTIL THE WEDDING WAS OVER -- THEN HE GAVE ME A HYPO WHICH PUT ME IN A DEATH-LIKE COMA AND FAKED MY MURDER!

THEN JOHNNY BURIED YOU ALIVE AND WAS COMING DOWN HERE TO TAKE YOU OUT -- LEAVING BULL TO THINK YOU WERE DEAD!



AN' EVERYTHIN' WAS GONNA END UP HAPPILY! SAY YOUR PRAYERS FAST --- NOBODY PLAYS BULL FOR A CHUMP AN' GETS AWAY WITH IT!

BULL!



DOC! SNIFFER! PICK UP PETERS AND HEAD FOR THE INSIDE OF THE CAVERNS! I'LL TAKE CARE OF BULL!

CRACK

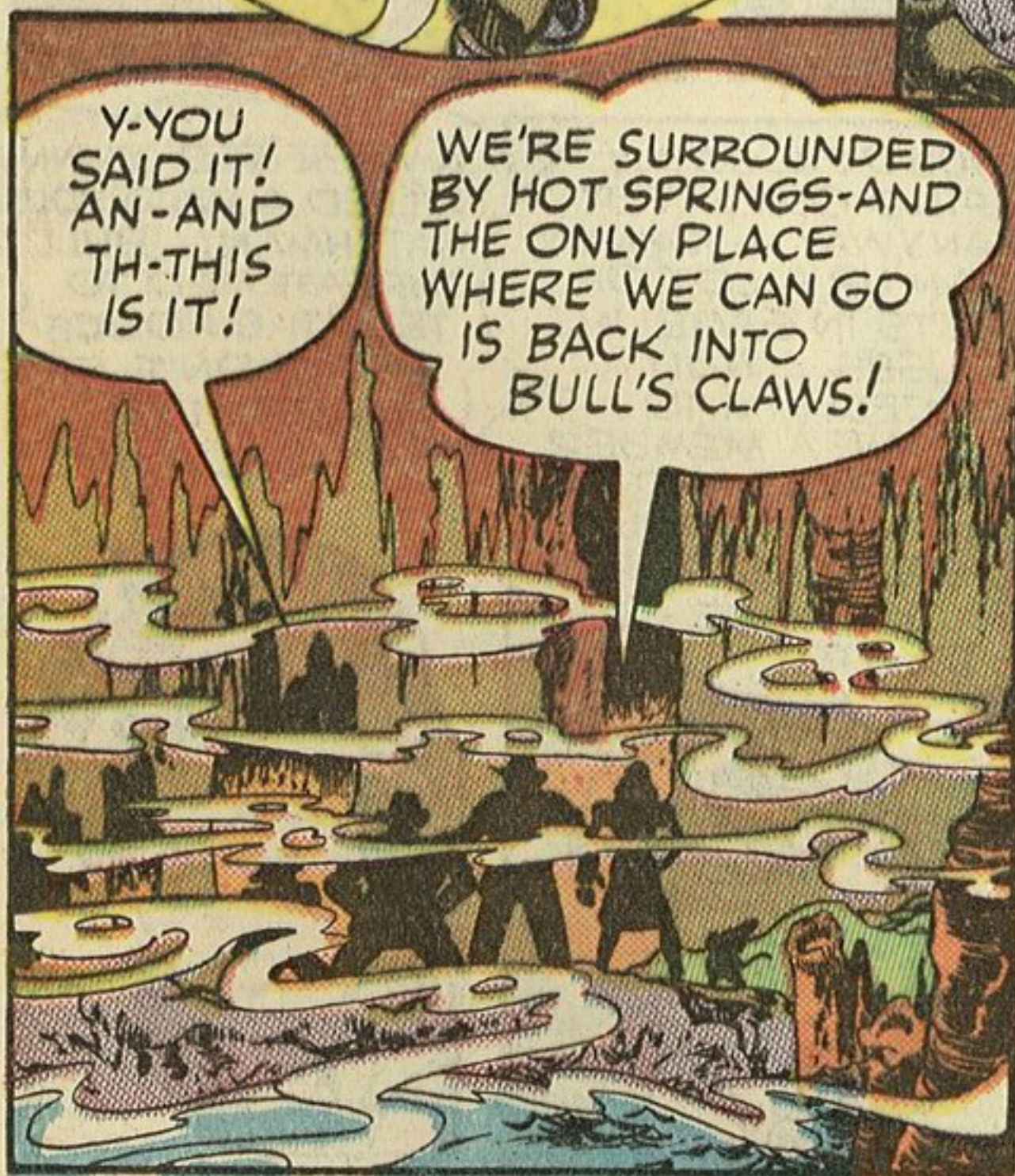


BUT A FEW SHORT MINUTES LATER! ...

OH-OH! THEY'RE FOLLOWING US!

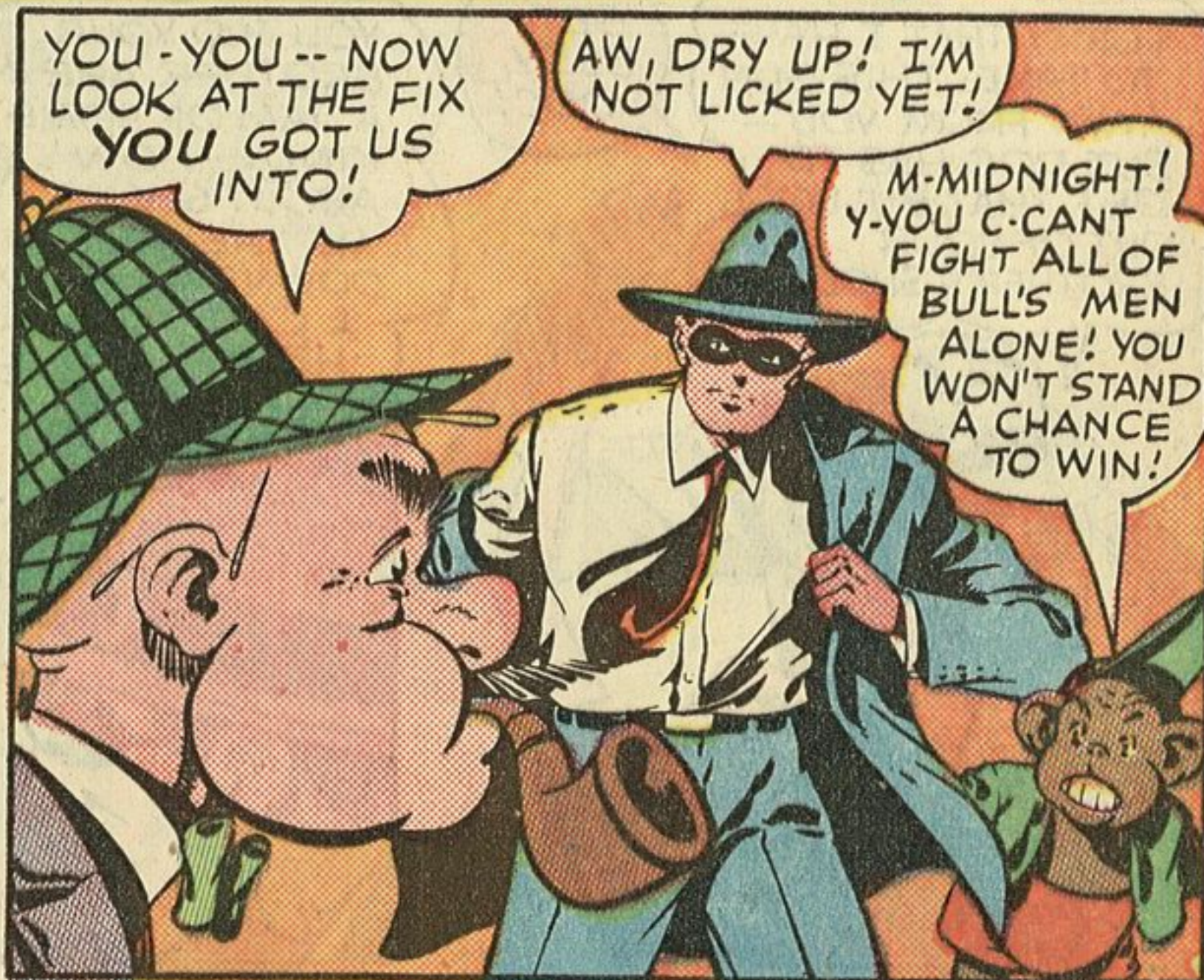
THERE'S NO USE TRYING TO GET AWAY FROM BULL! HE'S ONLY FORCING US TO MOVE NEARER. THE HOT SPRINGS AT THE END OF THESE CAVERNS - AND THEN HE'LL HAVE US TRAPPED!

BANG BANG



Y-YOU SAID IT! AN-AND TH-THIS IS IT!

WE'RE SURROUNDED BY HOT SPRINGS-AND THE ONLY PLACE WHERE WE CAN GO IS BACK INTO BULL'S CLAWS!



YOU - YOU -- NOW LOOK AT THE FIX YOU GOT US INTO!

AW, DRY UP! I'M NOT LICKED YET!

M-MIDNIGHT! Y-YOU C-CANT FIGHT ALL OF BULL'S MEN ALONE! YOU WON'T STAND A CHANCE TO WIN!



DOC! Y-YOU'VE GOTTA STOP HIM! D-DO SOMETHING!

WHAT ?? OH -- MY INVENTION! MY INVENTION!



YOUR INVENTION? IT'LL HAVE TO BE PRETTY GOOD TO GET US OUT OF THIS!

IT IS! YOU HOLD 'EM OFF UNTIL I GET IT UNFOLDED!



THERE THEY ARE! LET 'EM HAVE IT! -EVERY LAST ONE OF 'EM!



STAND BACK -- THE GREAT SNIFFER SNOOP WILL TAKE CARE OF THOSE DOGS!



★@!!%#!! THEY MUSTA TOSSED A SMOKE-BOMB AT US!

GO SLOW--SO YOU WON'T FALL IN DIS BOILIN' HOT SOUP AROUND US!

AH-CHEW!

COUGH!

ACHEW!



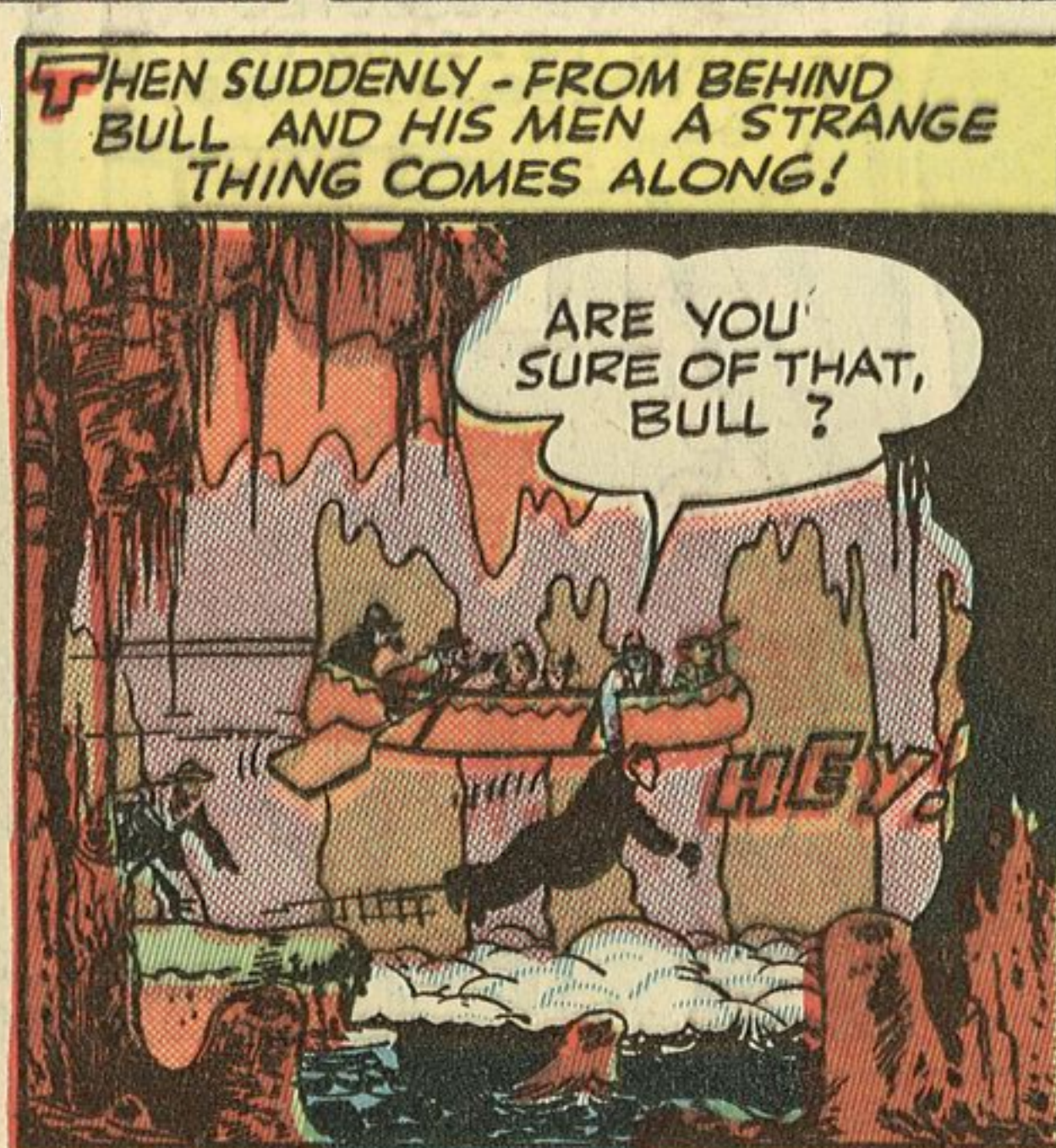
YOU ★@!!%#*!! I'LL GIT THROUGH DIS SMOKE AN' GIT YOU!



BUT AS BULL AND HIS MEN GET THROUGH THE SMOKE ...

THEY'RE GONE!

DEY MUSTA JUMPED IN TH' SOUP AN' COMMITTED SUICIDE! THERE WASN'T NO OTHER WAY OUT!



THEN SUDDENLY - FROM BEHIND BULL AND HIS MEN A STRANGE THING COMES ALONG!

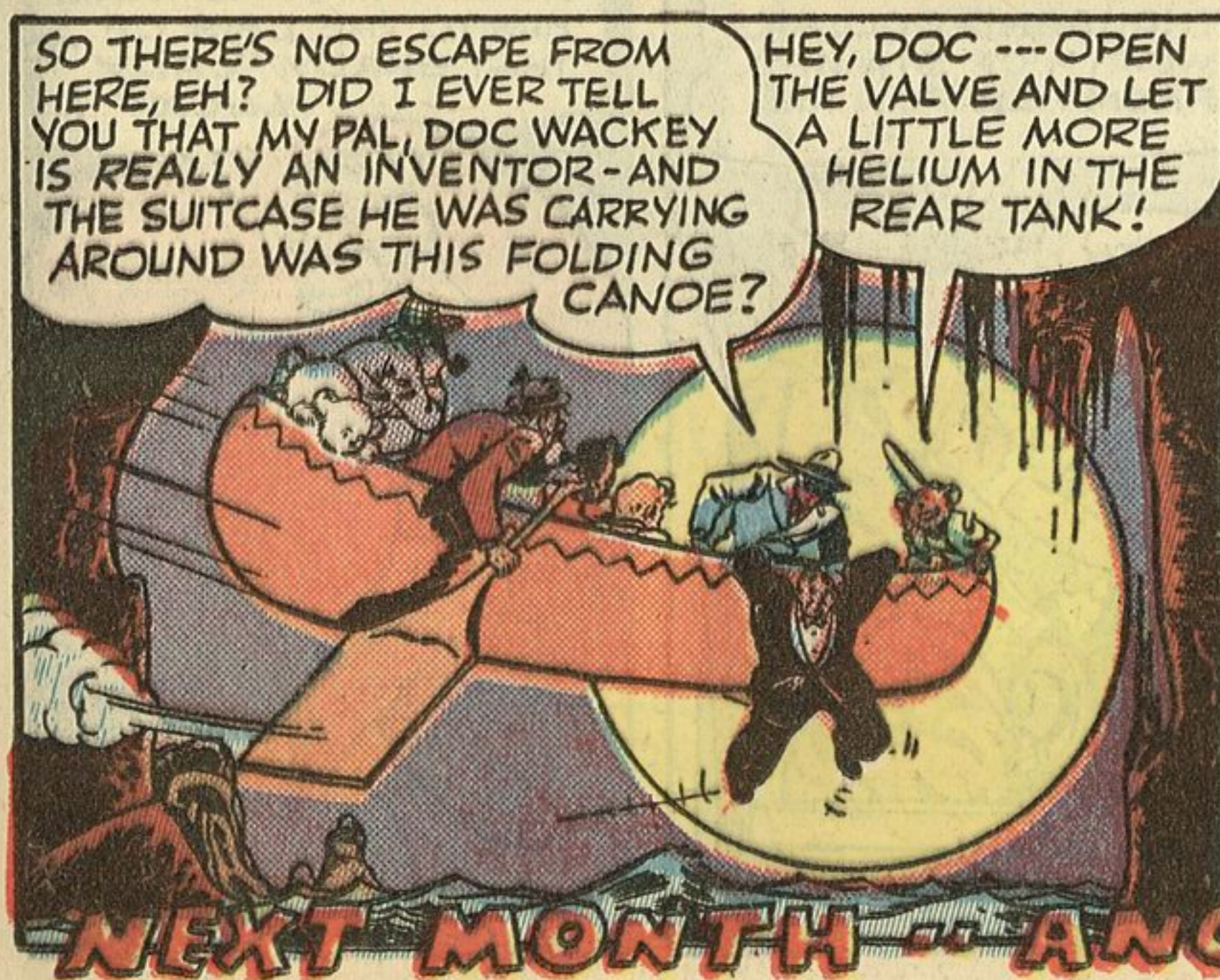
ARE YOU SURE OF THAT, BULL?

HEY!



HEY, JOE! -DID YOU SEE DAT ???

YEAH! LET'S G-GET OUTA HERE! DESE HOT SPRINGS MUST GIVE OFF SOME KINDA FUMES DAT MAKE YOU LOCO!



SO THERE'S NO ESCAPE FROM HERE, EH? DID I EVER TELL YOU THAT MY PAL, DOC WACKY IS REALLY AN INVENTOR - AND THE SUITCASE HE WAS CARRYING AROUND WAS THIS FOLDING CANOE?

HEY, DOC --- OPEN THE VALVE AND LET A LITTLE MORE HELIUM IN THE REAR TANK!

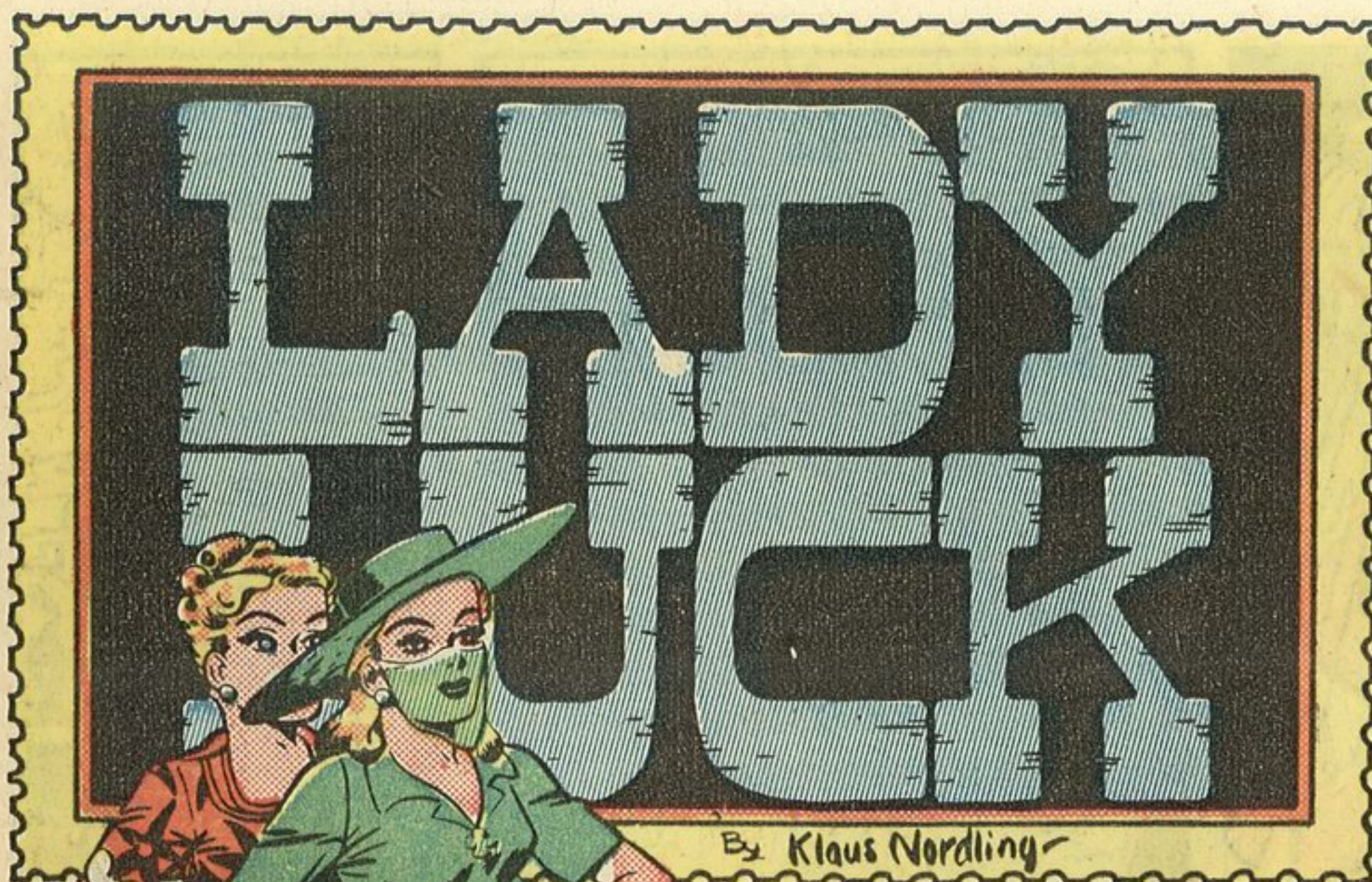


OH--I FORGOT TO TELL YOU, BULL -- THE SLUG YOU PUT IN PETERS IS THE SAME AS THE ONE THAT KILLED THE WATCHMAN YOU SAID PETERS SHOT! --TOO BAD! THIS IS GOING TO MAKE YOU FRY!



CAN'T INVENT ANYTHING, EH ?? HUMF!! GO AHEAD!... GLOAT! A LOTTA GOOD YOUR INVENTION WOULD'VE BEEN IF I HADN'T LAID DOWN A SMOKE SCREEN FOR US!

NEXT MONTH -- ANOTHER MIDNIGHT!



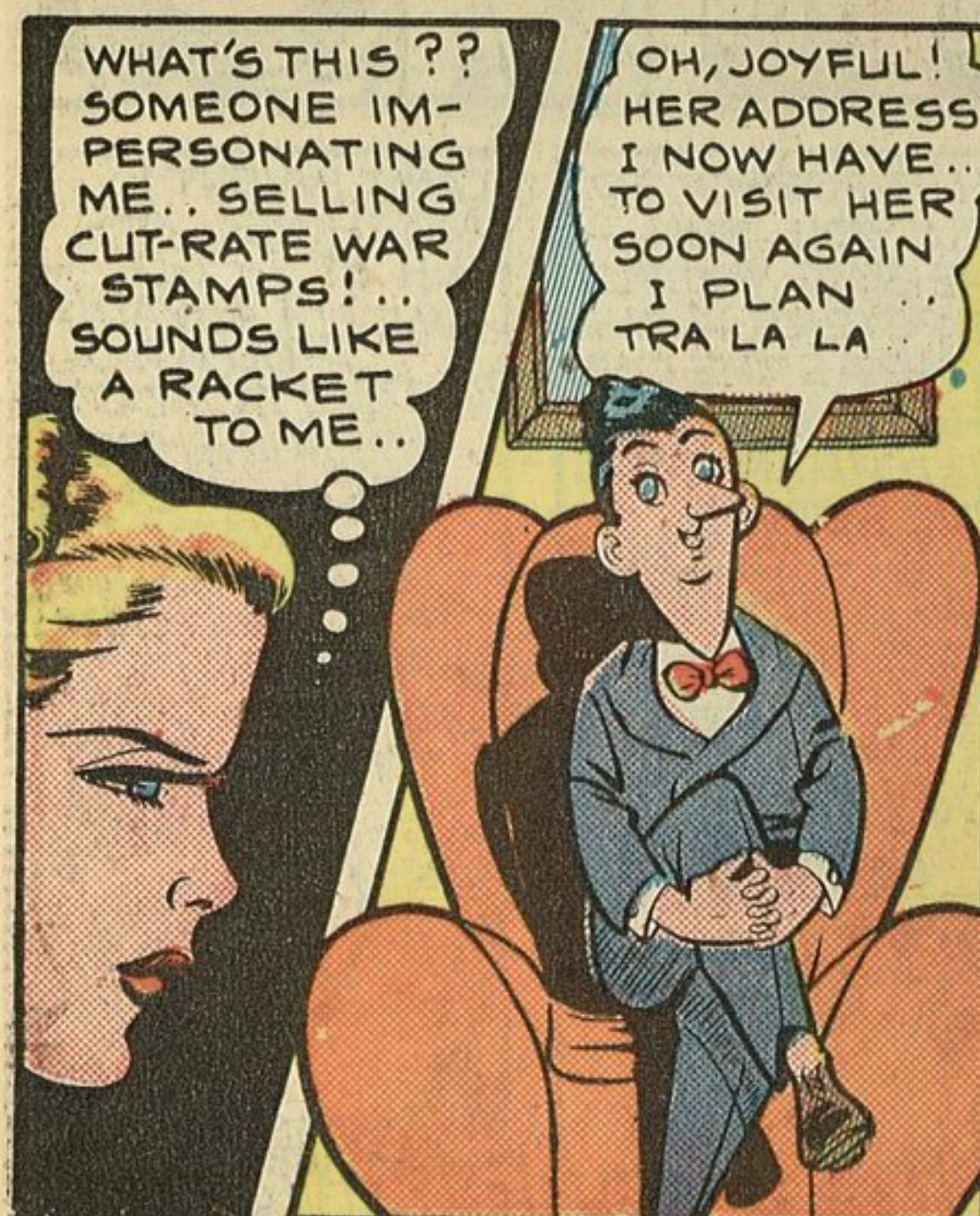
WHY, COUNT DICHANGE... I
THOUGHT YOU'D BEEN
DRAFTED!



AH NO, BRENDA... ME
THEY HAVE REJECTED...
I HAVE, THEY SAID, THE
HIGH PRESSURE BLOOD!
SO.....



BUT STILL THE PATRIOTIC
DUTY I DO... SEE, I BUY
THE WAR STAMPS \$10
WORTH FOR \$8.50
FROM LADY LUCK, THE
BEAUTIFUL...
YES?



WHAT'S THIS??
SOMEONE IM-
PERSONATING
ME... SELLING
CUT-RATE WAR
STAMPS!...
SOUNDS LIKE
A RACKET
TO ME..

OH, JOYFUL!
HER ADDRESS
I NOW HAVE..
TO VISIT HER
SOON AGAIN
I PLAN...
TRA LA LA



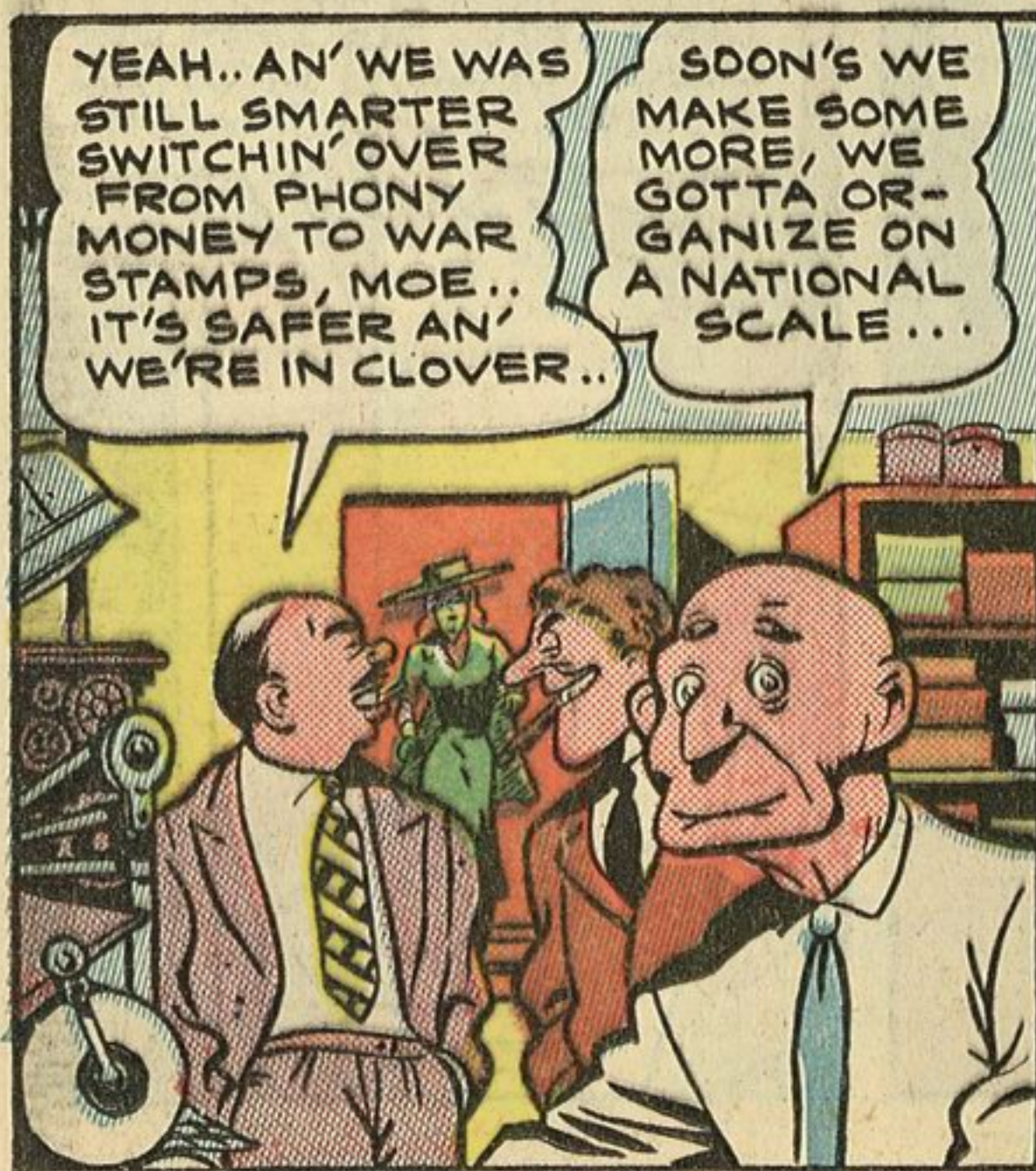
COUNT, DO ME A FAVOR..
GO AND BUY ME A
THOUSAND DOLLARS
WORTH OF STAMPS
FROM HER FOR ME..

WITH
FERVOR!



I'LL HAVE TO ACT
SNAPPY IF I'M TO TRAIL
HIM TO THE LAIR OF
THAT SHADY "LADY
LUCK"!







ESPIONAGE

with
BLACK X

**SILENCE PLEASE!
ON THE AIR**

**AMERICA IS IN
HIGH GEAR!!**
FROM FACTORIES, MILLS, MINES,
CAMPS - WITH SWIFTNESS WHICH
STAGGERS THE MIND - COME
THE TANKS, PLANES, AND MEN
TO CROSS THE OCEANS WITH
FIERCE VENGEANCE IN THEIR
HEARTS AND THE SONG OF
FREEDOM ON THEIR LIPS!
... AND IN BERLIN, ROME AND
TOKYO THE DICTATORS STILL
SWAGGER AND BLUSTER!
... BUT INWARDLY, THEY
TREMBLE ... THEY QUELL
WITH FEAR ... AND THEY
WILL STOP AT NOTHING
TO TRY TO ROLL BACK
THE AMERICAN TIDE
OF VICTORY!!!

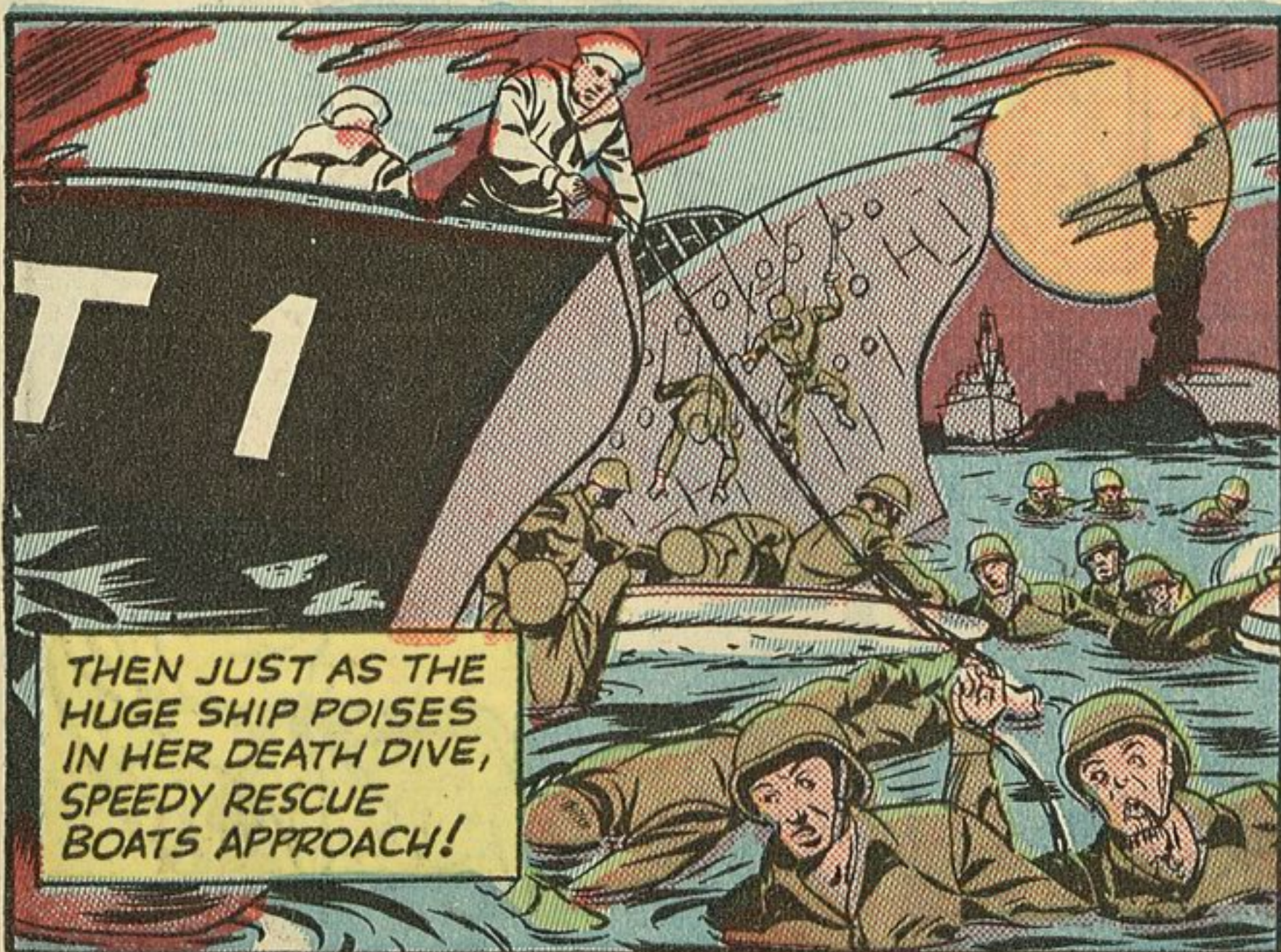
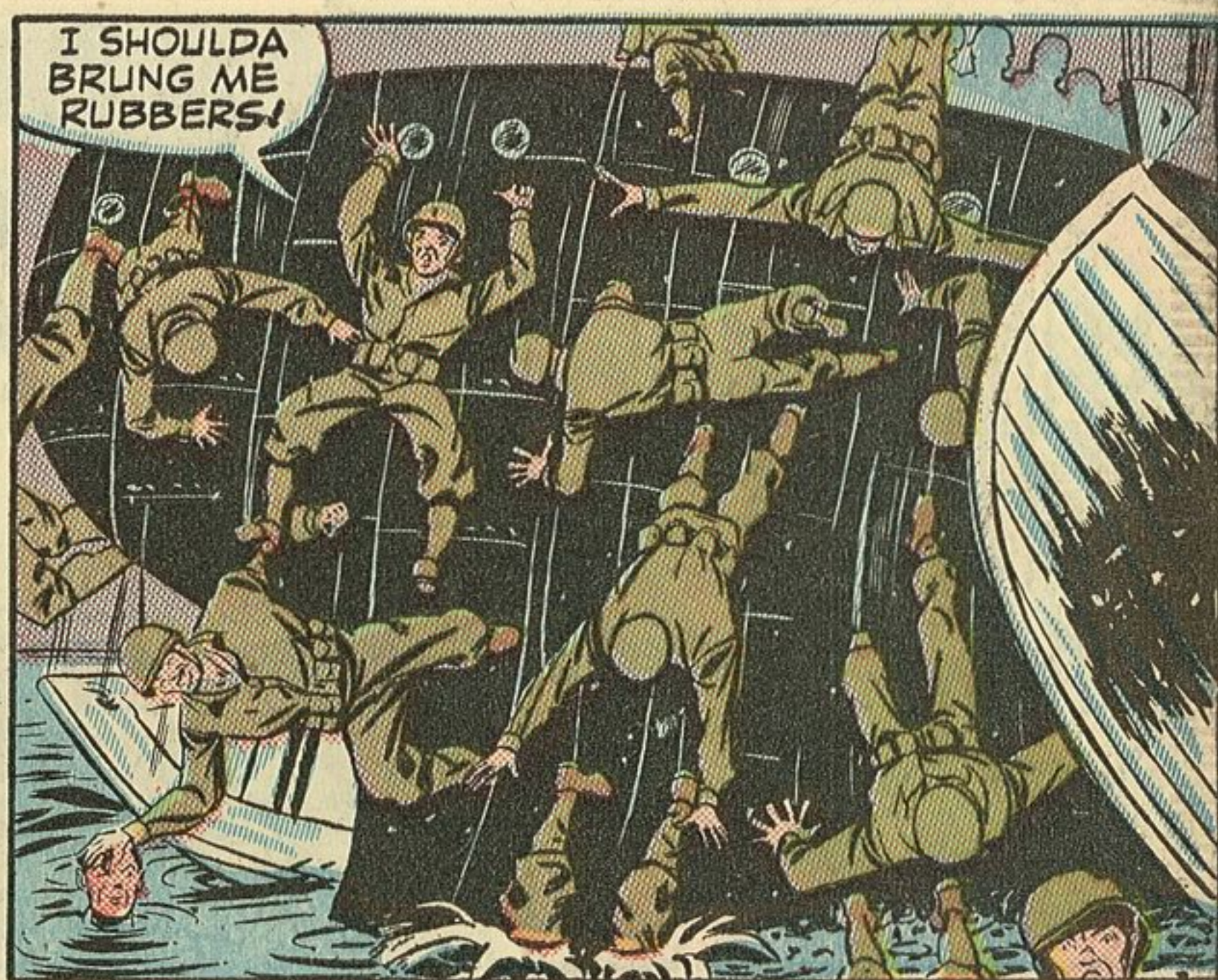
A FOGGY NIGHT ... OUT OF NEW YORK HARBOR ... BOUND
FOR SOMEWHERE ... A HUGE TROOP TRANSPORT SAILS ...



...ITS PORTHOLES PAINTED OUT, RADIO SILENCED, JAMMED TO THE RAILS WITH EAGER YOUNG FIGHTING MEN, THE HUGE SHIP PICKS ITS WAY FORWARD TO A SECRET RENDEZVOUS, WHEN ...

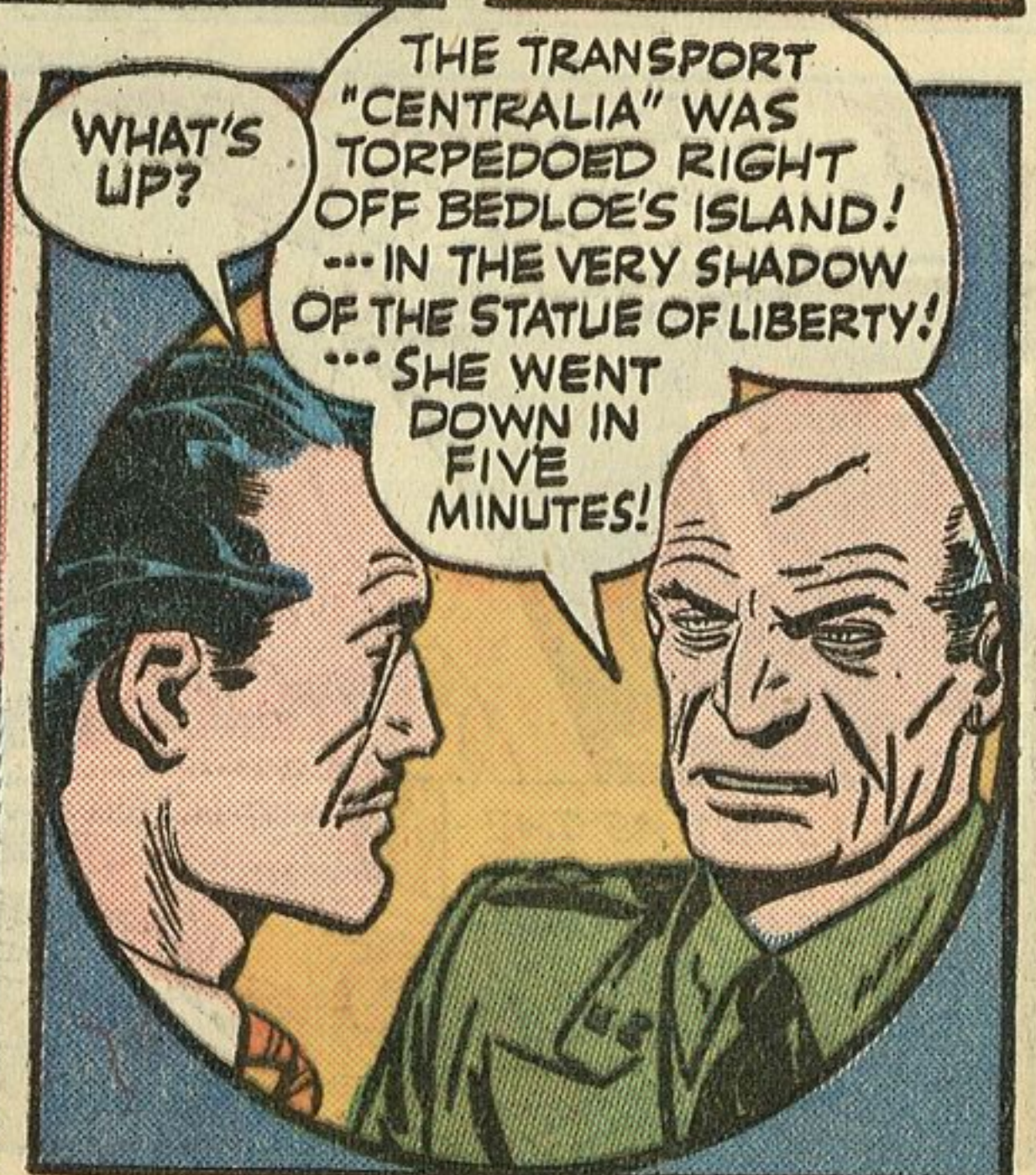
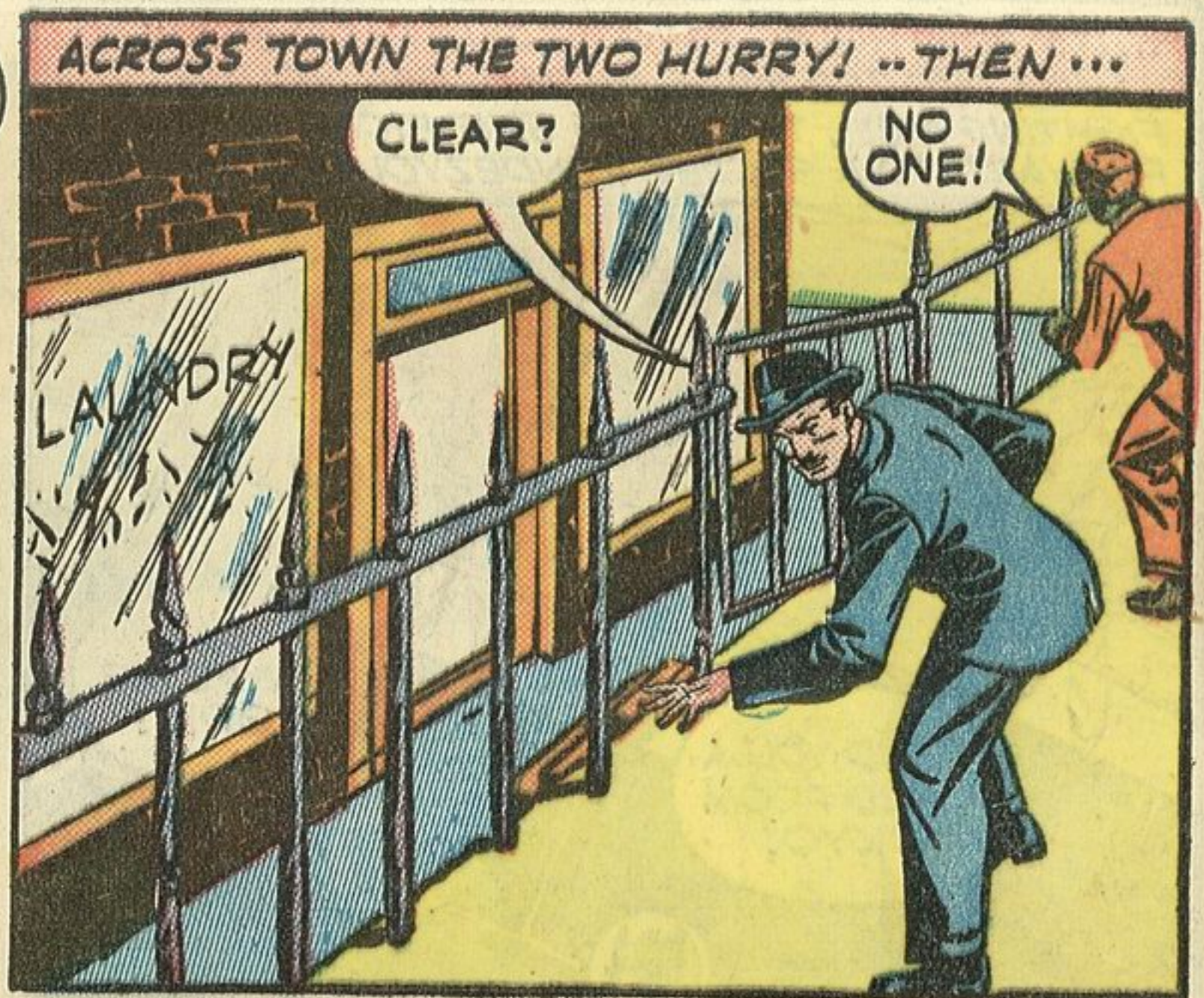


SUDDENLY...



A FEW MILES AWAY, IN A MIDTOWN HOTEL...







THE MEN ABOARD THE "CENTRALIA" DIDN'T HAVE A CHANCE!



WE COULDN'T SAVE ALL OF THEM... MANY PERISHED!

NO? RIGHT HERE IN SIGHT OF SHORE? THIS--THIS IS TERRIBLE, GENERAL VOLK! WE MUST DO SOMETHING--AT ONCE!



DO SOMETHING? AND HOW WE'LL DO SOMETHING! IF IT'S THE LAST THING WE DO, WE'LL RUN DOWN THIS RING OF SPIES WITHIN OUR BORDERS!

ASSIGN ME TO THE CASE, SIR, PLEASE!



I COULDN'T PICK A BETTER MAN! NOW HERE'S ALL I'VE GOT FOR YOU TO WORK ON... THIS SPY RING OBVIOUSLY HAS MEN POSTED ALL OVER THE COUNTRY -- NEAR ARMY CAMPS, RAILROAD YARDS, WAR-PLANTS, AND THE KEY HARBORS...



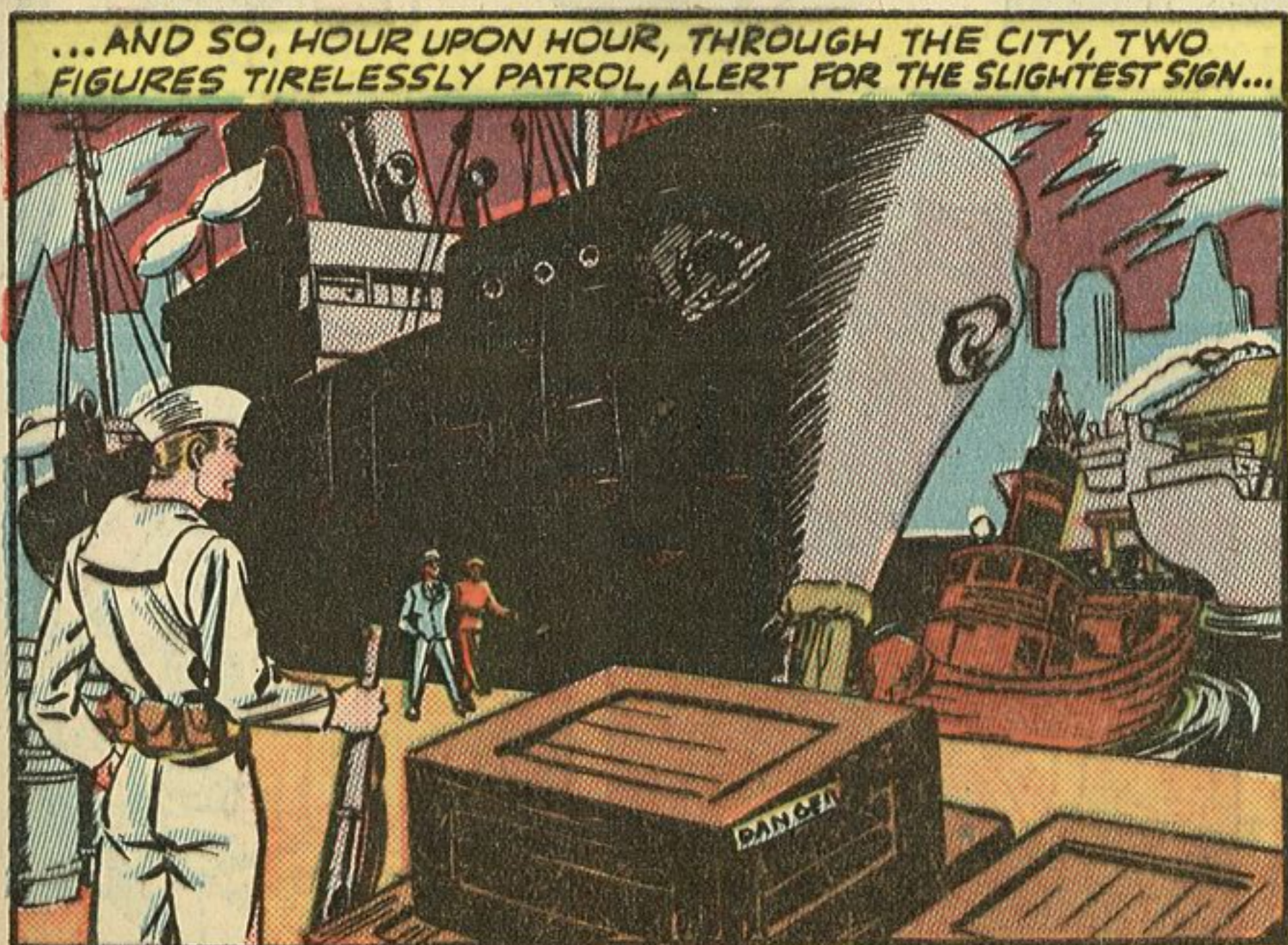
YOUR BIG PROBLEM WILL BE TO DISCOVER JUST HOW THE RING MANAGES TO SEND MESSAGES TO ITS SUBS!

YOU'VE DONE ALL THE USUAL THINGS, SIR?



YES, THE MAILS, TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH CIRCUITS -- SHORT WAVE RADIO -- ALL HAVE BEEN DOUBLE-CHECKED -- BUT, SO FAR, NO RESULTS!

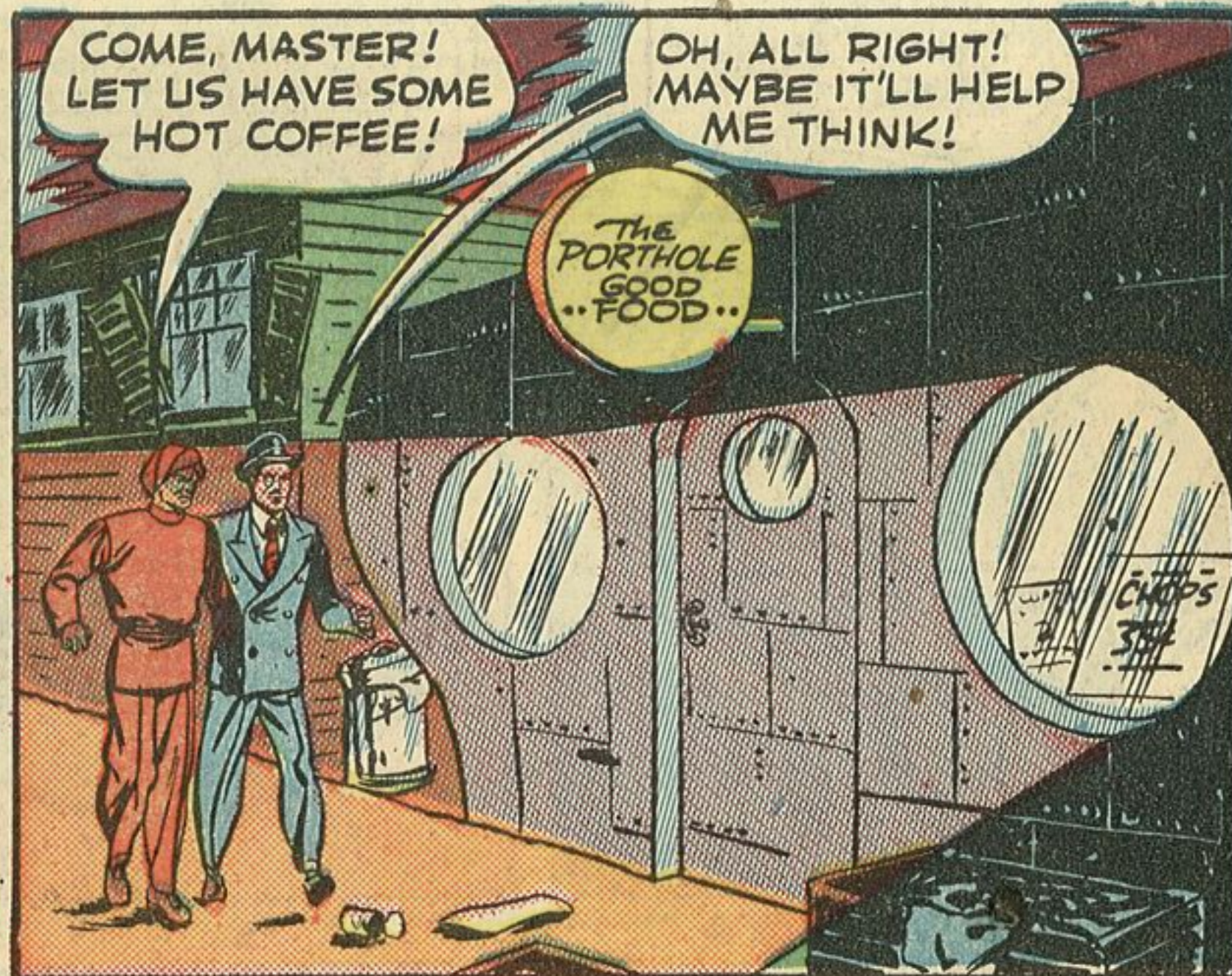
GOODBYE, SIR, AND DON'T WORRY! I WON'T FAIL YOU!



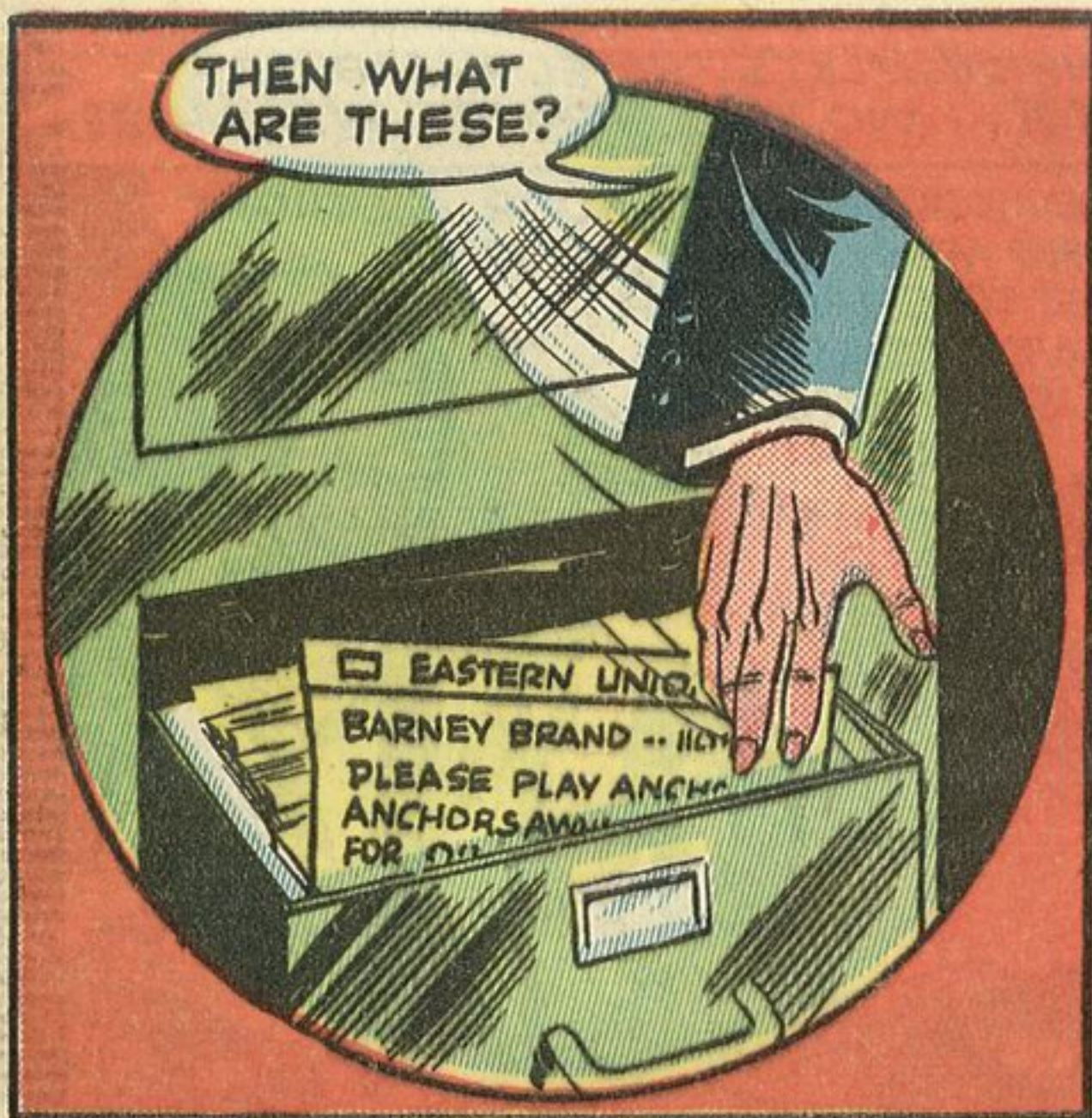
...AND SO, HOUR UPON HOUR, THROUGH THE CITY, TWO FIGURES TIRELESSLY PATROL, ALERT FOR THE SLIGHTEST SIGN...

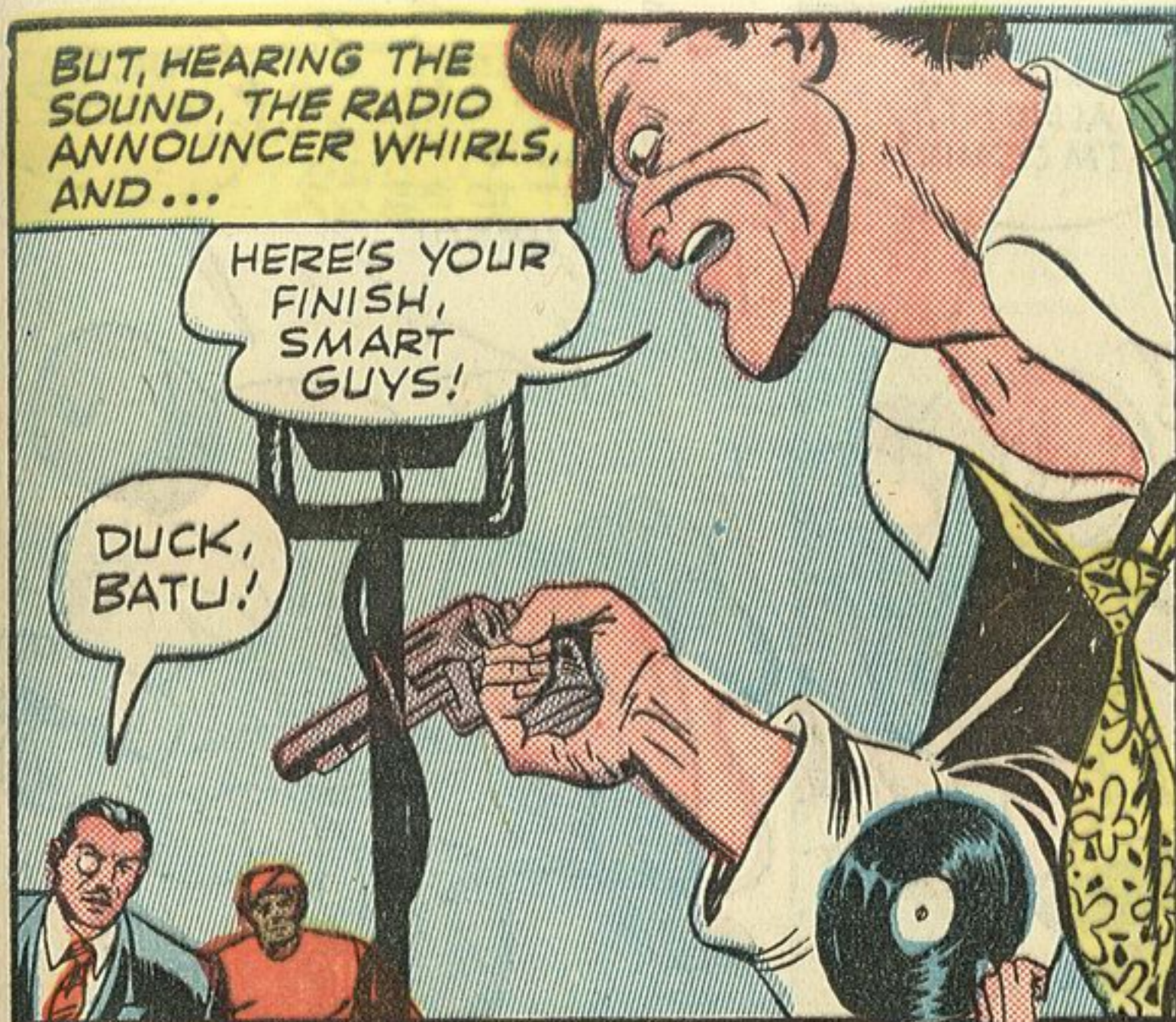


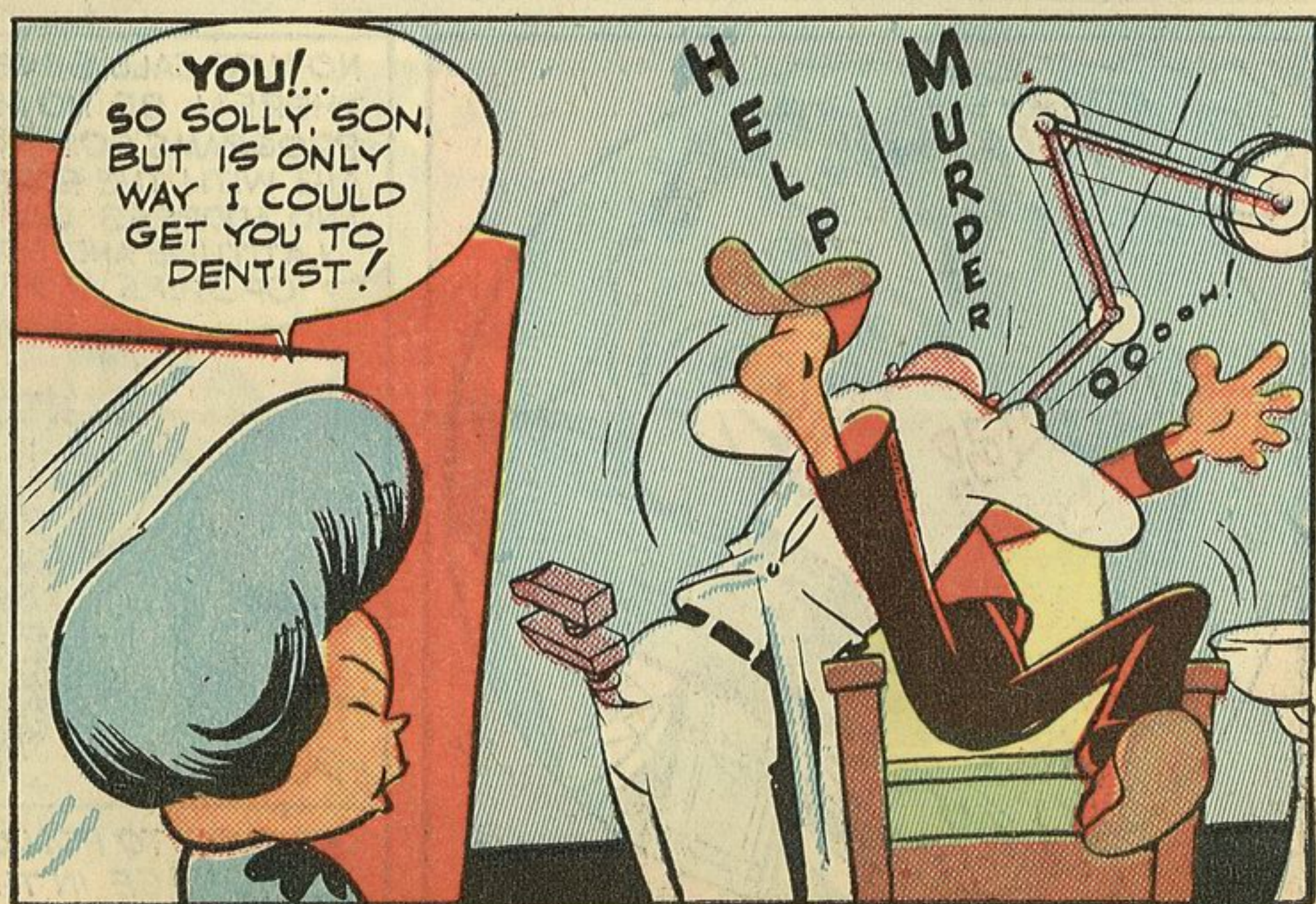
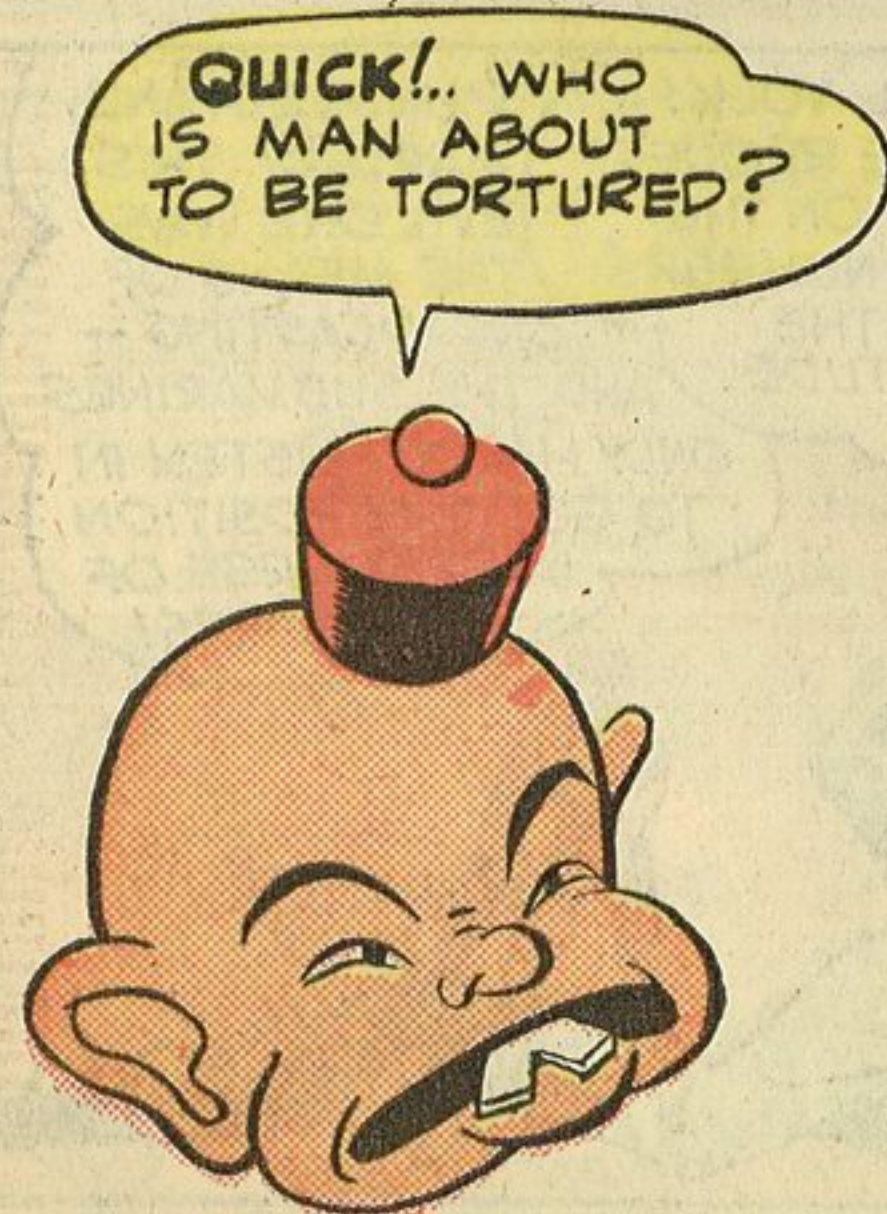
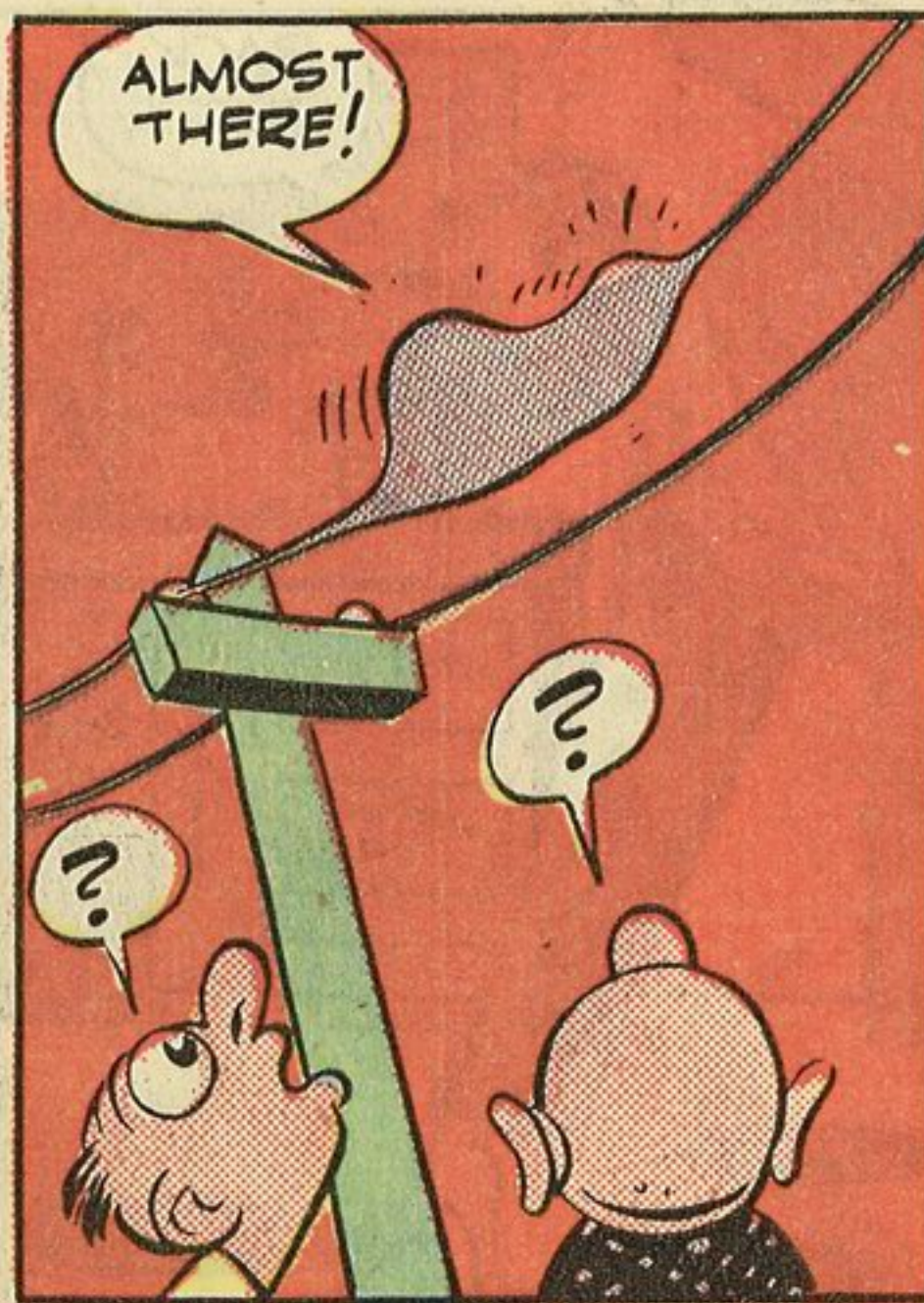
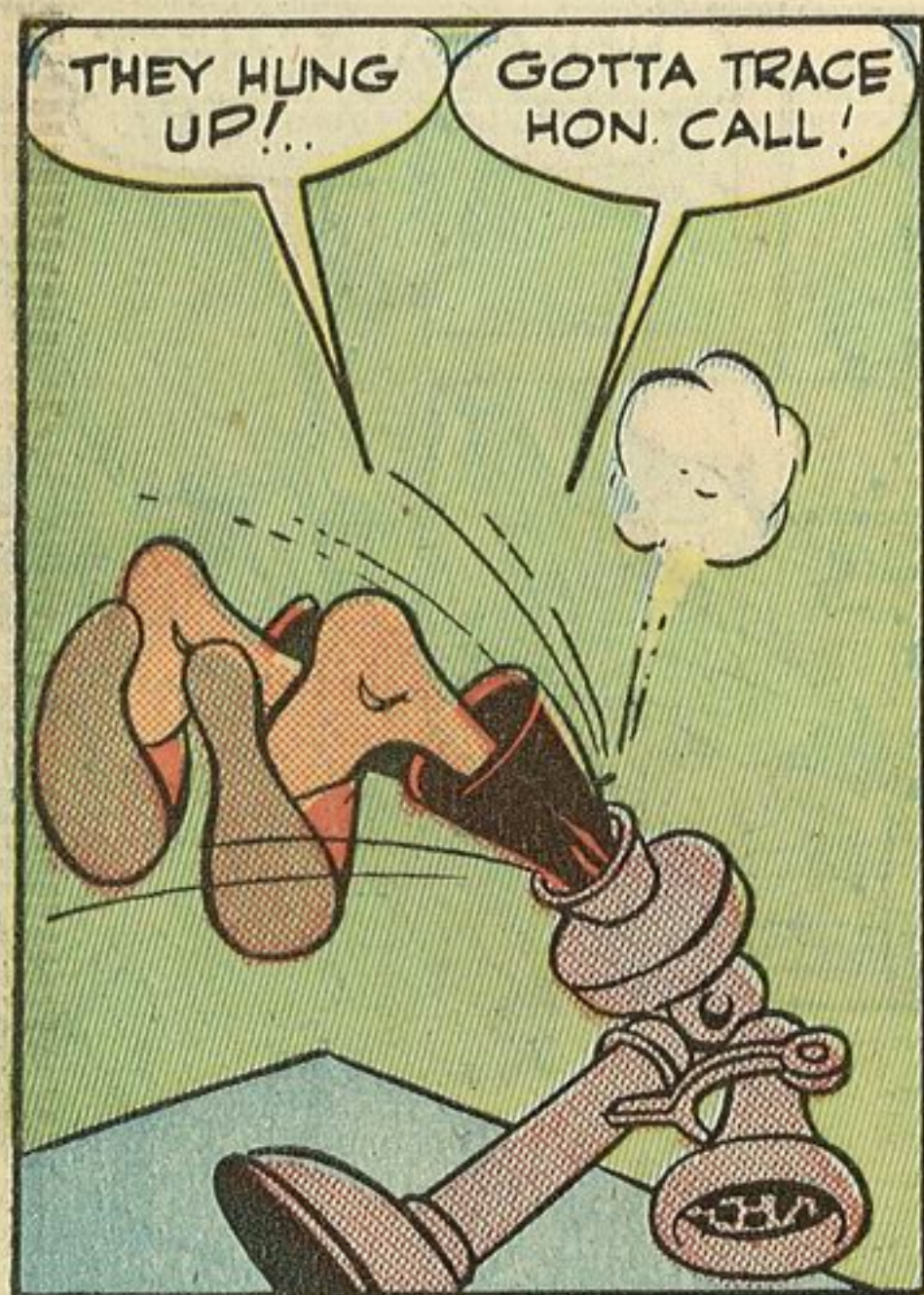
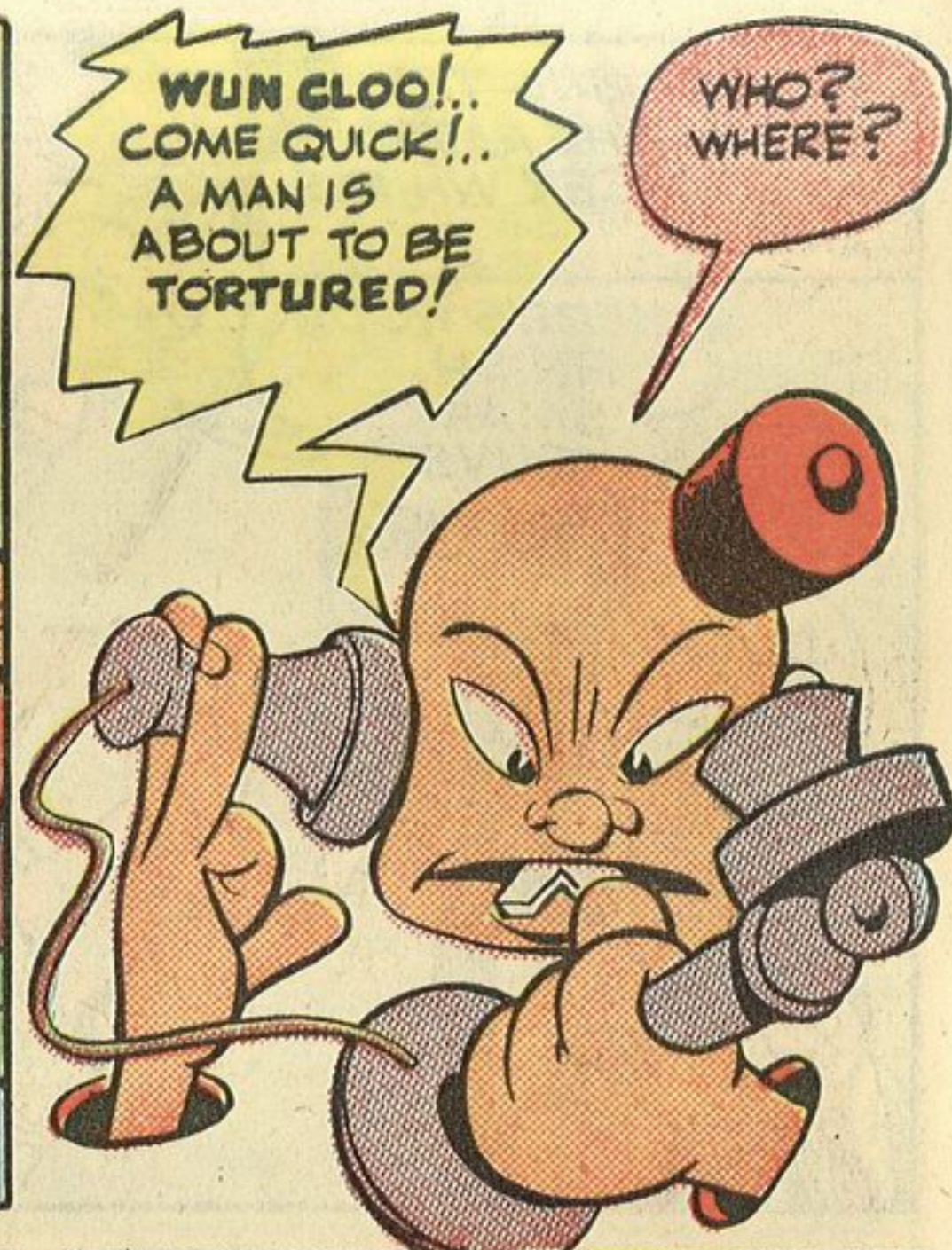
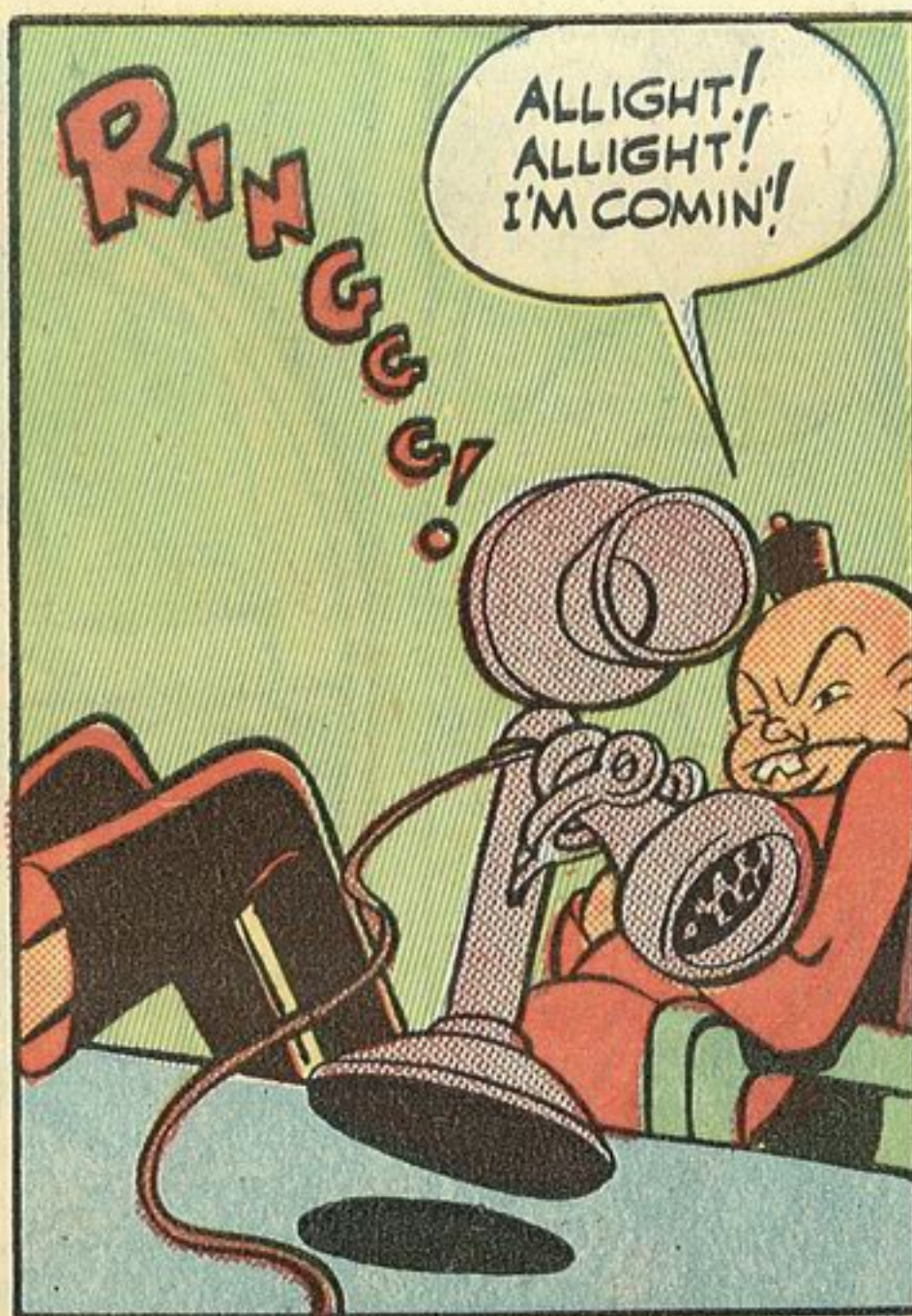
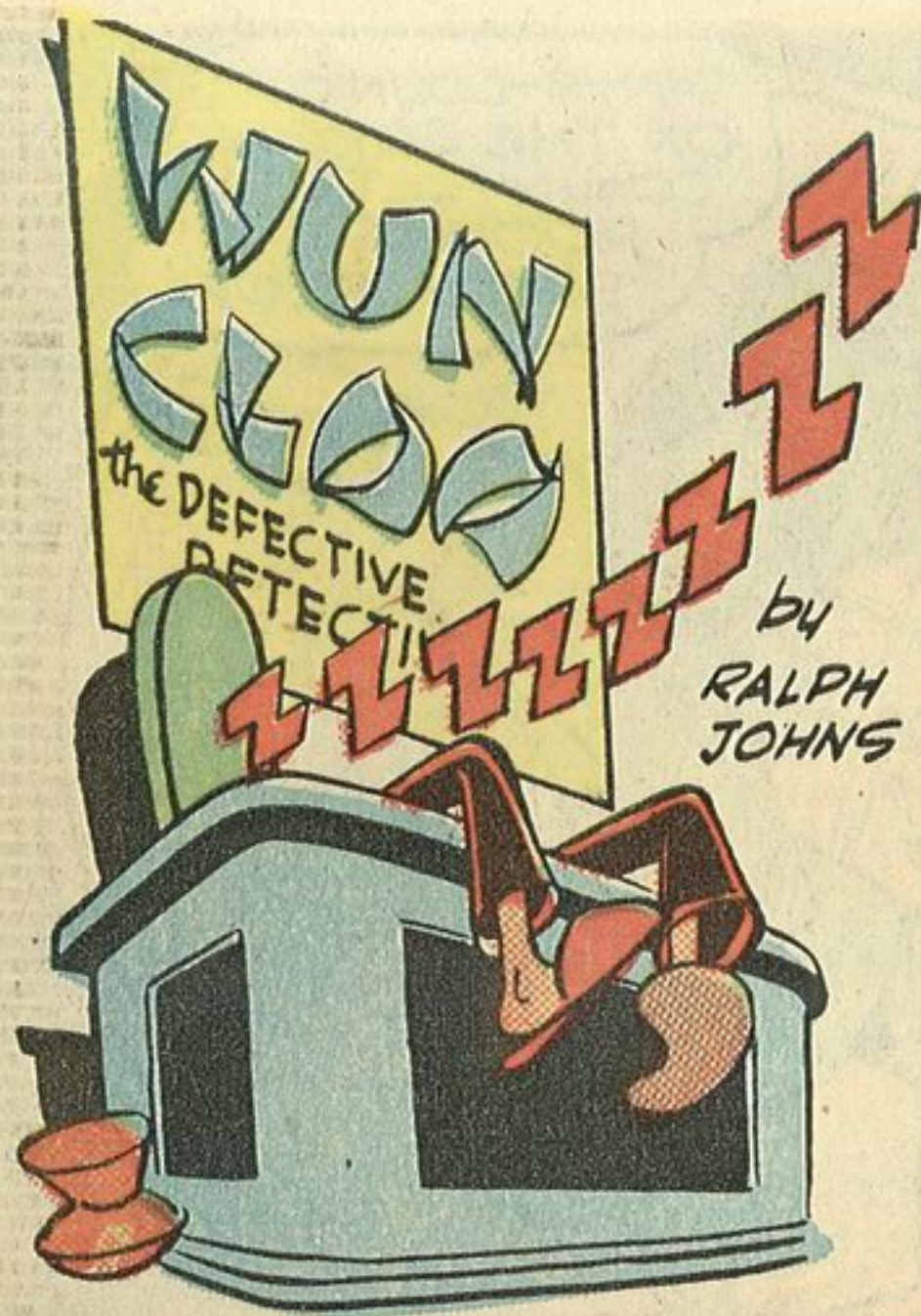
LOOK, BATU! ARMS, MEDICINES, FOODS -- FOR OUR FIGHTING MEN! AND PERHAPS TO BE SUNK BY SOME UNDERSEA SNAKE -- KNOWING HER COURSE AND SPEED!











THE MARKSMAN



THE CHAMPION OF THE MID-EUROPEAN UNDERGROUND MOVEMENT IS POLISH **BARON POVALSKI**... SECRETLY HE BECOMES THE FEARED **MARKSMAN** WHOSE DEADLY ARROWS BRING CERTAIN SWIFT DEATH TO THE RUTHLESS NAZIS. BUT AS THE WHOLE OF CIVILIZATION IS ENGULFED IN THE SEE THING GLOBAL WAR, THE **MARKSMAN'S** TRAIL OFTEN TURNS UP FAR FROM HIS NATIVE SOIL AS HE PURSUES HIS QUARRY TO THE DISTANT CORNERS OF THE WORLD... AS THIS STORY OPENS WE FIND HIM ON THE EDGE OF THE COLOMBIAN JUNGLES OF SOUTH AMERICA WHERE HORRIBLE DEATH STRIKES THE UNWARY IN THIS STEAMING TROPICAL LAND OF MYSTERY.

AT THE POLISH CONSULATE IN COLOMBIA, SOUTH AMERICA, BARON POVALSKI RELAXES AT A PARTY HELD IN HIS HONOR.

NICE TO SEE YOU AGAIN, ANNA! YOU'RE LUCKY TO BE ON THIS SIDE OF THE ATLANTIC!

MAYBE I SHOULD HAVE STAYED AND HELPED YOU AND THE UNDERGROUND.

YOU MAY GET A CHANCE YET-WHO KNOWS?

THERE ARE NO NAZIS HERE-THEY'VE ALL BEEN EXPELLED. TOMORROW I'LL SHOW YOU A SAMPLE OF THE JUNGLES WE HAVE AROUND HERE.

FINE! I'LL PRACTICE UP ON MY BOW AND ARROW!

NEXT DAY THE BARON AND ANNA START OUT ON THEIR HIKE

SO THAT'S YOUR MARKSMAN'S OUTFIT!

WELL-I LEFT OFF THE CAPE-IT WOULDN'T LAST LONG IN THESE JUNGLES!

LISTEN! I HEAR A MOTOR-AN AIRPLANE!

THERE IT IS-FLYING LOW/IT'S IN TROUBLE!

THERE IT GOES DOWN-MAKING A CRASH LANDING OVER THERE-FOUR OR FIVE MILES FROM HERE!

C'MON WE'VE GOT TO FIND IT-THE PILOT MAY BE HURT!

IT HAS THE EMBLEM OF THE UNITED STATES ON ITS WINGS-BUT THERE IS NO BASE NEAR HERE!

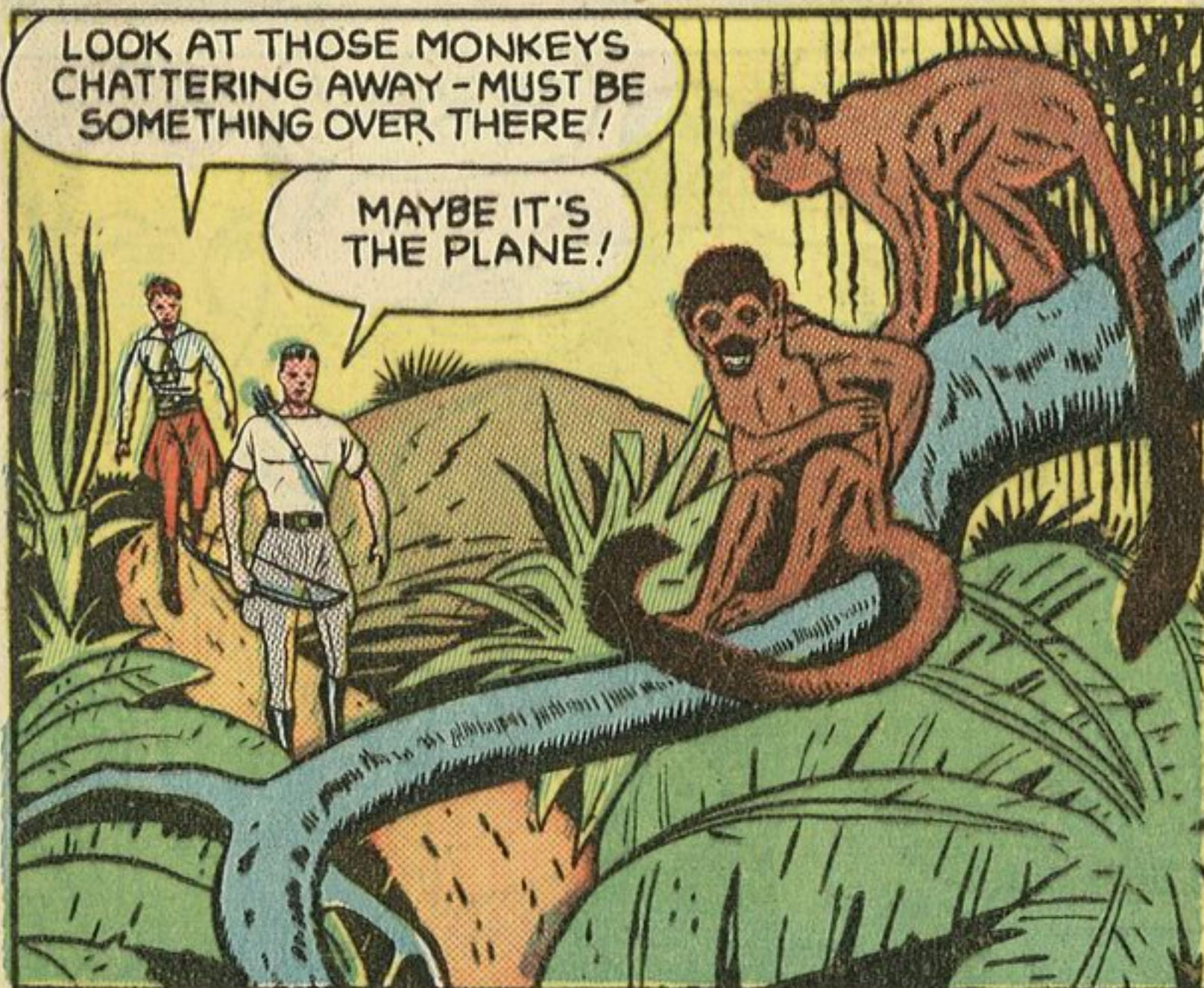


WE'RE NOT THE ONLY ONES WHO SAW IT LAND - THERE GOES CHOCO, A FRIENDLY INDIAN HUNTER. HE'LL GET THERE WAY AHEAD OF US - THOSE NATIVES FLIT THROUGH THE JUNGLES JUST LIKE SHADOWS!

SEVERAL MINUTES LATER A SHOT RINGS OUT -



WONDER WHAT THAT MEANS? PROBABLY CHOCO SHOT A SNAKE - THERE ARE PLENTY OF THEM AROUND.



LOOK AT THOSE MONKEYS CHATTERING AWAY - MUST BE SOMETHING OVER THERE!

MAYBE IT'S THE PLANE!



HERE IT IS - AND POOR CHOCO'S SHOT THROUGH THE HEAD!

WHY WOULD THE PILOT SHOOT HIM? HE WOULD HAVE GUIDED HIM OUT OF HERE!



I'LL TELL YOU WHY! THIS PLANE MAY BEAR THE WHITE STAR OF THE UNITED STATES BUT IT WAS MADE IN GERMANY! I'VE SEEN ENOUGH OF THEM TO KNOW!

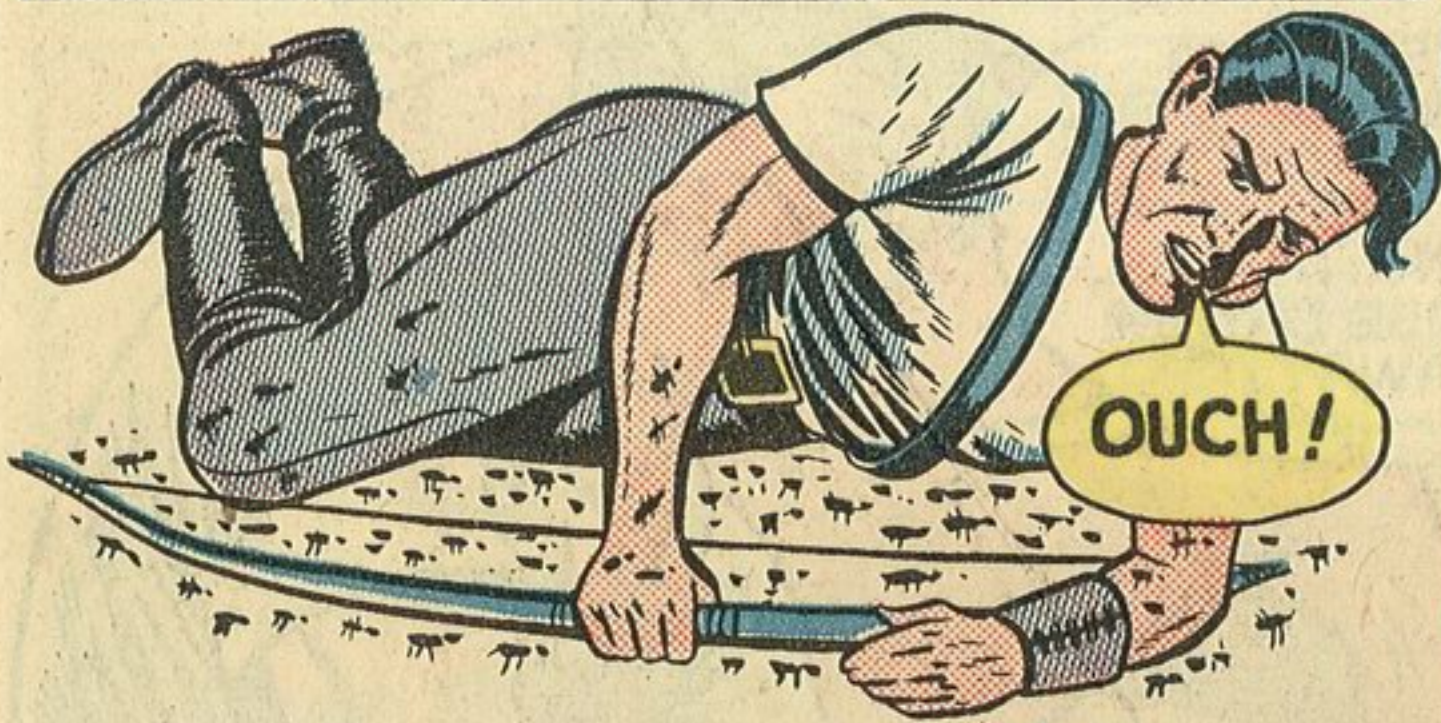
NAZIS?!



WHOEVER WAS FLYING THIS PLANE WANTED TO HIDE SOMETHING SO THEY PUT THE INDIAN OUT OF THE WAY - FIGURED HE KNEW TOO MUCH!



LATER, THE MARKSMAN REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS.



UGH-ANTS!
THEY DID A JOB
ON THAT DEAD
NAZI!

THERE'S MILLIONS
OF 'EM - BLACK DRIVER
ANTS. THE TERROR
OF THE JUNGLE - I'LL
HAVE TO GET OUT
OF HERE - THEY'LL
EAT ANYTHING!



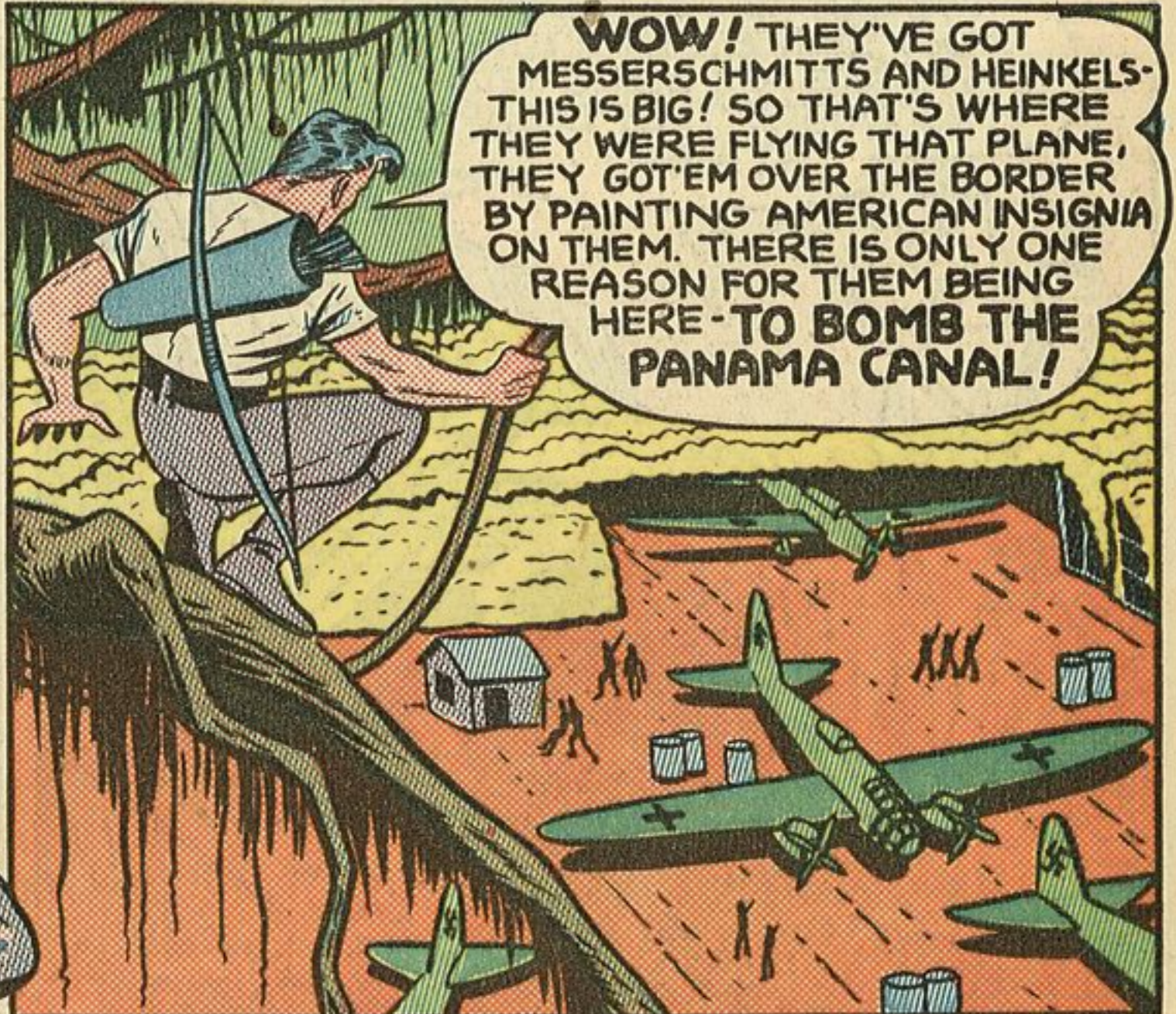
I'VE
GOT TO
FIND ANNA!
HMM - I
HEAR
VOICES AND
AXES CHOPPING -
MAYBE I CAN SEE
FROM THE TOP
OF THIS TREE!



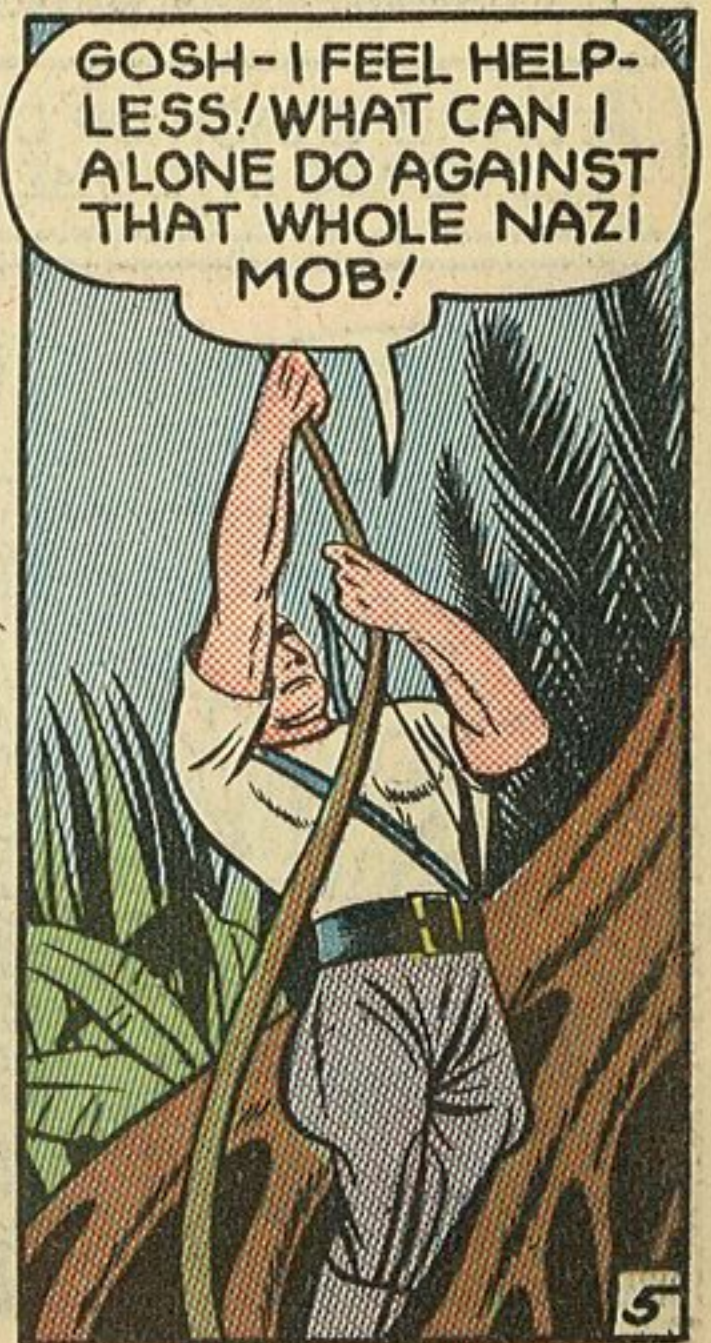
OH, OH! THERE
GOES ANNA - SHE'S BEING
PUT IN A HUT...AND FROM
THE COMMOTION GOING ON
THEY'RE GETTING READY
TO TAKE OFF! I HAVEN'T
TIME TO GO FOR
HELP - SOMEHOW
I MUST STOP
THEM!



WOW! THEY'VE GOT
MESSERSCHMITTS AND HEINKELS -
THIS IS BIG! SO THAT'S WHERE
THEY WERE FLYING THAT PLANE,
THEY GOT 'EM OVER THE BORDER
BY PAINTING AMERICAN INSIGNIA
ON THEM. THERE IS ONLY ONE
REASON FOR THEM BEING
HERE - TO BOMB THE
PANAMA CANAL!



GOSH - I FEEL HELP-
LESS! WHAT CAN I
ALONE DO AGAINST
THAT WHOLE NAZI
MOB!



OW! THOSE ANTS AGAIN! THEY'LL DRIVE ME MAD UNLESS I CAN FIND SOME CUCUTA BUSHES... THEY USUALLY GROW BY THESE BUCARAMANGA TREES!

I'LL CRUSH THEM WITH THIS ROCK-PHEW! WHAT A STENCH! BUT AT LEAST IT'S THE ONLY THING THAT'LL KEEP THOSE DRIVER ANTS AWAY!

FINALLY LOCATING THE JUNGLE SHRUB, THE MARKSMAN PULLS UP SOME OF THE BULBOUS ROOTS.

I'VE GOT TO FIND SOME WATER-HOLY SMOKE! THAT LOG-THE ANTS ARE ALL GOING INTO IT-MUST BE WHERE THEY DISAPPEAR AT NIGHT!

BOY! HAVE I GOT AN IDEA!

ALL NIGHT THE MARKSMAN FEVERISHLY WORKS...

I'LL SURROUND THE LOG WITH A BAND OF CUCUTA PASTE WITH AN ALLEY LEADING OUT... TOWARDS THE NAZI CAMP!

AT THE CRACK OF DAWN THE MARKSMAN PROBES INTO THE LOG WITH A STICK.

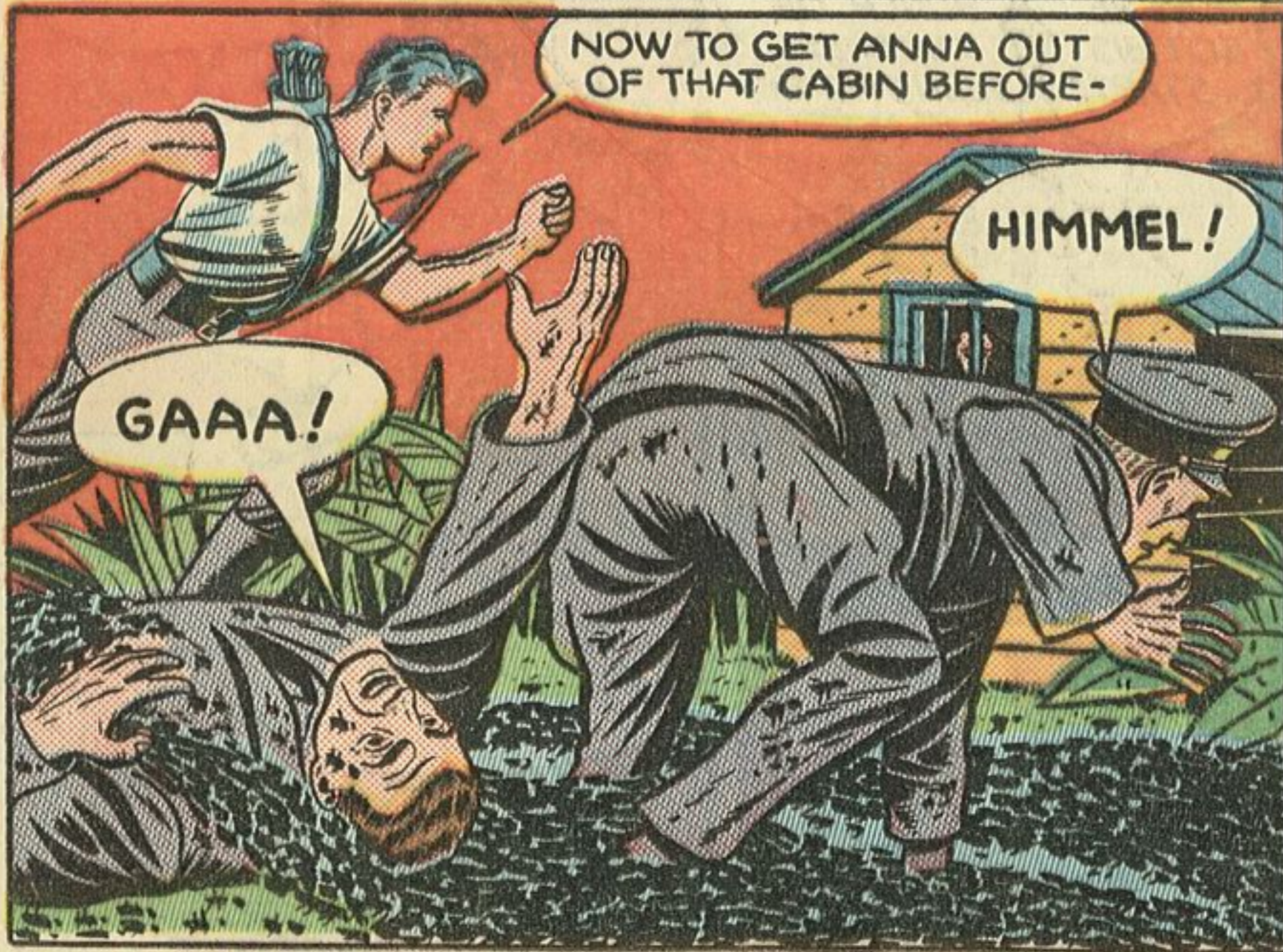
I CAN HEAR THEIR JAWS CLICKING IN ANGER-THEY'RE COMING OUT!

DIAGRAM OF THE MARKSMAN'S PLAN.

THEY'RE COMING OUT INCHES DEEP-AND THEY'RE STAYING INSIDE THE CUCUTA PASTE BAND!



FLOWING ONTO THE AIRFIELD LIKE A BLACK RIVER, THE FEARSOME ANTS ENGULF PLANES AND SCREAMING NAZIS ALIKE!



NOW TO GET ANNA OUT OF THAT CABIN BEFORE-

HIMMEL!

GAAA!

THANK HEAVENS- YOU'VE COME!

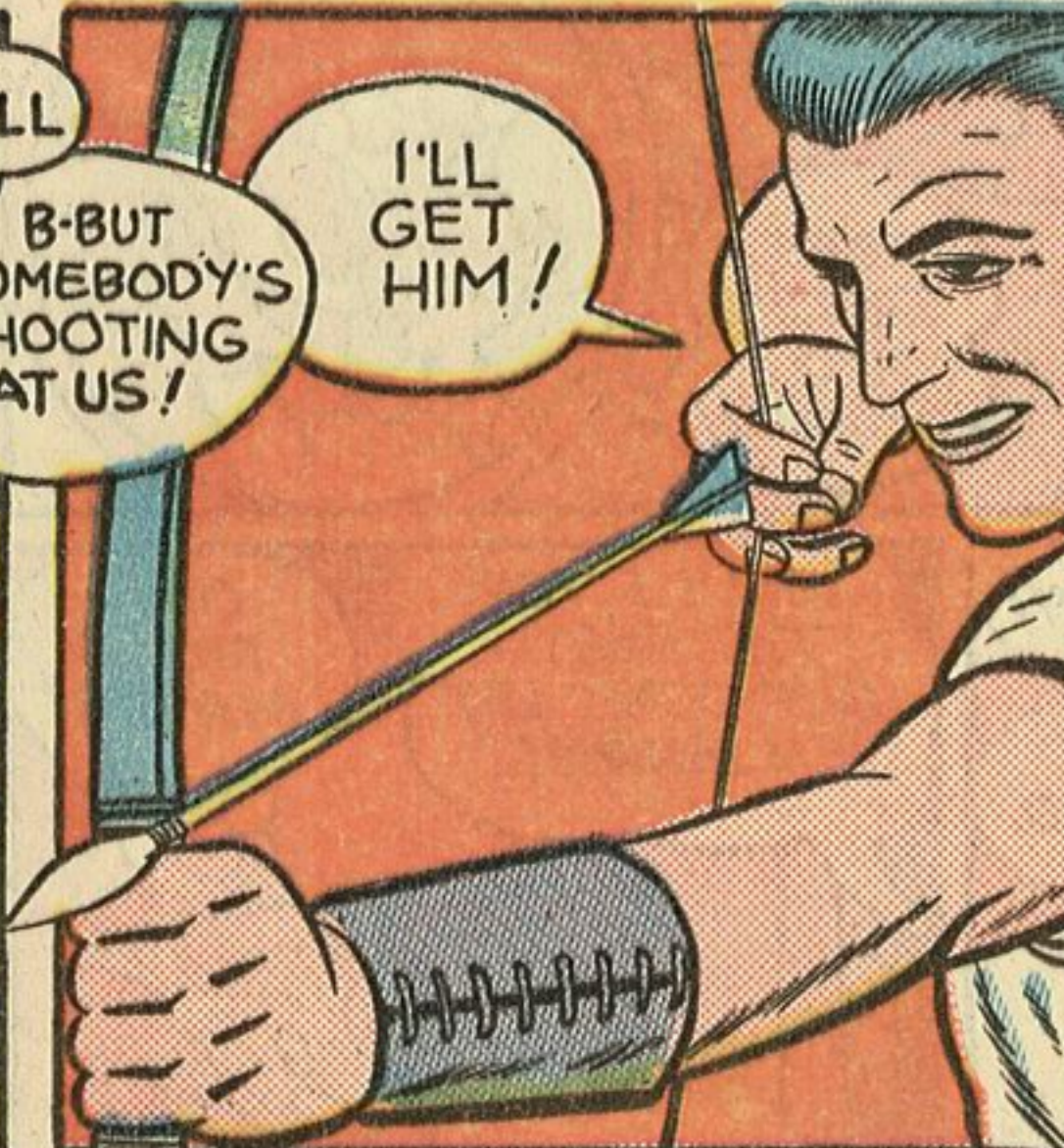
HERE, SMEAR SOME OF THIS PASTE ON YOUR LEGS- AND HURRY- WE HAVE WORK TO DO!



THROW THIS KEROSENE OVER EVERYTHING THAT WILL BURN! WE'LL EXPLODE THE BOMBS THEY WERE GOING TO DUMP ON THE CANAL!

B-BUT SOMEBODY'S SHOOTING AT US!

I'LL GET HIM!



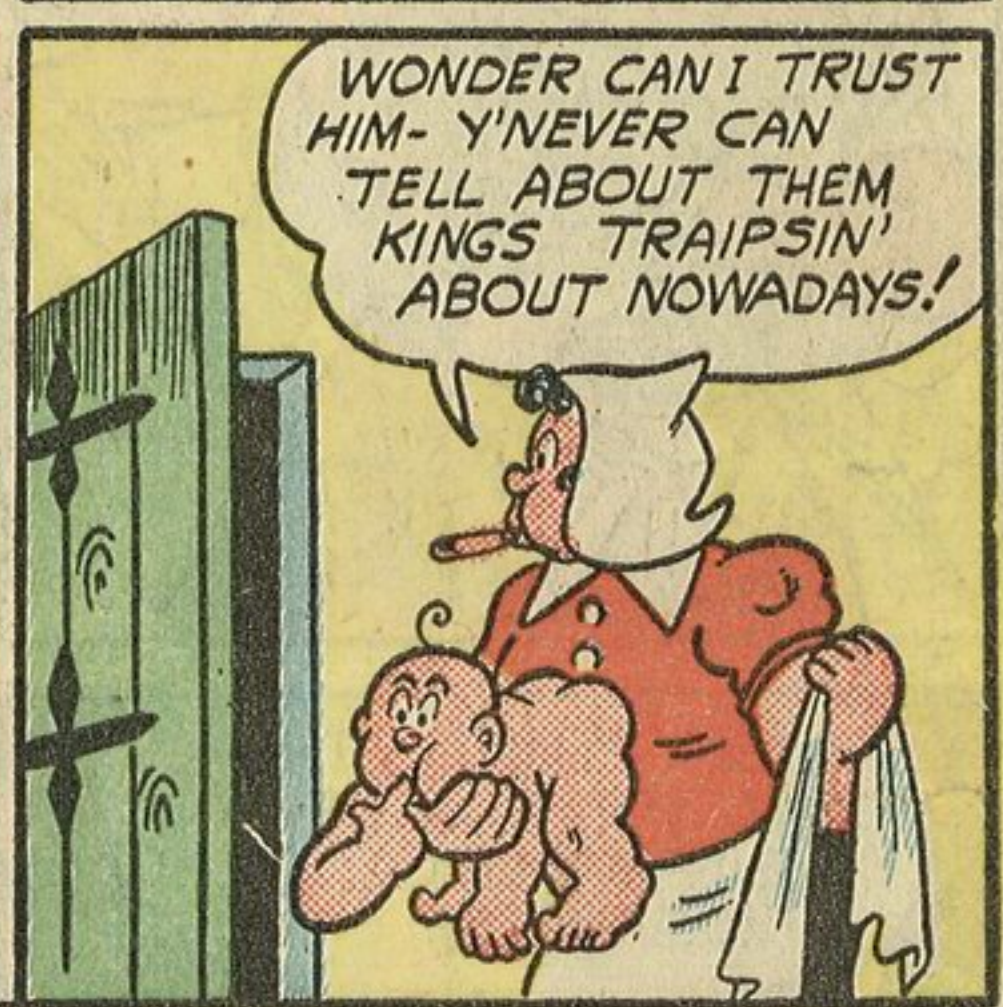
AAGH!



WELL - THAT'S THE END OF THE NAZIS - AND THE PANAMA CANAL IS SAVED!

THANKS TO YOUR ABILITY NOT ONLY AS AN ARCHER BUT ALSO AS A WOODSMAN! NOT MANY PEOPLE KNOW THE SECRET OF THE CUCUTA BUSH!

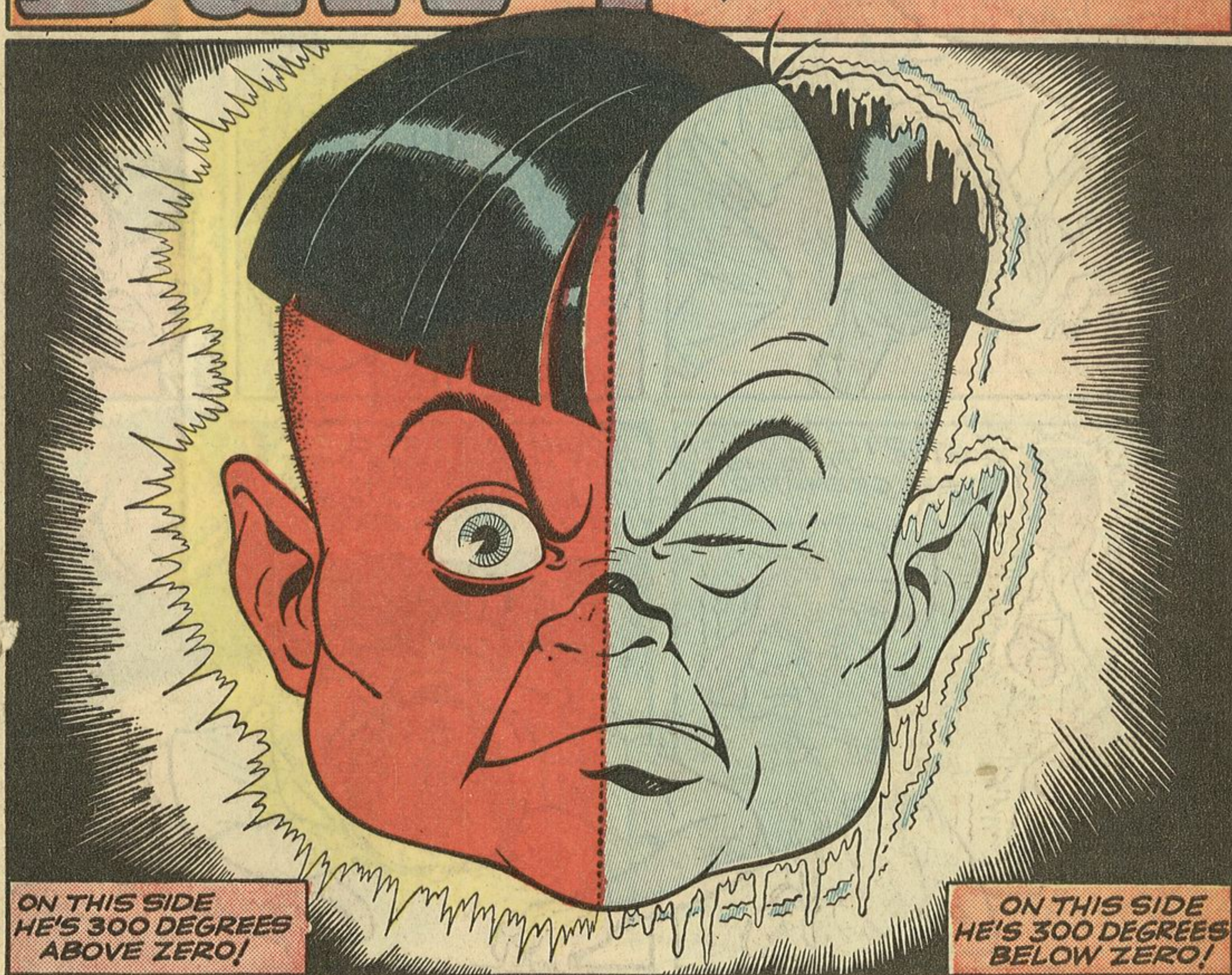




Daffy

VERSUS

LITTLE ATMOS
FEAR, THE KID
WITH THE WEIRD
INHERITANCE!



ON THIS SIDE
HE'S 300 DEGREES
ABOVE ZERO!

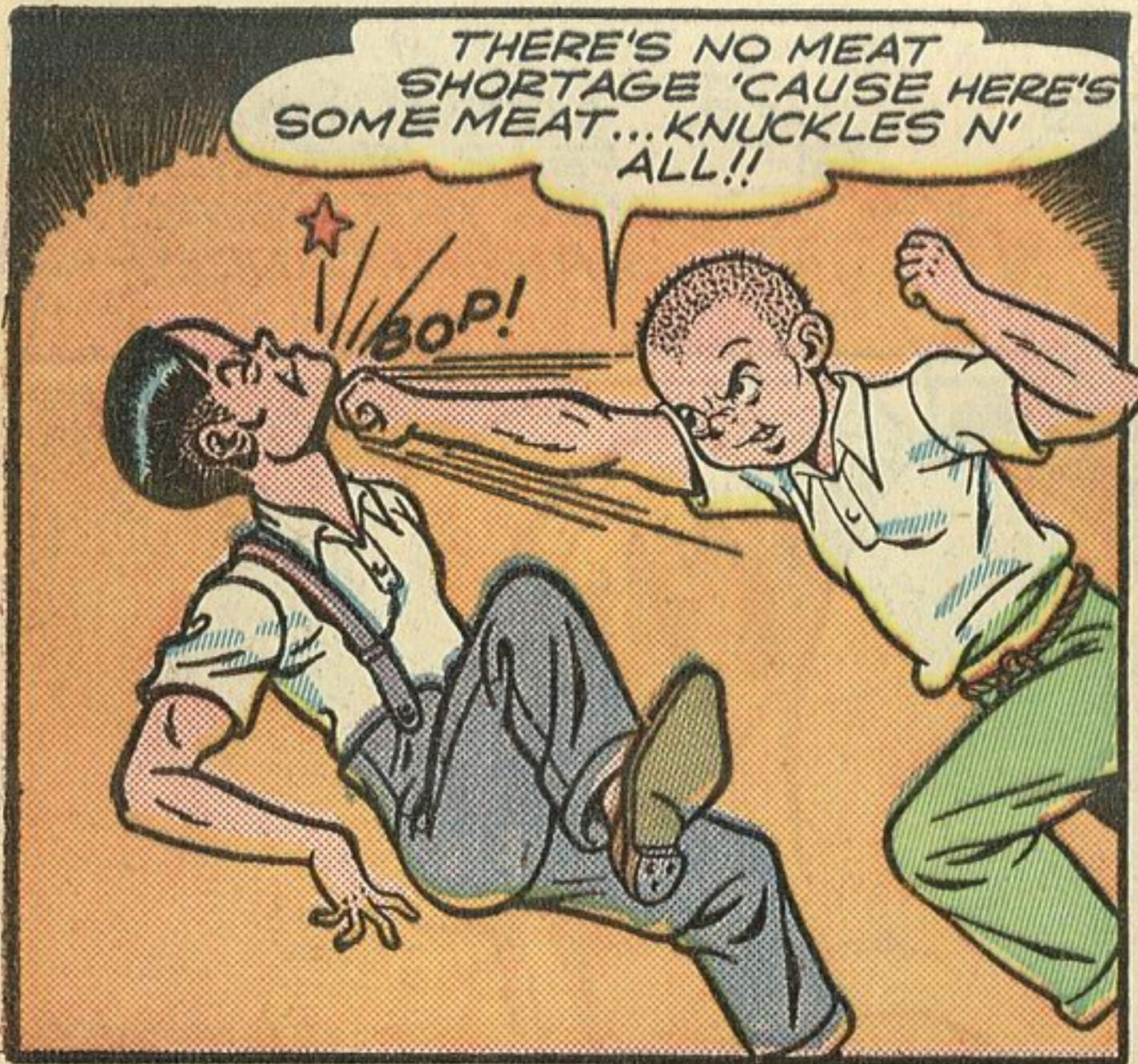
ON THIS SIDE
HE'S 300 DEGREES
BELOW ZERO!

WHEN LITTLE ATMOS FEAR'S GREAT GRANDFATHER, THE LAST OF THE GENUINE BLACK MAGIC PRACTITIONERS, DIED, HE WILLED THAT HIS GREAT GRANDSON SHOULD, UPON HIS THIRTEENTH BIRTHDAY, FIND OUT THAT HE IS BLESSED WITH A TERRIBLE POWER... THE DAY OF THAT BIRTHDAY HAS ARRIVED! BUT ALAS, LIKE HIS GREAT-GRANDFATHER, LITTLE ATMOS IS VICIOUS AND EVIL, THUS WE FIND HIM IN A REFORMATORY...

by GILL
FOX-



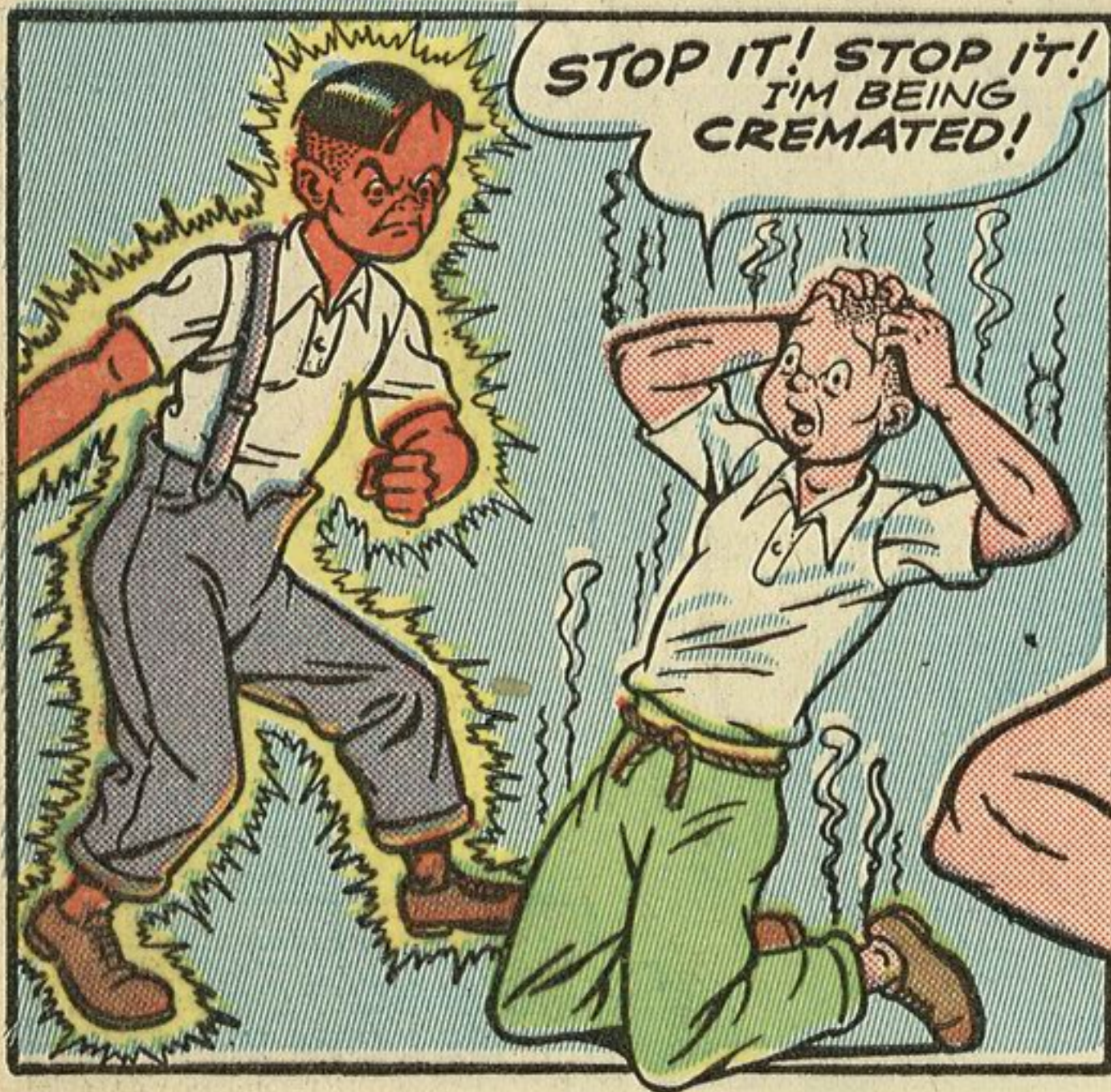
THERE'S NO MEAT
SHORTAGE 'CAUSE HERE'S
SOME MEAT... KNUCKLES N'
ALL!!



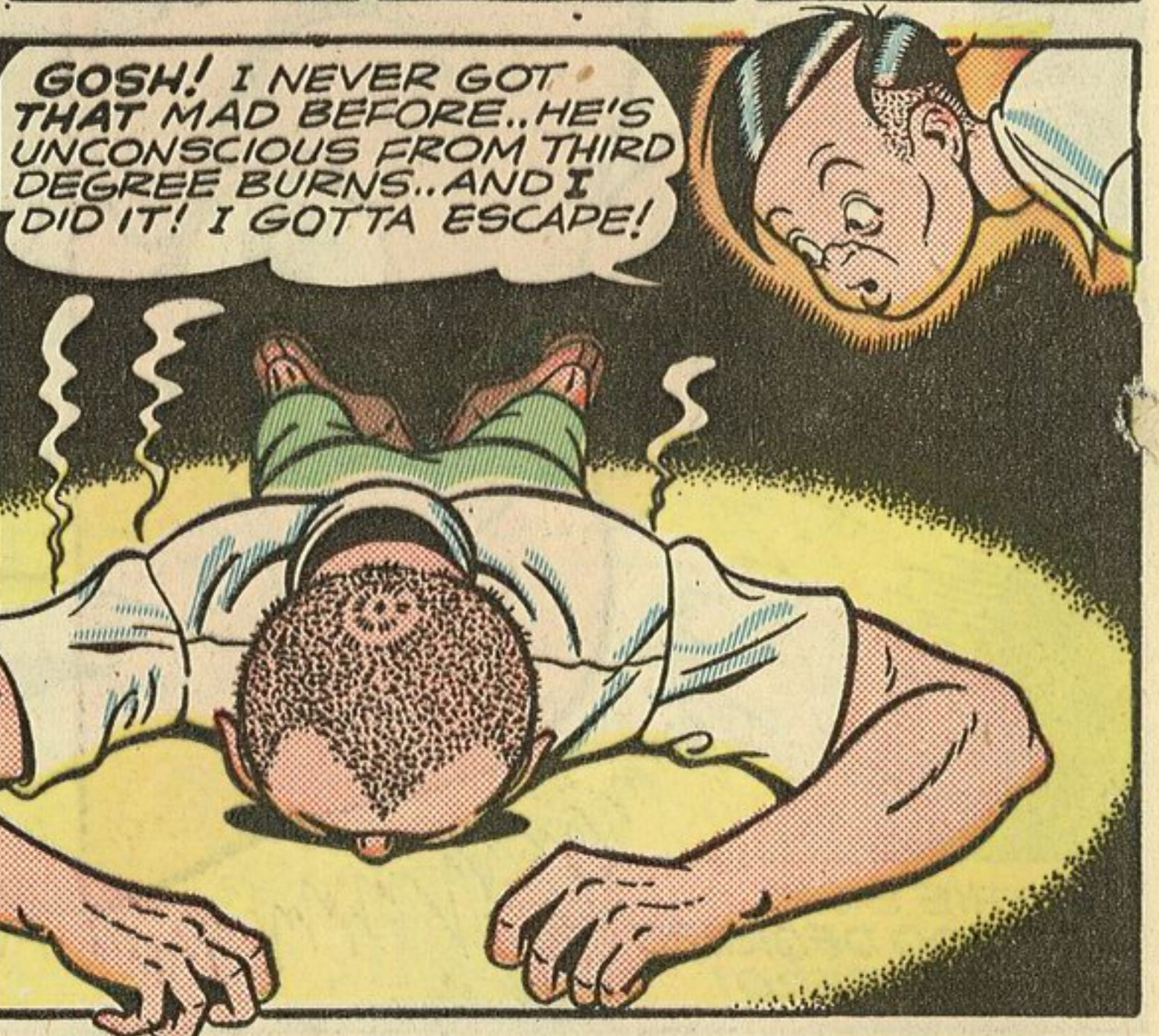
A FIERCE, BURNING ANGER
CONSUMES ATMOS AND
SLOWLY HIS FACE CHANGES
COLOR AS A TERRIFIC HEAT
BEGINS TO RADIATE FROM
HIS BODY!!



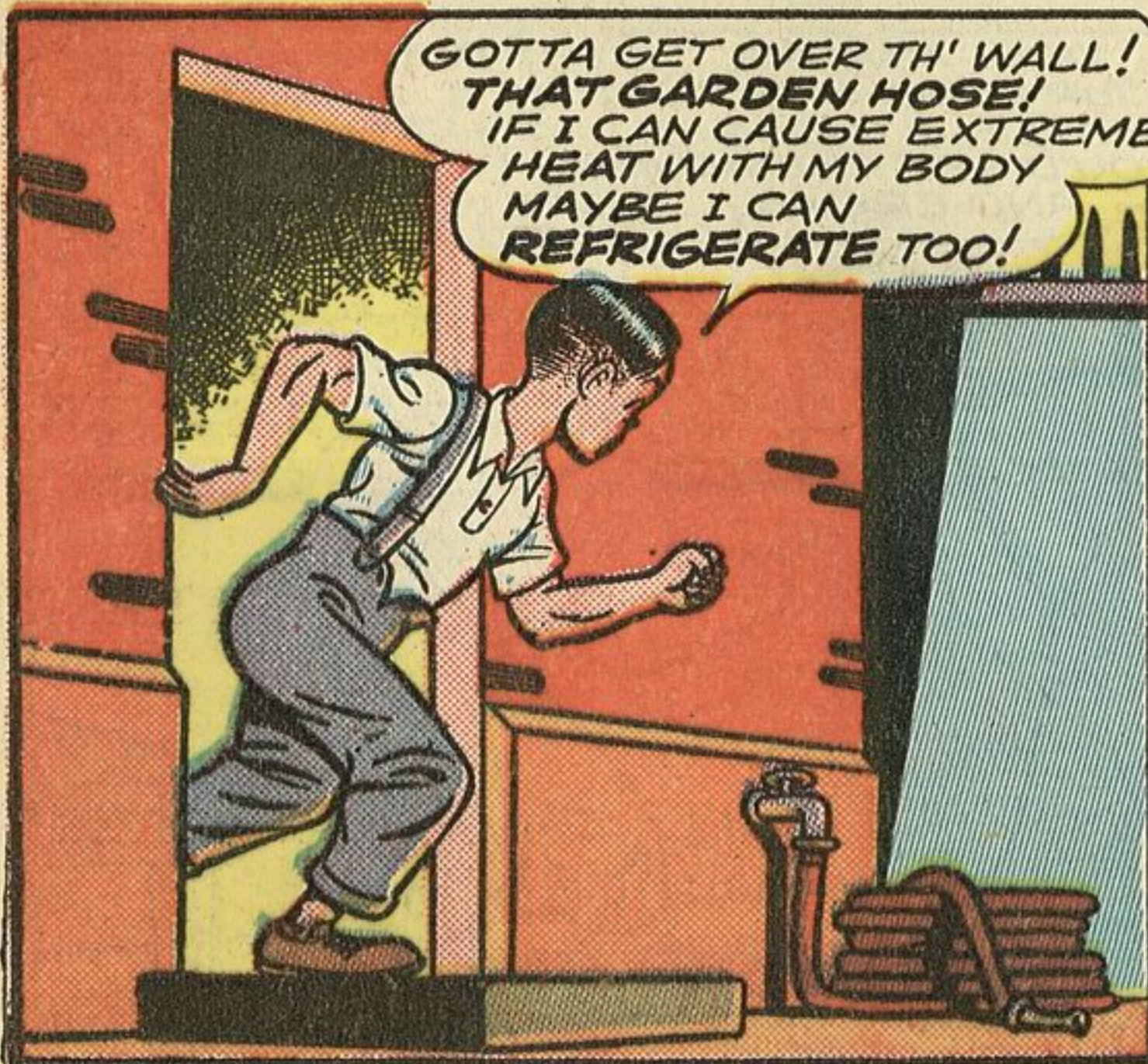
STOP IT! STOP IT!
I'M BEING
CREMATED!



GOSH! I NEVER GOT
THAT MAD BEFORE.. HE'S
UNCONSCIOUS FROM THIRD
DEGREE BURNS.. AND I
DID IT! I GOTTA ESCAPE!



GOTTA GET OVER TH' WALL!
THAT GARDEN HOSE!
IF I CAN CAUSE EXTREME
HEAT WITH MY BODY
MAYBE I CAN
REFRIGERATE TOO!



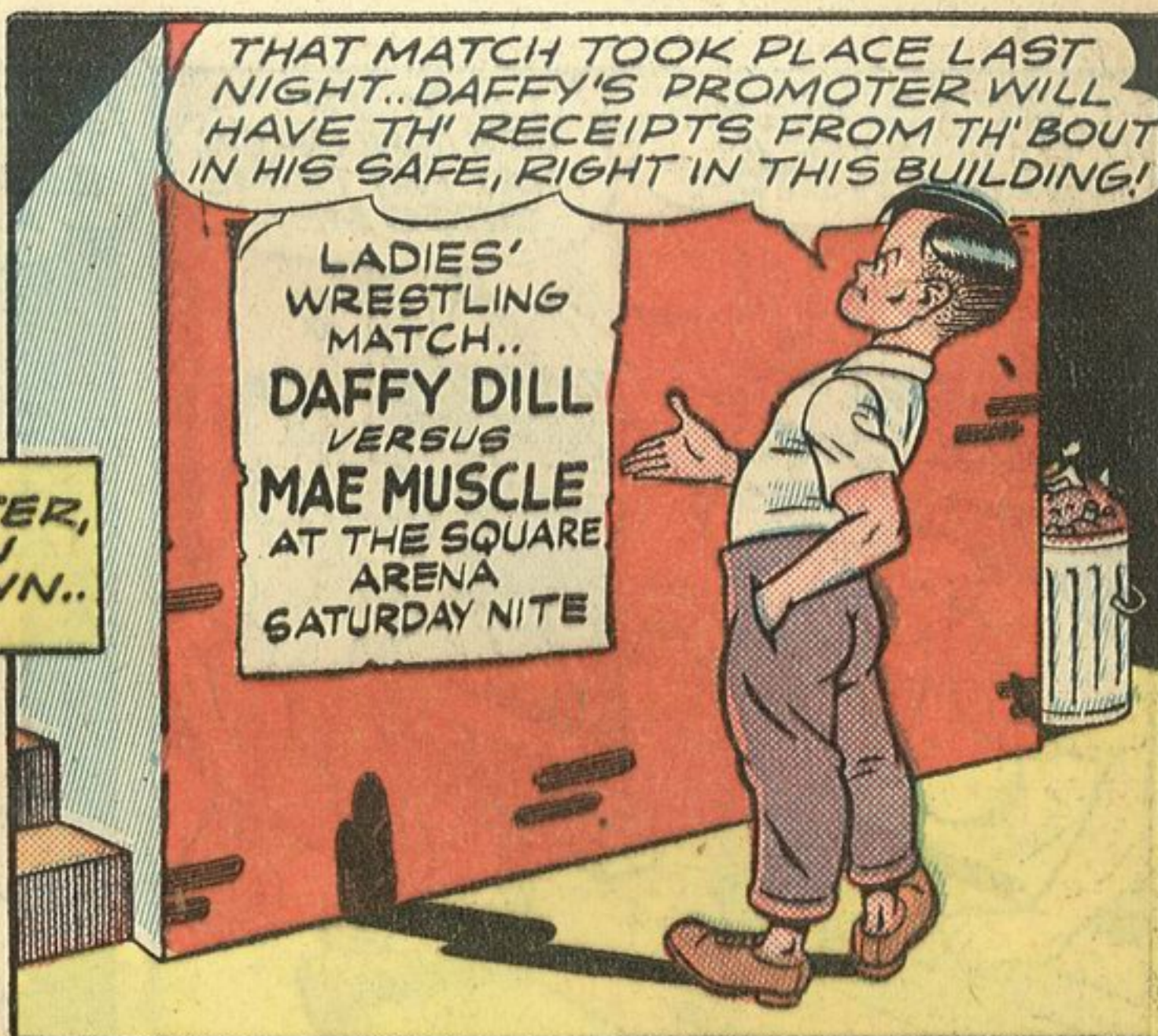
ATMOS SPRAYS A WRIGGLY
STREAM OF WATER OVER
THE WALL, THEN AS HE
CONCENTRATES, THE AIR
ABOUT HIM BECOMES
ICY COLD!



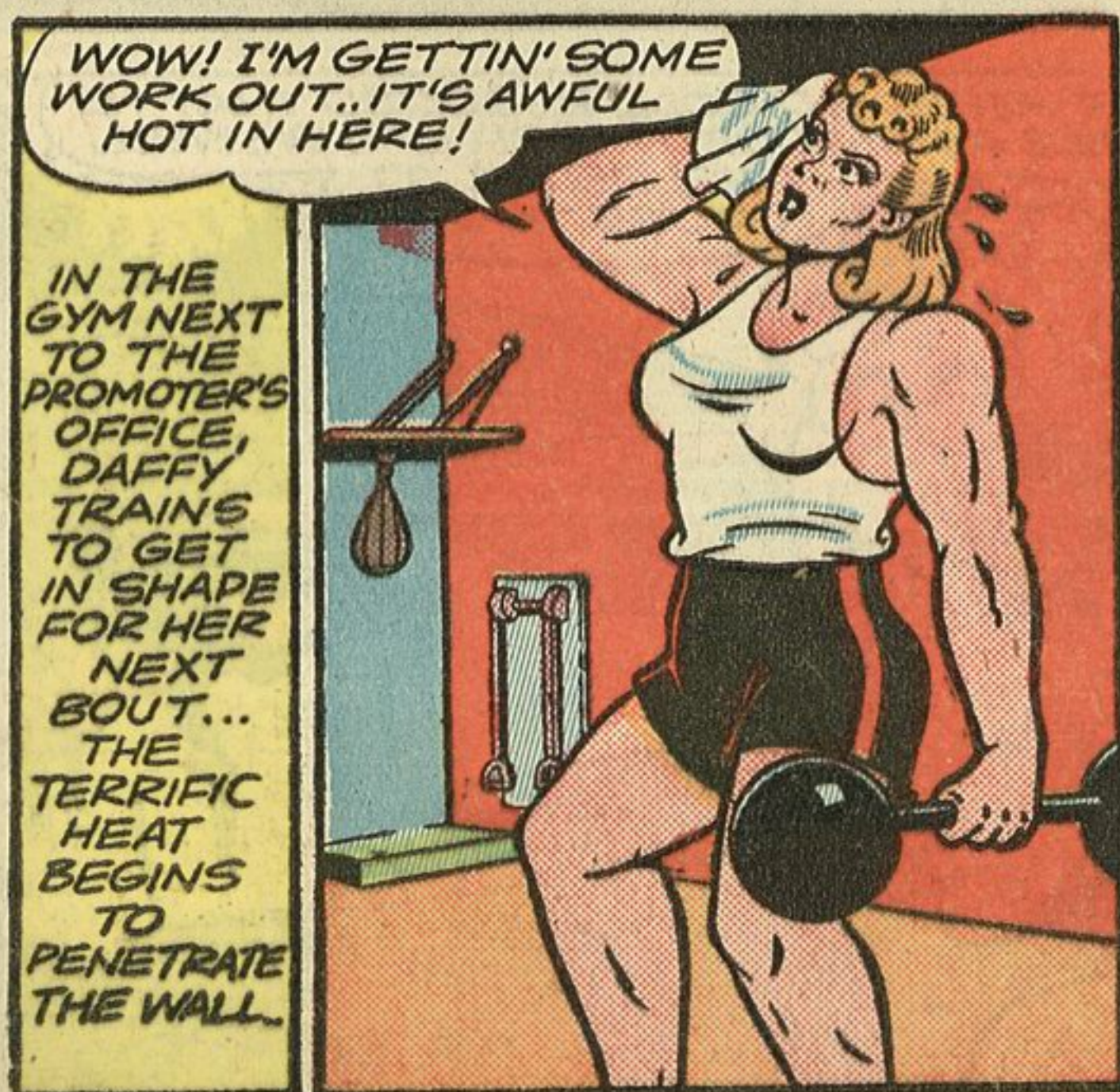
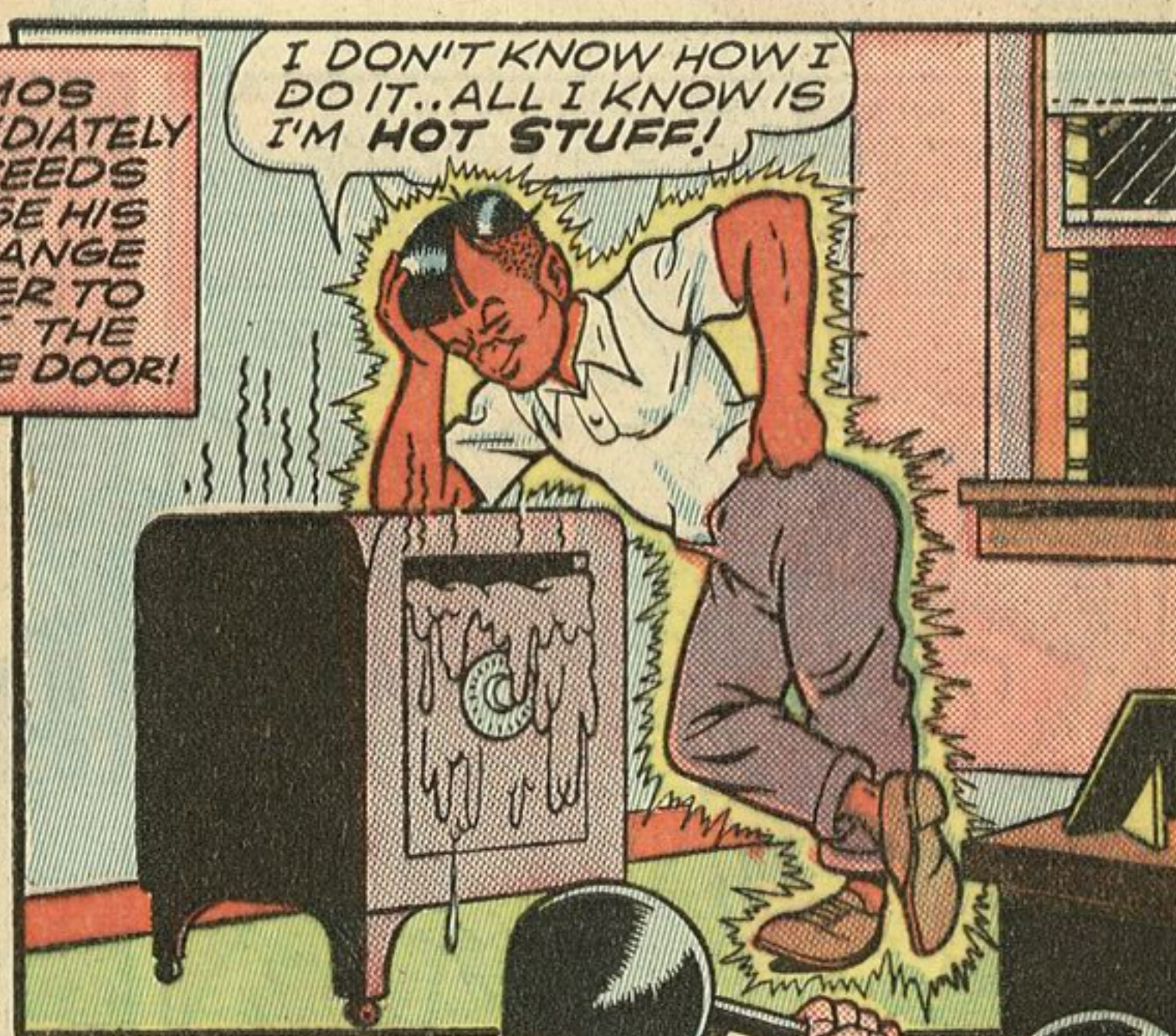
IT WORKS!
I'VE
FROZEN
TH' WATER!



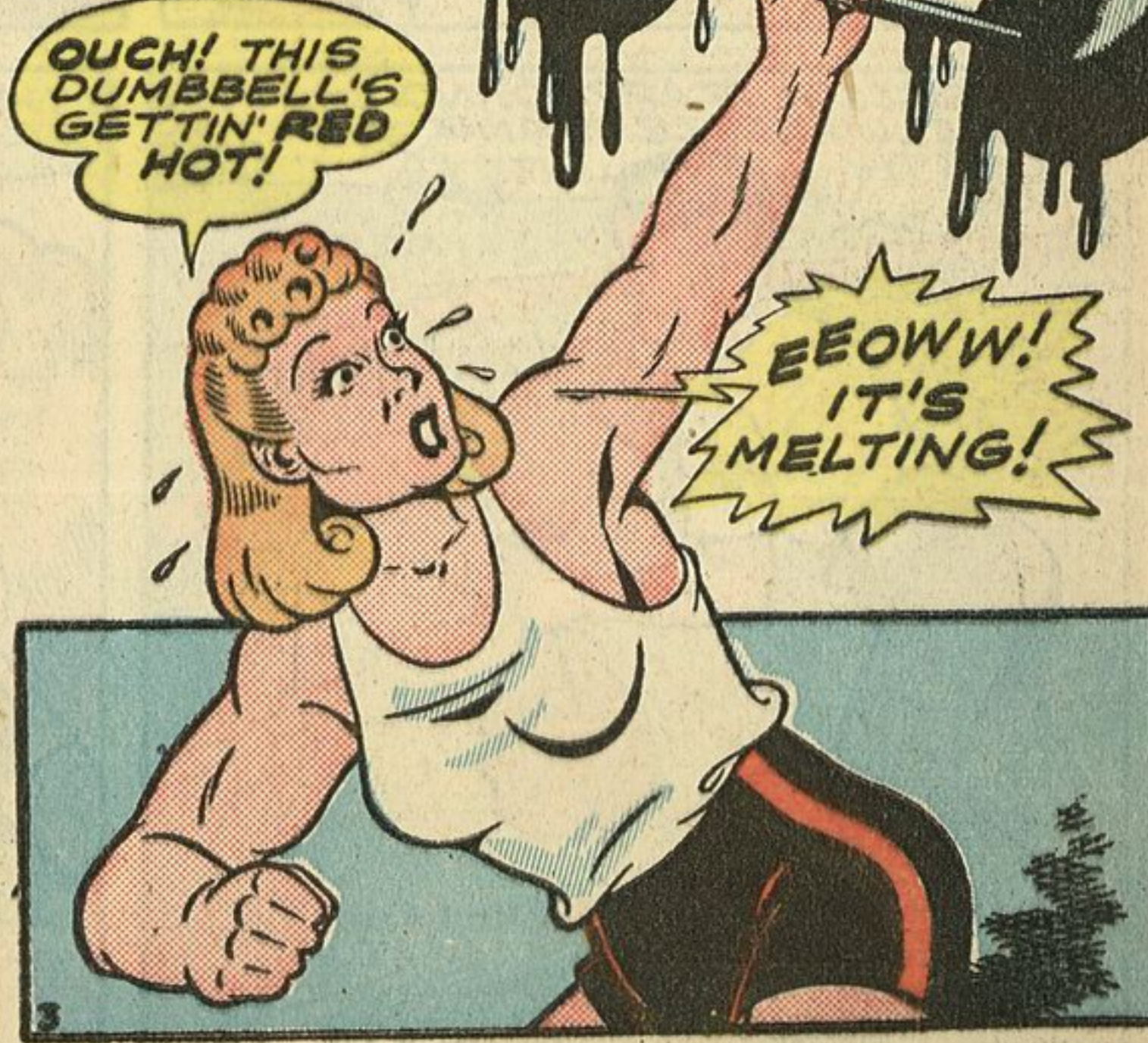
LATER,
IN
TOWN..

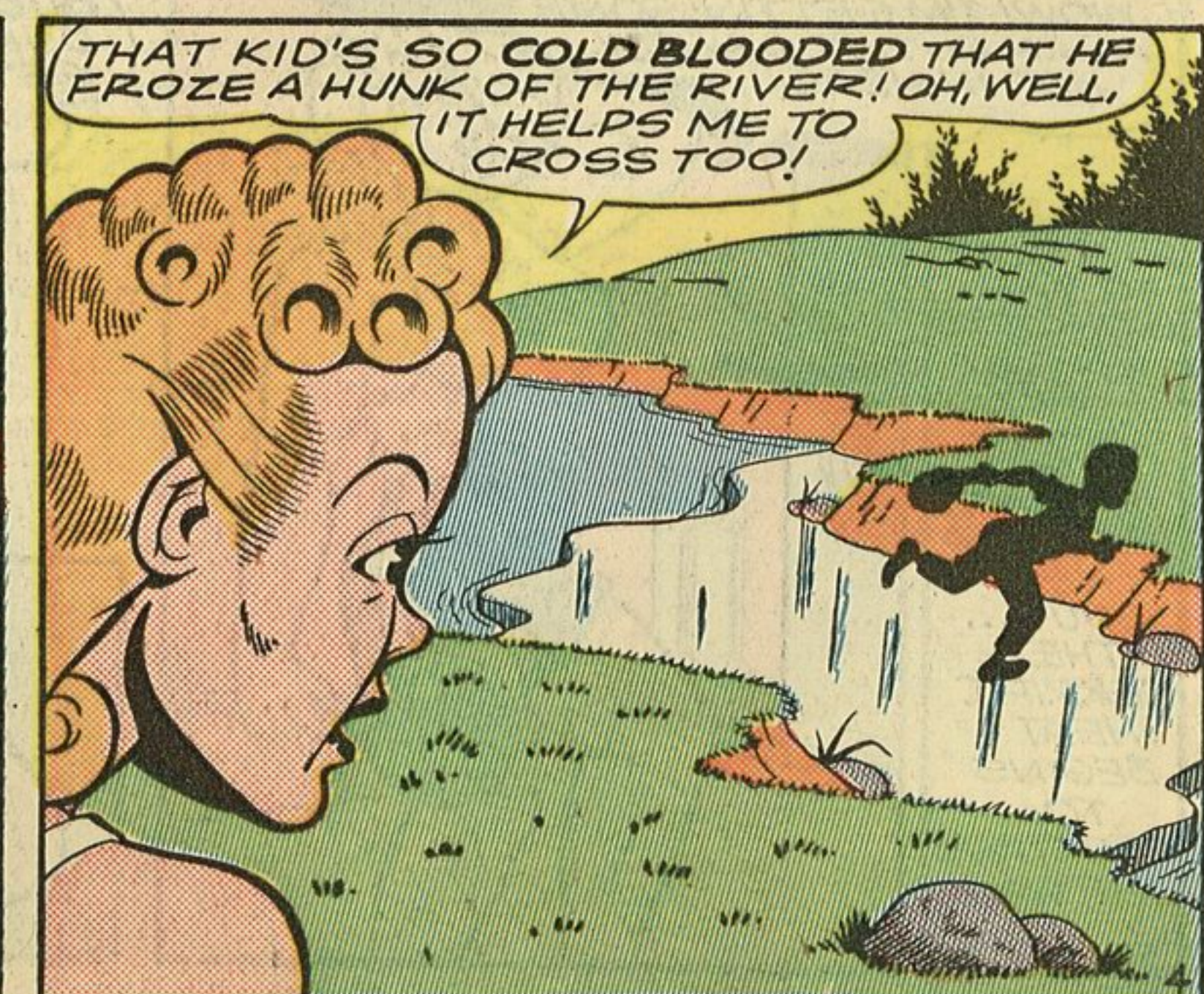
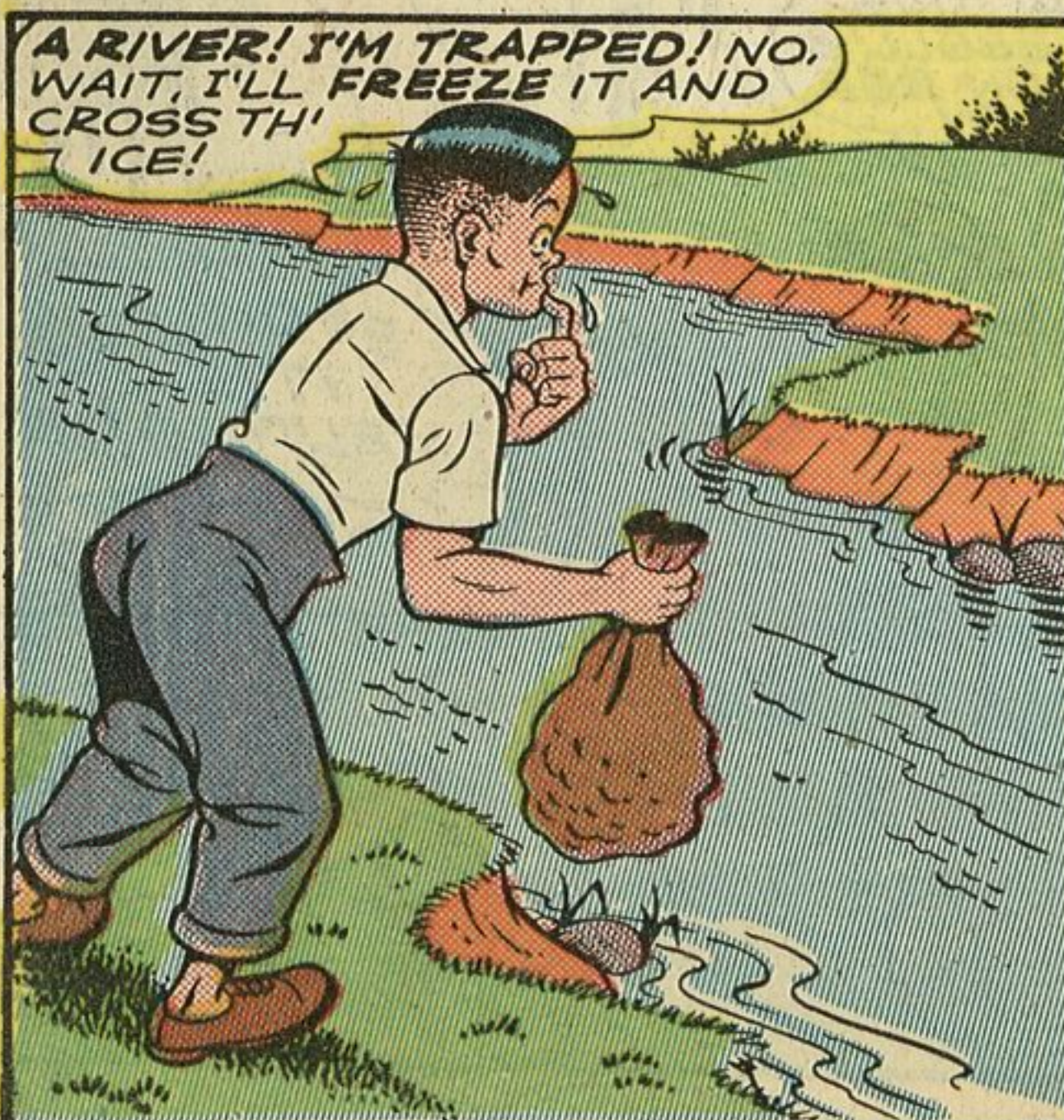
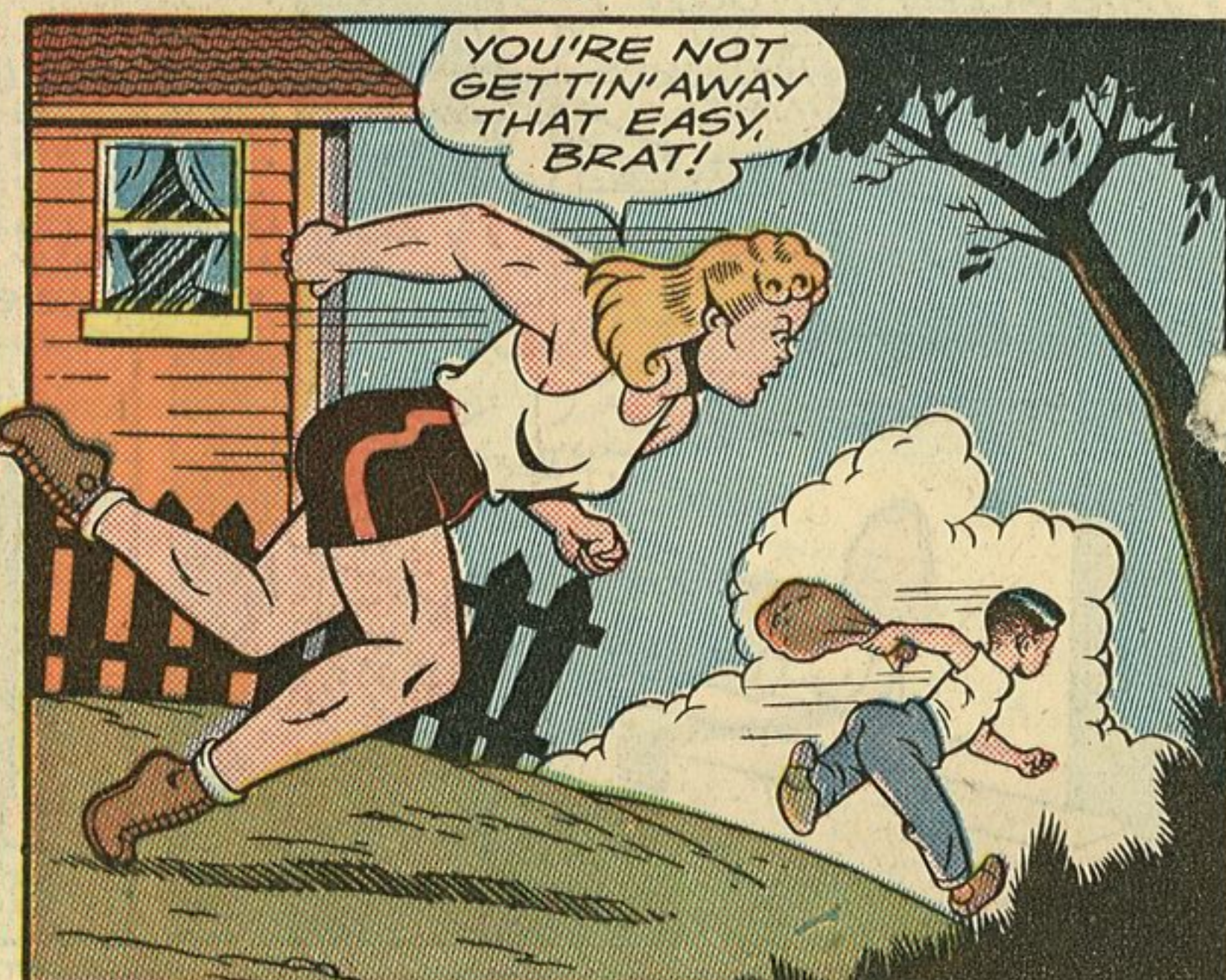
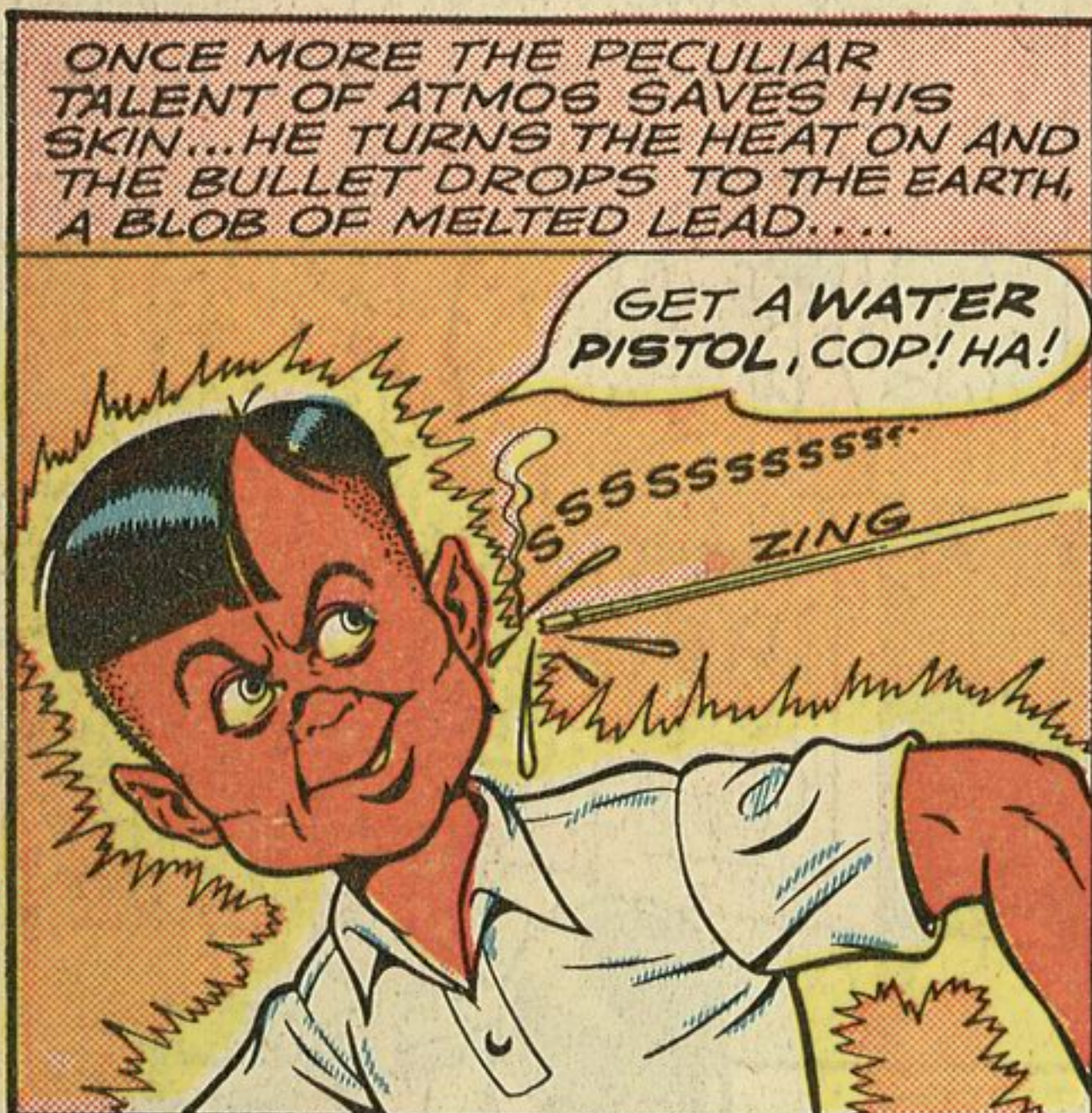


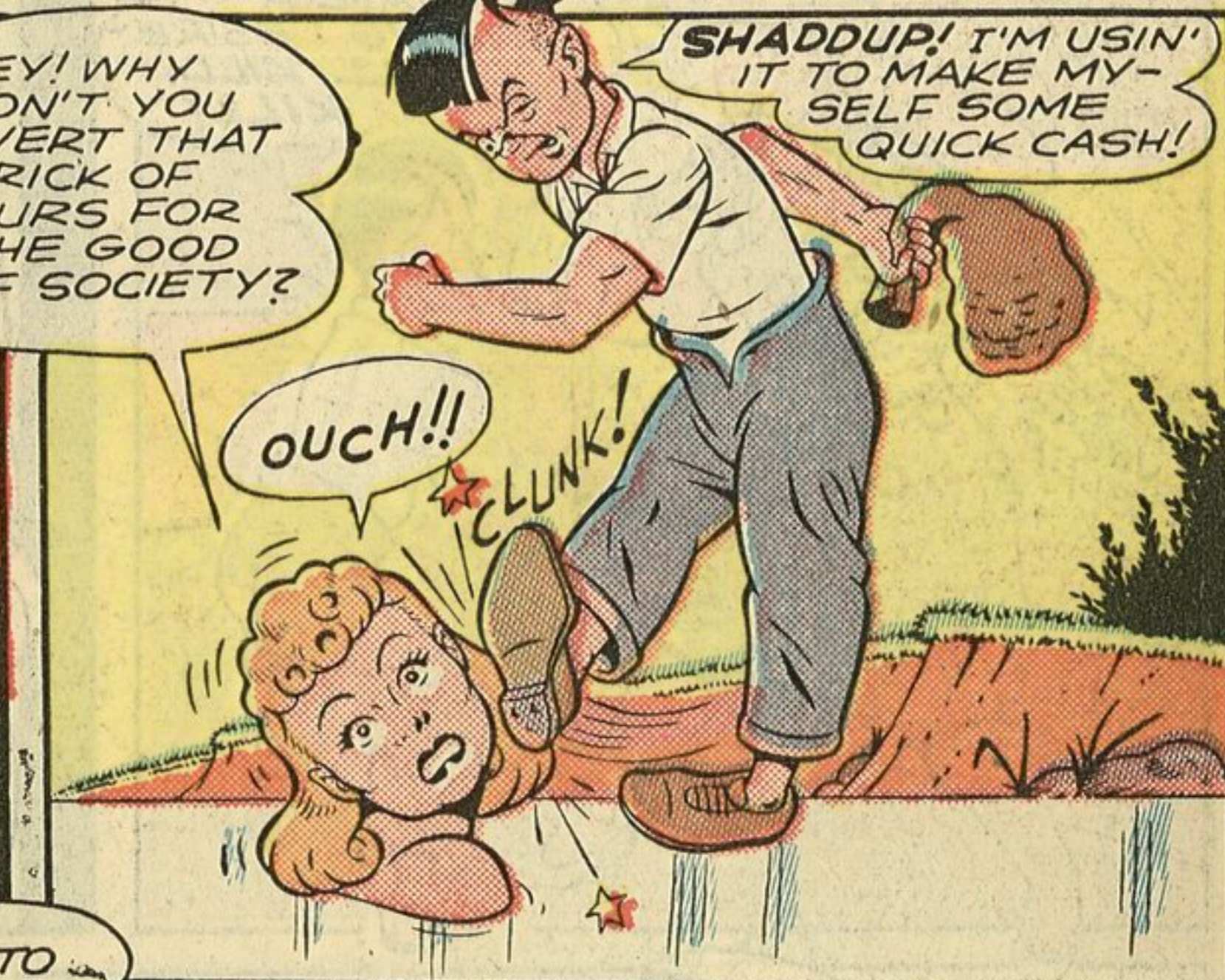
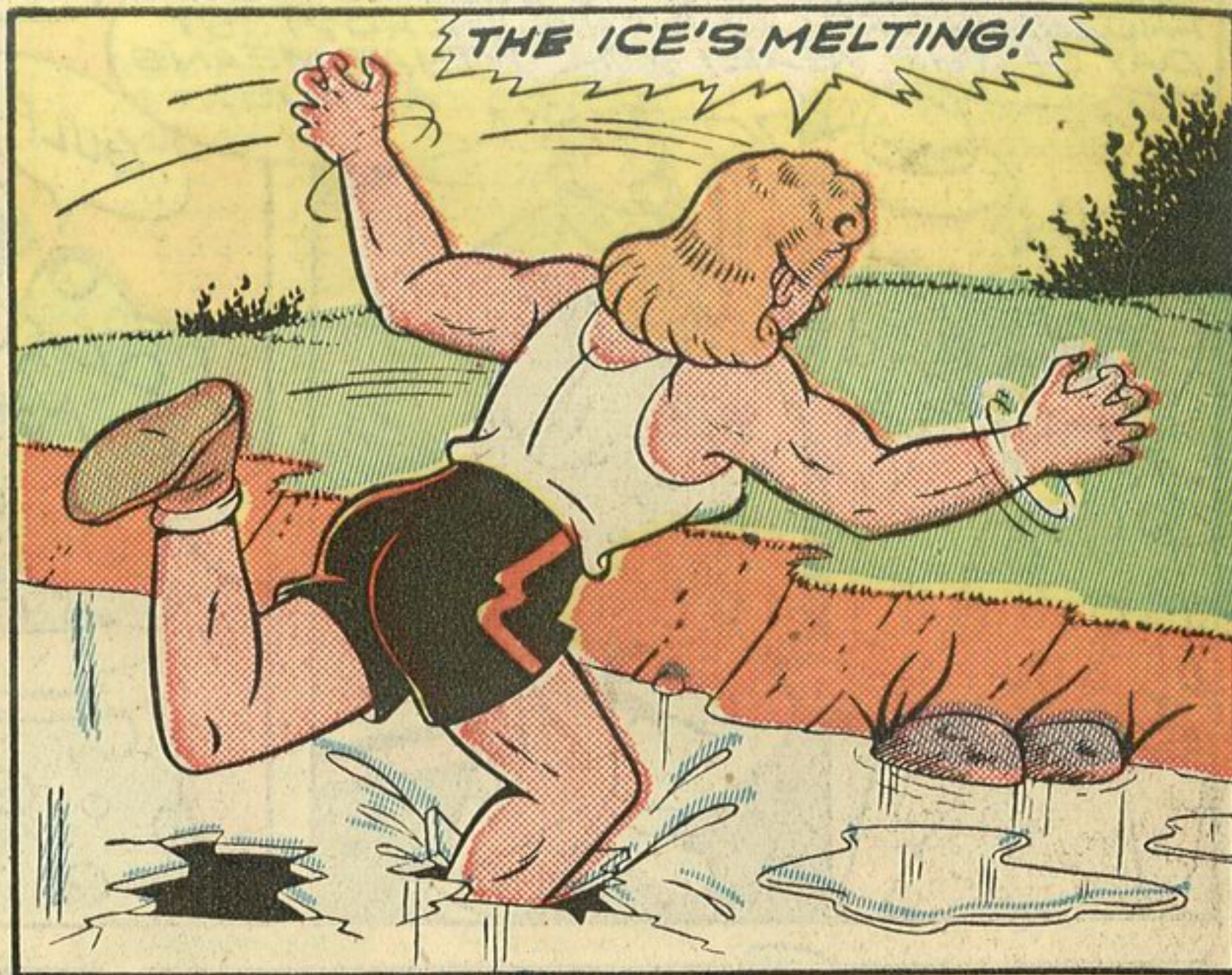
ATMOS
IMMEDIATELY
PROCEEDS
TO USE HIS
STRANGE
POWER TO
MELT THE
SAFE DOOR!



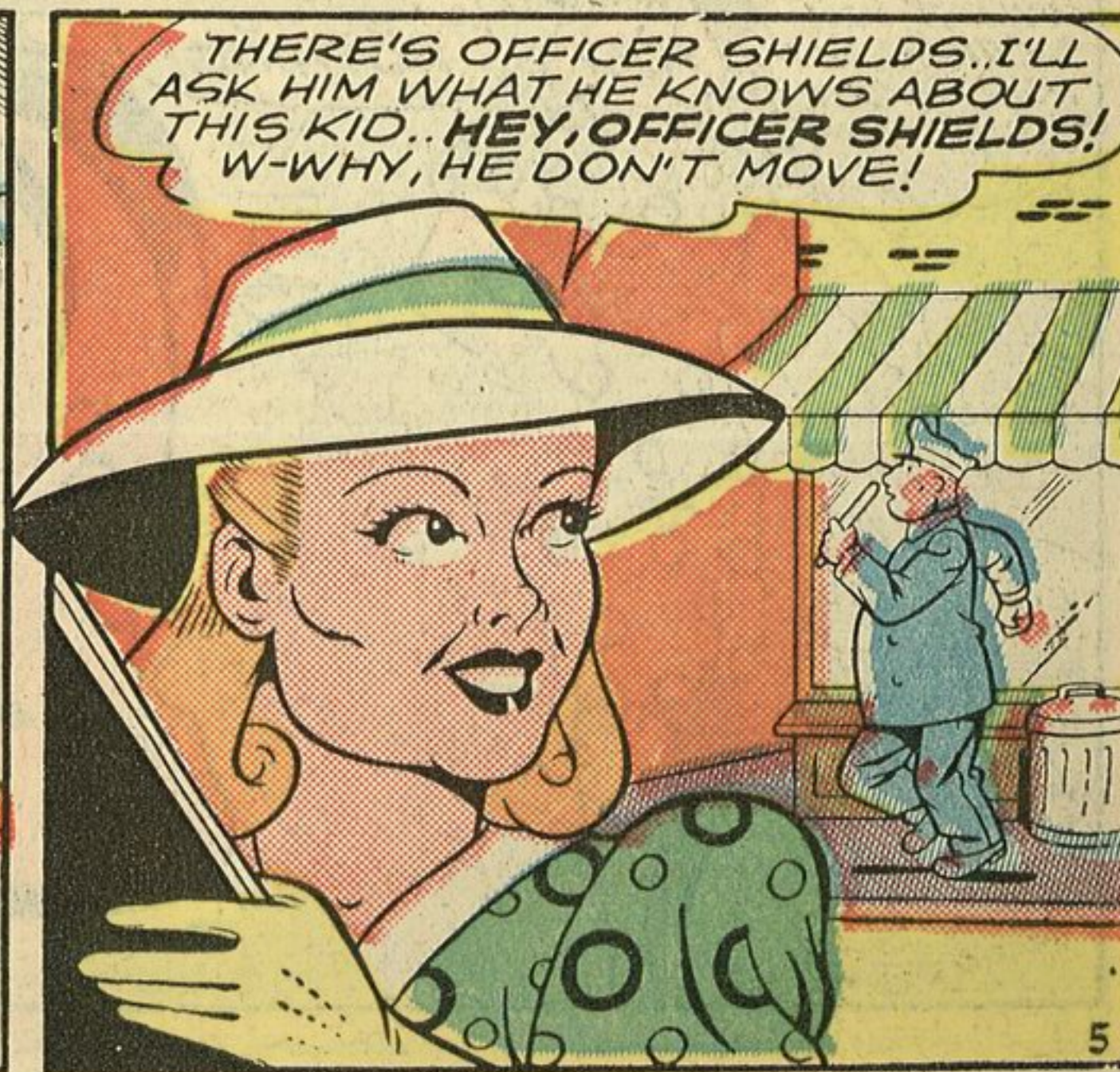
IN THE
GYM NEXT
TO THE
PROMOTER'S
OFFICE,
DAFFY
TRAINS
TO GET
IN SHAPE
FOR HER
NEXT
BOUT...
THE
TERRIFIC
HEAT
BEGINS
TO
PENETRATE
THE WALL..







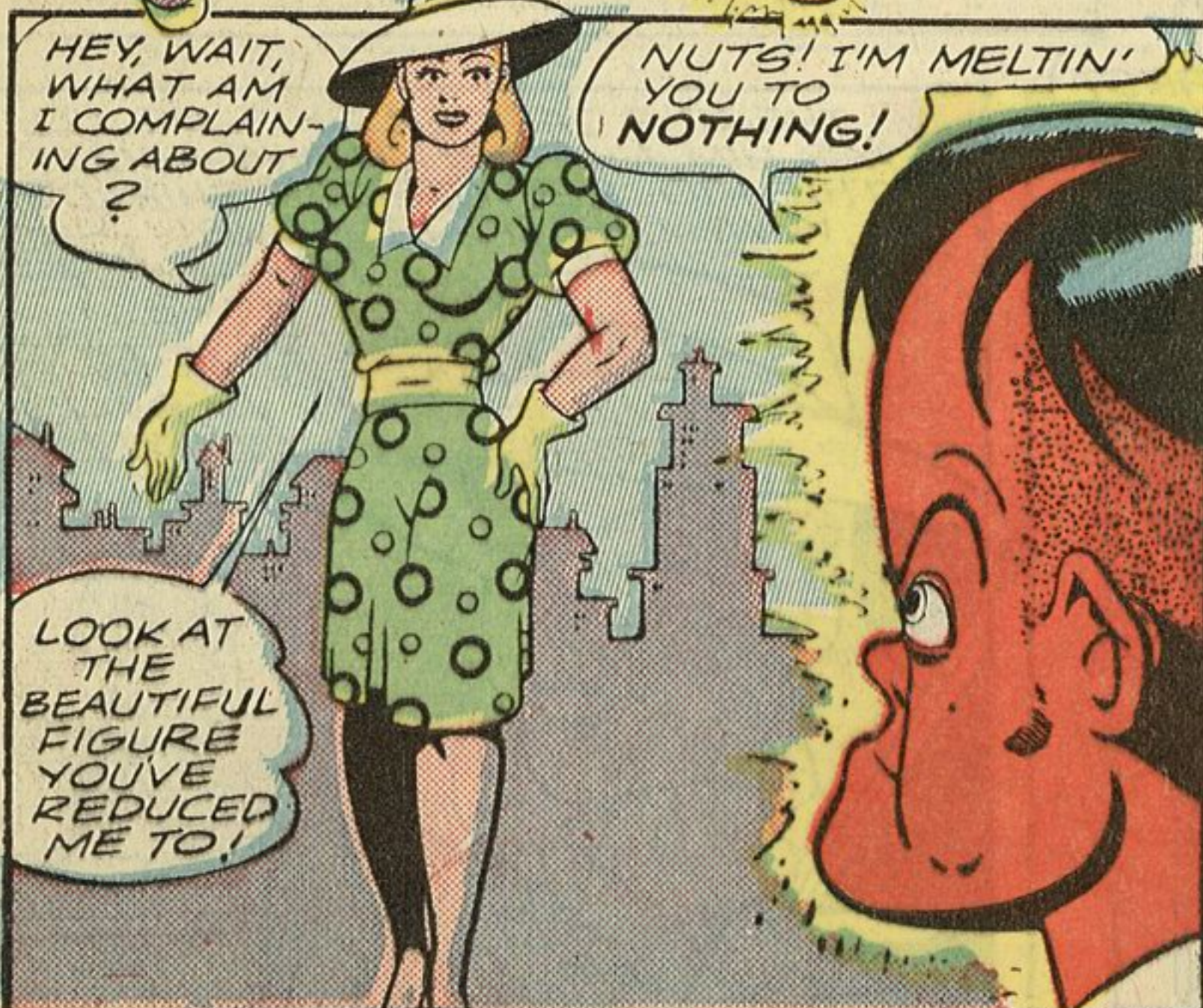
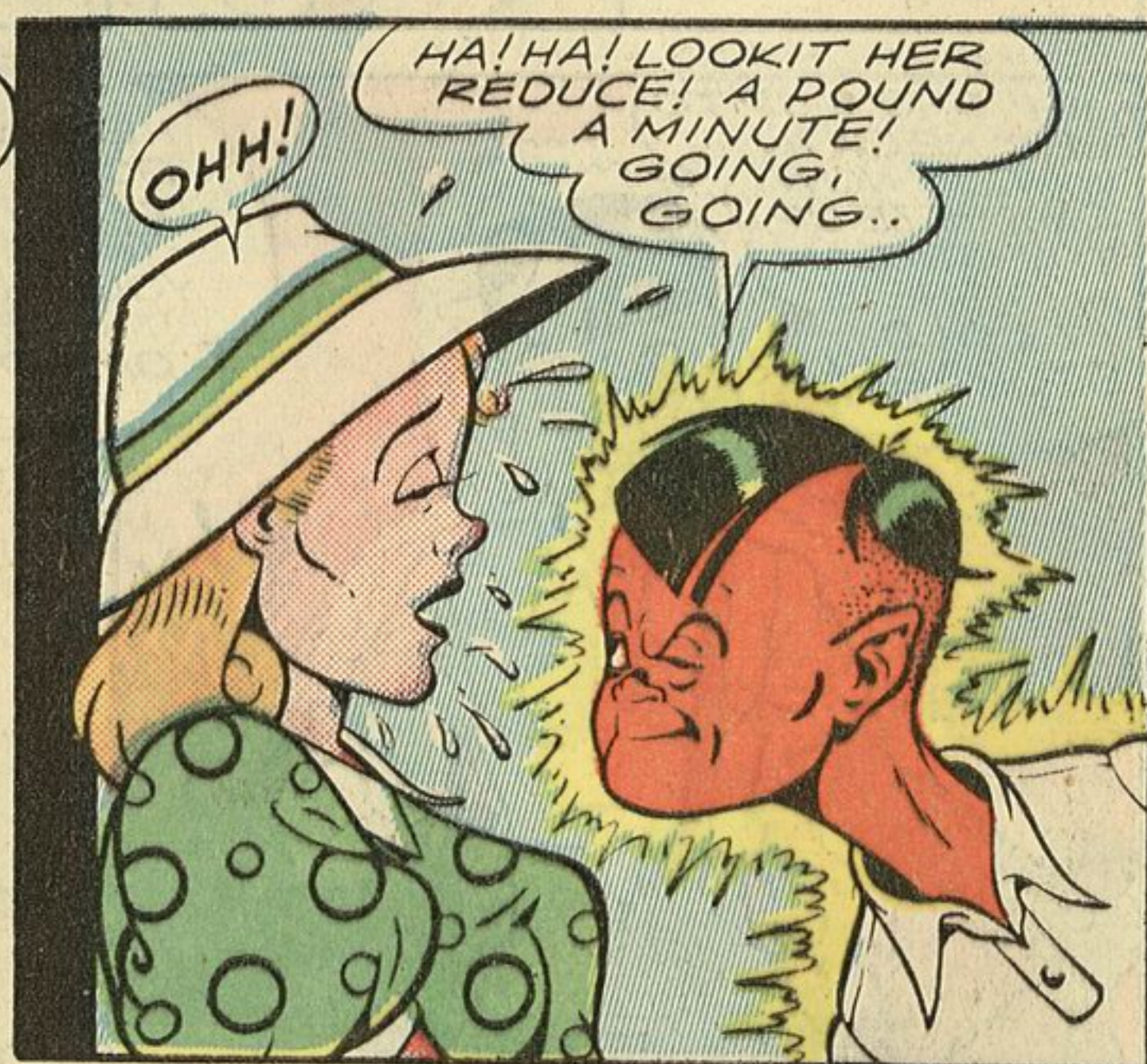
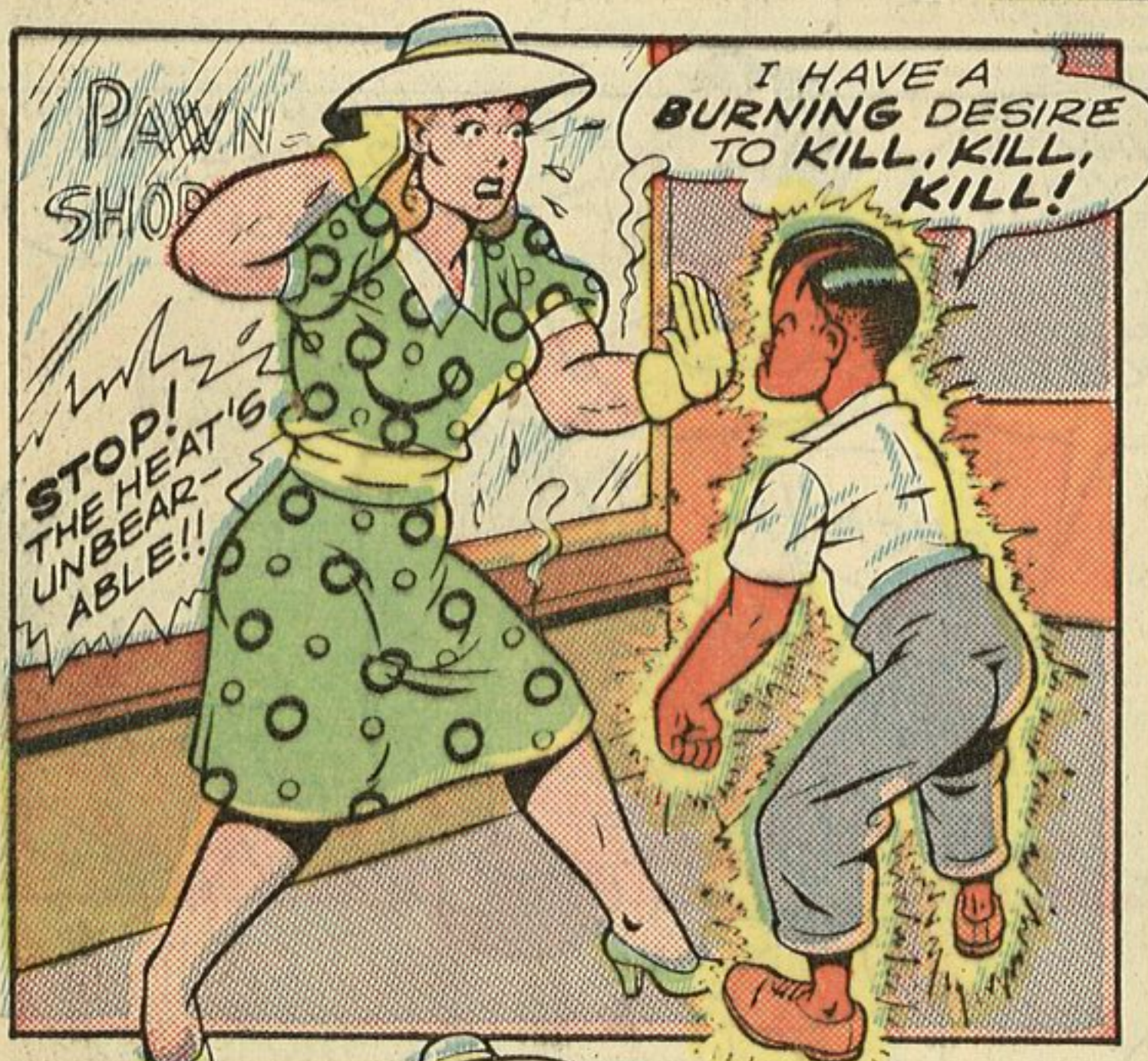
AND SO IN THE FOLLOWING MONTHS, THE CRIME CAREER OF THIS AMAZING BOY GROWS, GROWS, GROWS, **GROWS, GROWS!**



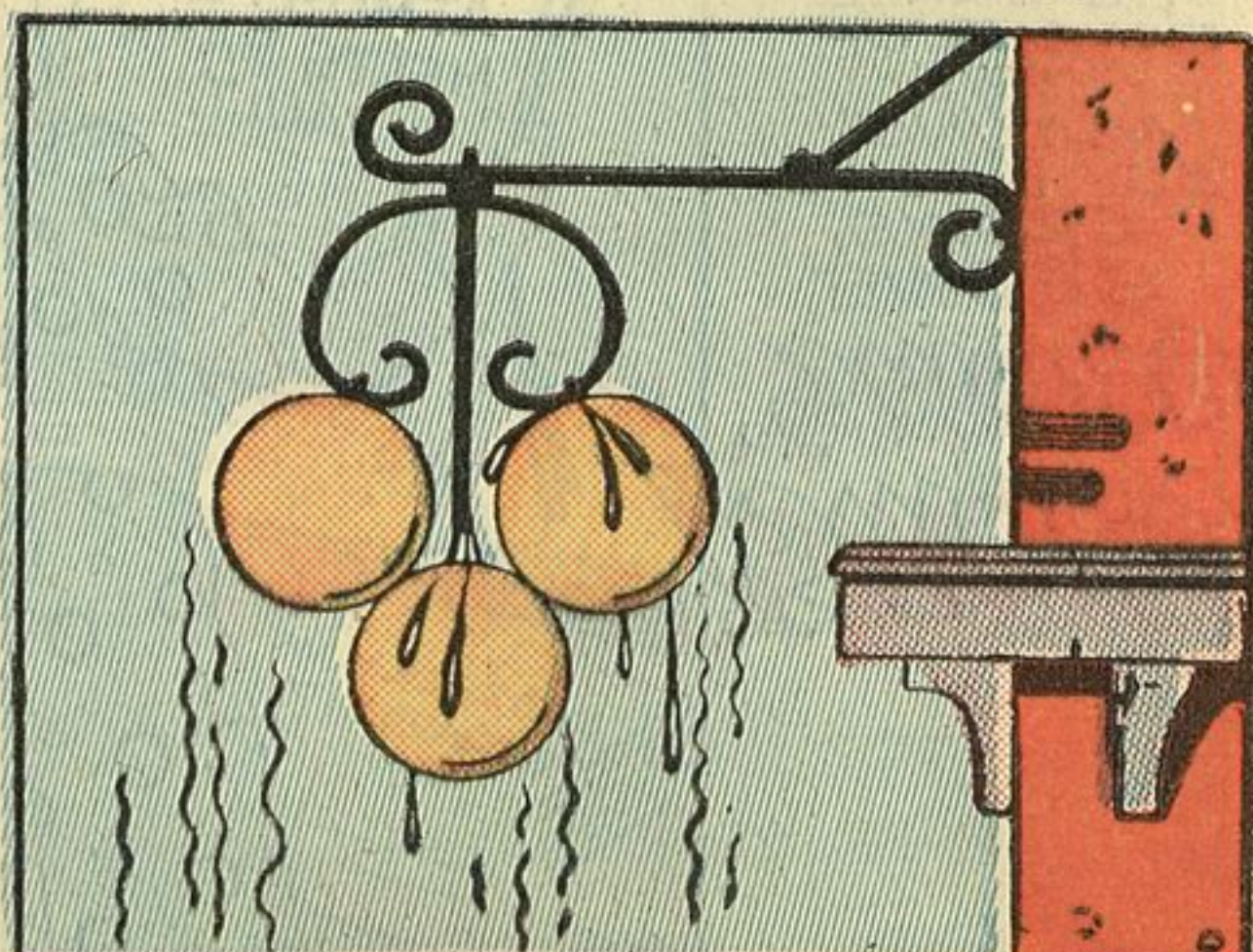
GREAT GARLIC! HE'S AS COLD AS ICE..
FROZEN STIFF! AND THIS TH' HOTTEST
DAY OF THE YEAR! T-THAT MEANS
ATMOS..



...IS RIGHT BEHIND YOU' OH, IT'S YOU
AGAIN, EH? WELL THIS
TIME I'M GONNA
FINISH YOU OFF!!



BUT UNKNOWINGLY, ATMOS
IS MELTING THE METAL
SUPPORTS OF THE
PAWN SHOP BALLS UNDER
WHICH HE IS STANDING!!



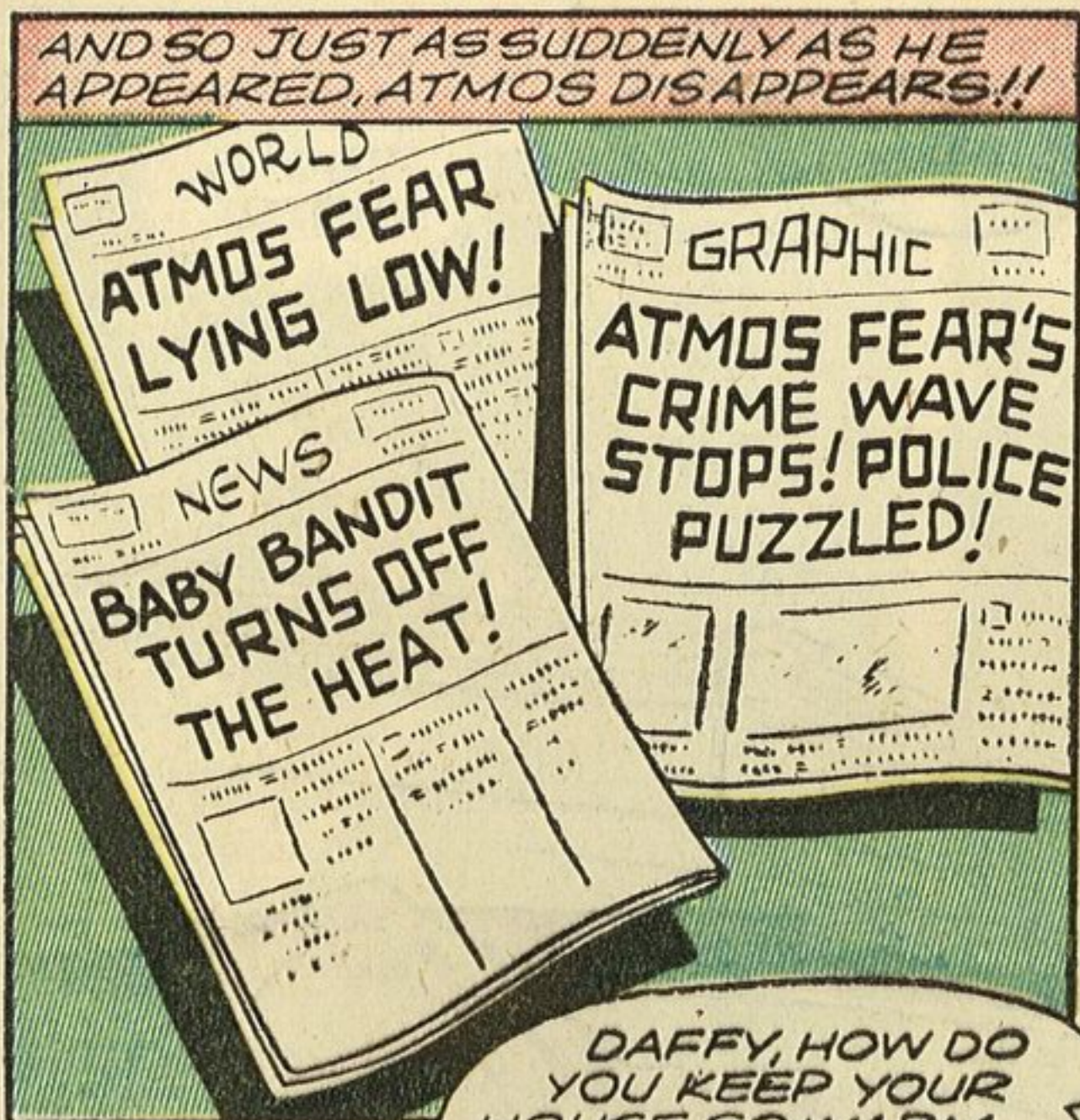


THANK GOODNESS!
THE ODDS WERE
THREE TO ONE
AGAINST HIM!

CLUNK
CLUNK
CLUNK



YOU'RE COMIN' WITH ME,
YOU LIL' HOT HEAD! ALL I
NEED IS A COUPLE OF
ASBESTOS ROPES
AND YOU'LL BE OF
MORE USE TO ME
THAN YOU'LL BE
TO THE POLICE!

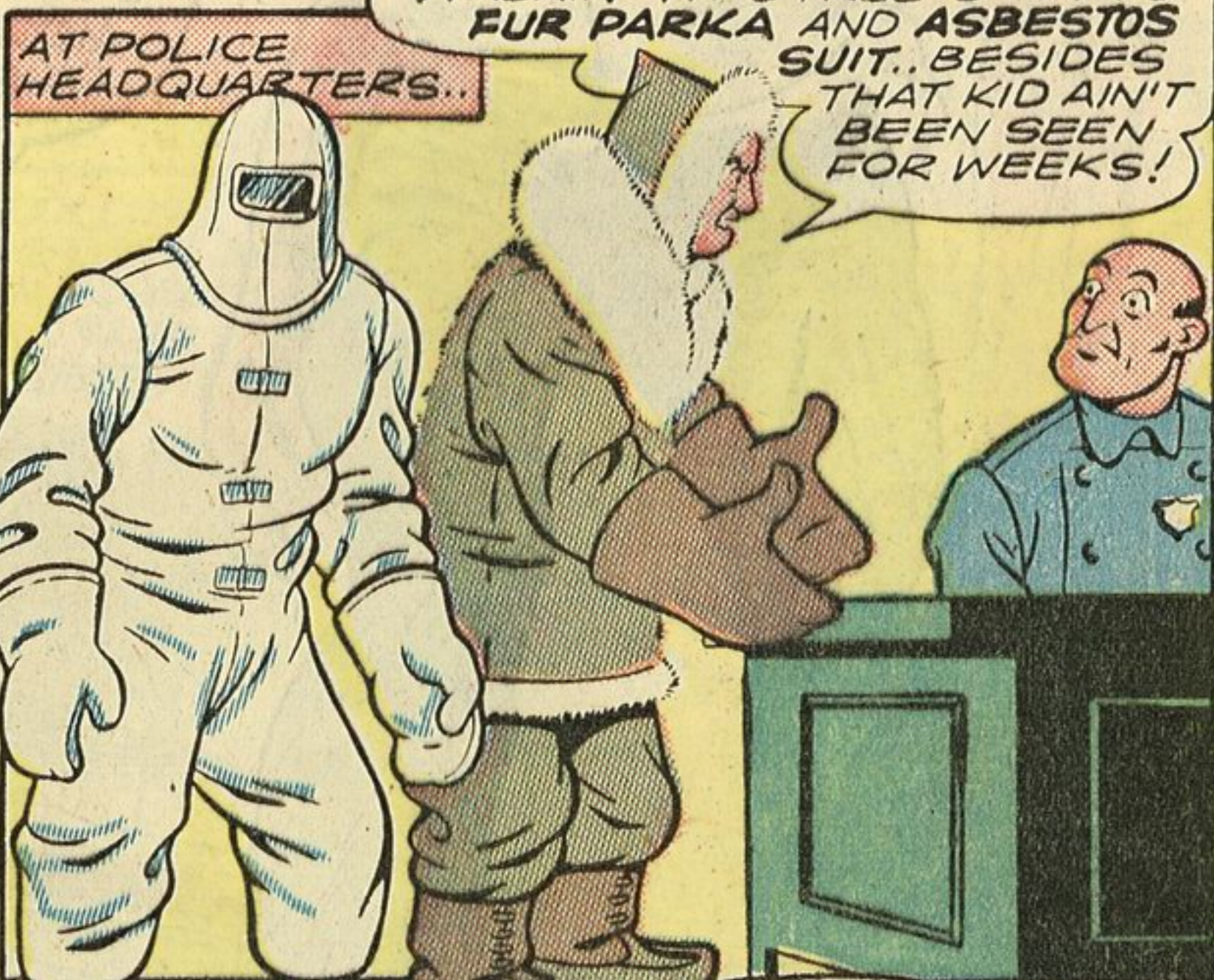


AND SO JUST AS SUDDENLY AS HE
APPEARED, ATMOS DISAPPEARS!!

WORLD
**ATMOS FEAR
LYING LOW!**

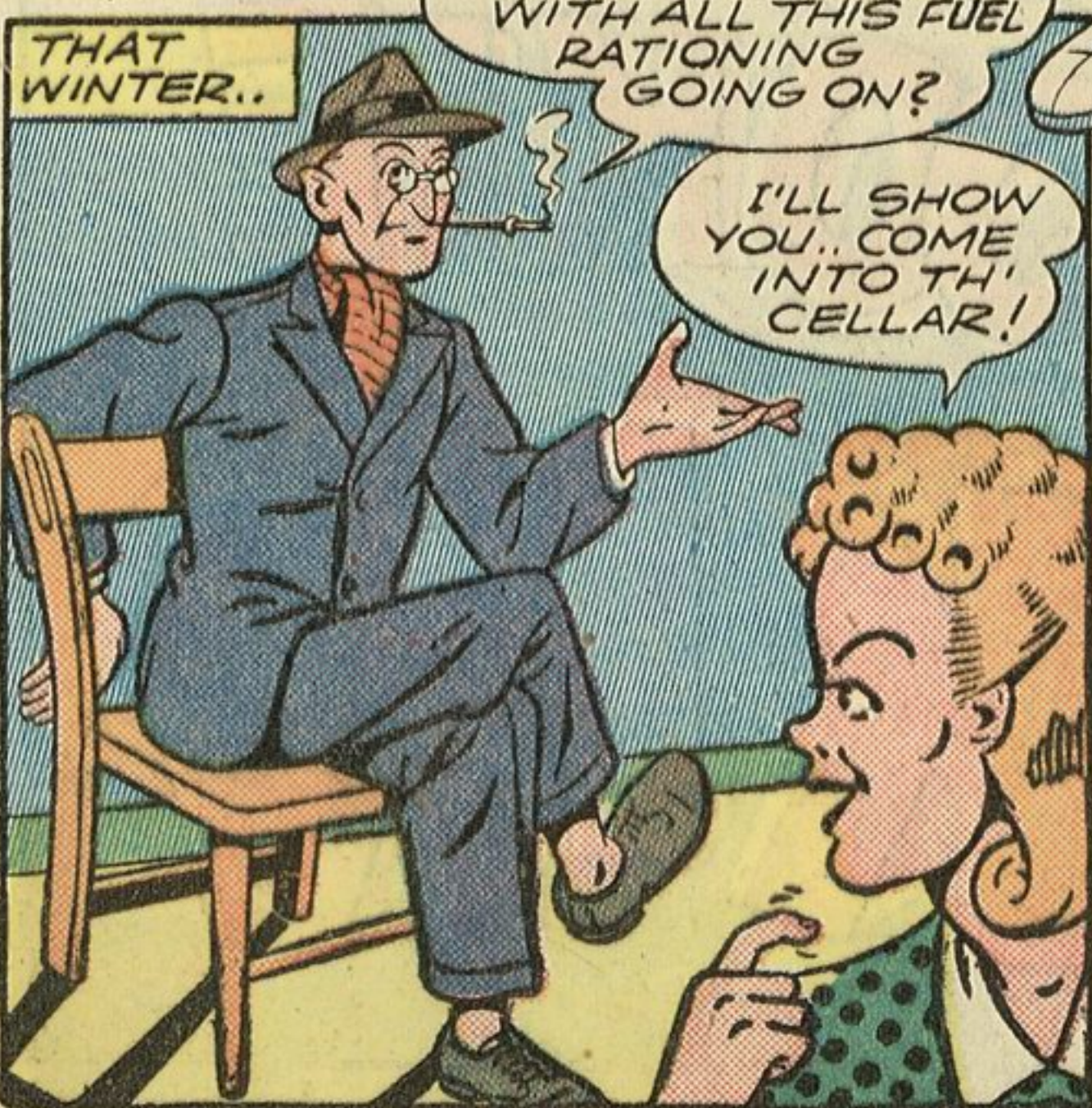
NEWS
**BABY BANDIT
TURNS OFF
THE HEAT!**

GRAPHIC
**ATMOS FEAR'S
CRIME WAVE
STOPS! POLICE
PUZZLED!**



AT POLICE
HEADQUARTERS..

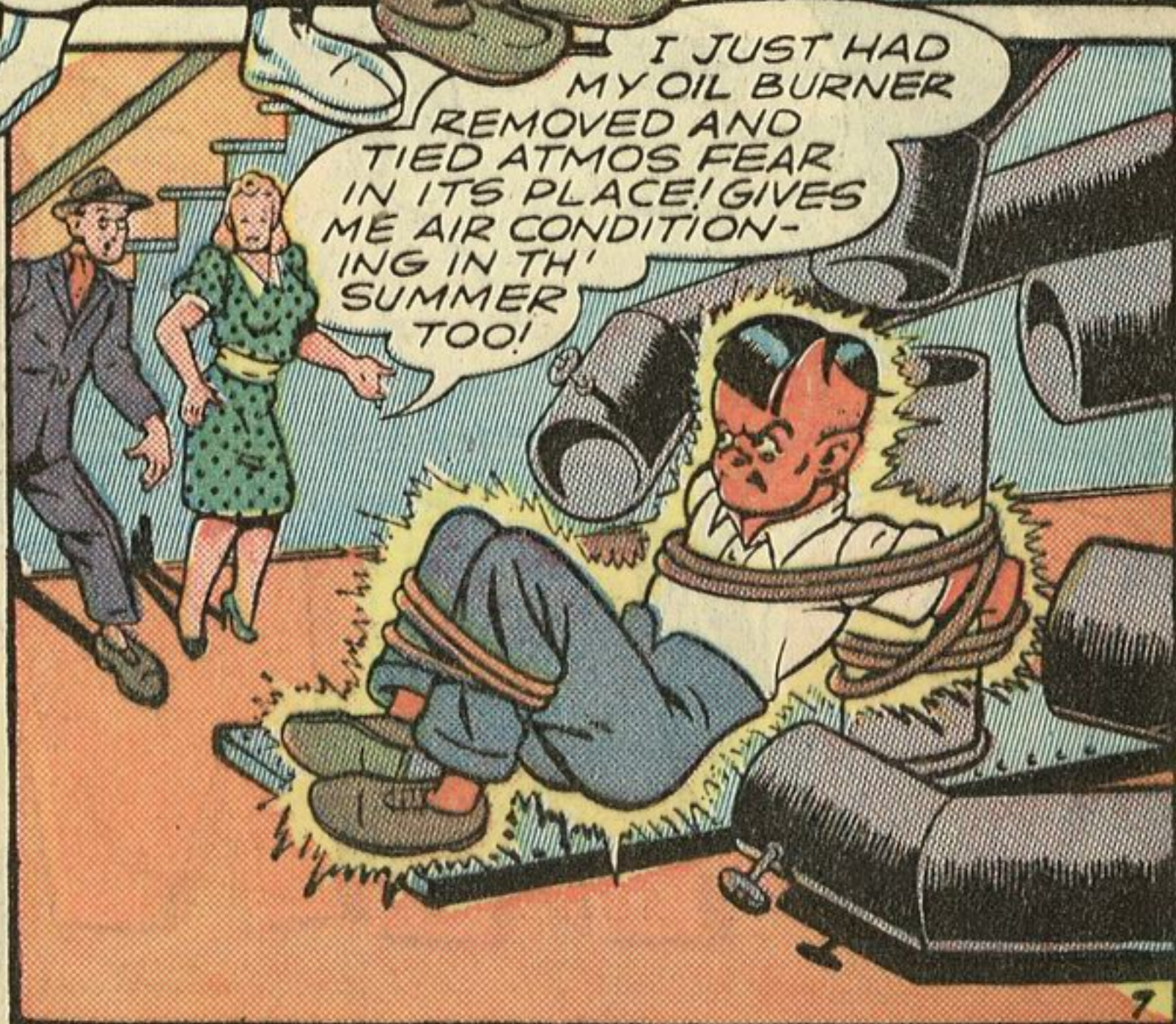
SAY, CHIEF.. JOE AND I
FEEL LIKE A COUPLE OF JERKS
WALKIN' TH' STREETS IN THIS
FUR PARKA AND **ASBESTOS
SUIT**.. BESIDES
THAT KID AIN'T
BEEN SEEN
FOR WEEKS!



THAT
WINTER..

DAFFY, HOW DO
YOU KEEP YOUR
HOUSE SO WARM
WITH ALL THIS FUEL
RATIONING
GOING ON?

I'LL SHOW
YOU.. COME
INTO TH'
CELLAR!



I JUST HAD
MY OIL BURNER
REMOVED AND
TIED ATMOS FEAR
IN ITS PLACE! GIVES
ME AIR CONDITION-
ING IN TH'
SUMMER
TOO!



AH'M
KI KANEY!
BACK IN THE
HILLS, THEY CALLED
ME "HURRICANE,"
'CAUSE I BLOWED
THEM REV'NOOERS PLUMB
OUTTA THE HILLS! NOW
I'M COMIN' NORTH, 'CAUSE
I GOTTA SEE WHAT THE
MOONSHINE 'ROUND
THESE PARTS TASTES
LIKE!



ROOKIE

RANKIN

ON A FAST FREIGHT TRAIN, KI KANE UP-ENDS HIS JUG...

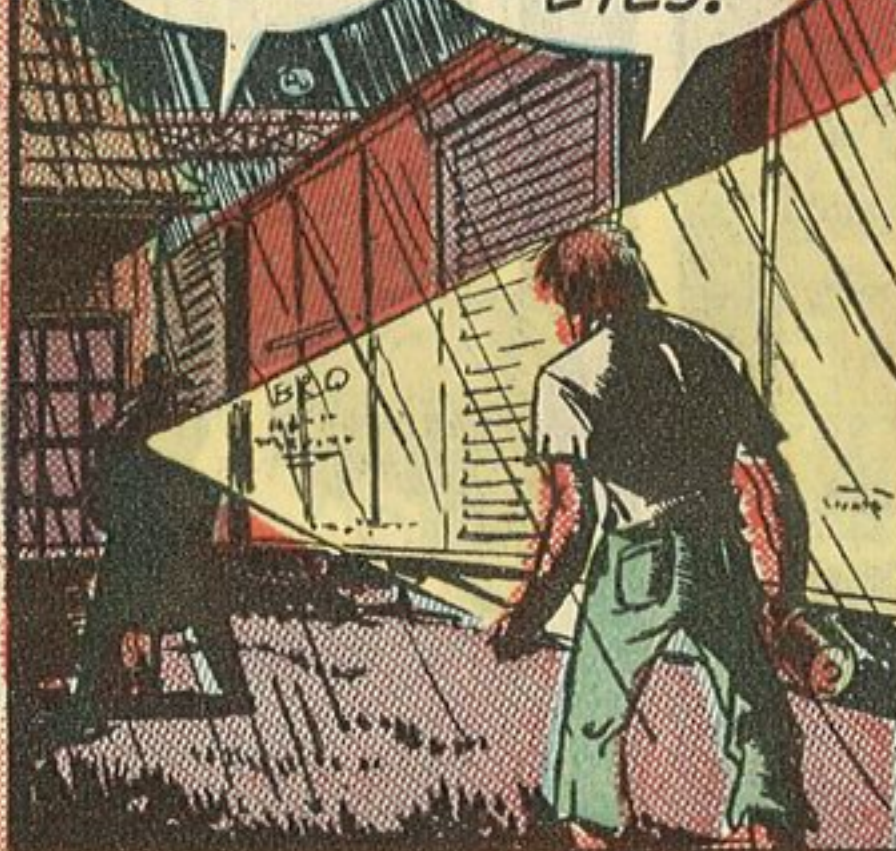
EMPTY! KINDA FIGGERED TH' SUPPLY'D LAST ME TILL AH GOT UP 'ROUND HYAH! ...TIME TO HOP OFF AN' GIT SOME MORE FIRE WATER!



AS KANE ALIGHTS FROM THE TRAIN...

HEY! YA BIG TRAMP! GIT OUTTA THIS RAILROAD YARD!

ROAST MAH BONES! GIT THET GOL-DURN LIGHT OUTTA MAH EYES!



G'WAN, YUH BIG HUNK OF BEEF! GIT OUTTA THIS YARD-- BEFORE I...

--HE'S GOTTA BADGE! MUST BE A REV'NOOER! RUST MY BRITCHES!



AH GOT TH' ANSWER FO' THEM BADGE-TOTERS!



BUT CLOSE BY, ROOKIE RANKIN, ACE POLICEMAN, IS QUICK TO SCENT TROUBLE!

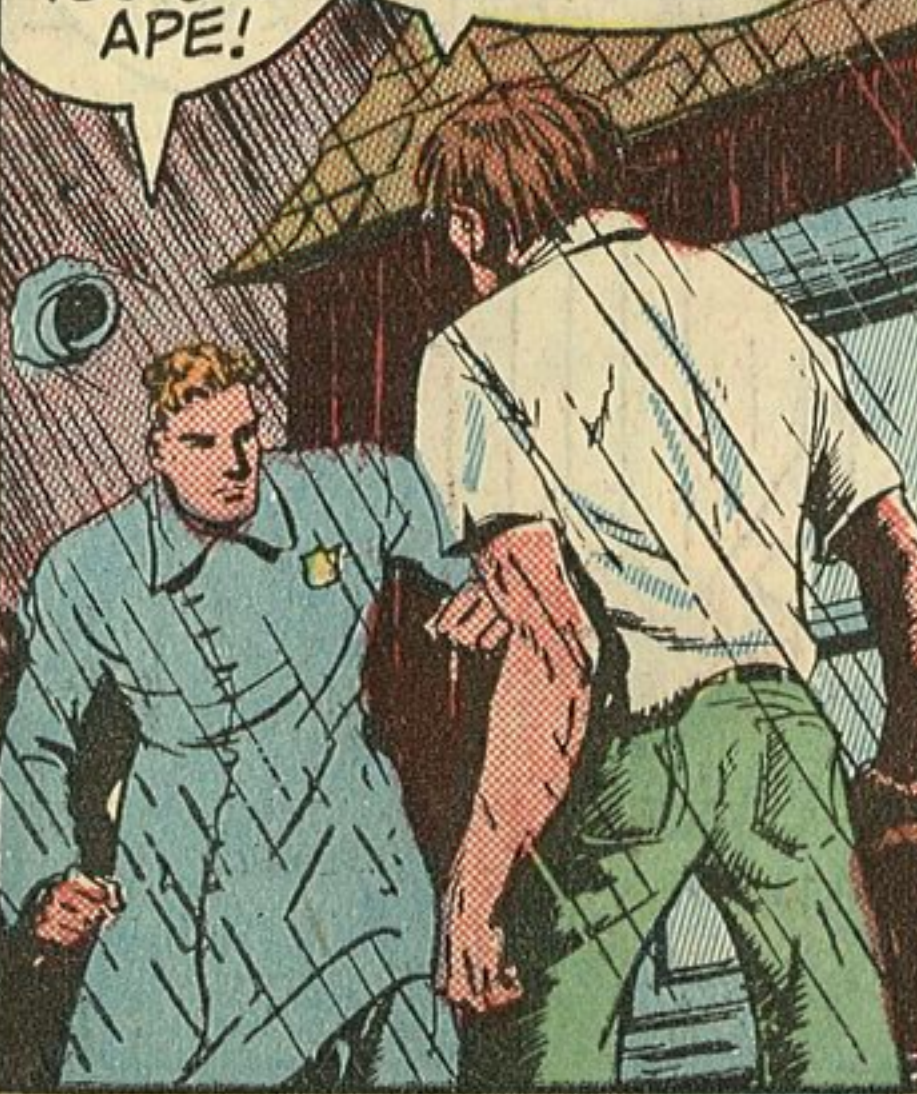
HOLY COW! THAT BIG LUG'S JUST MURDERED A YARD DETECTIVE!



HE'S DAID! LUCKY FO' ME NOTHIN' HAPPENED TO MAH JUG!

IT'S TIME YOU WERE CAGED, YOU BIG APE!

PEEL MAH SKIN! -- A DRESSED-UP REV'NOOER!

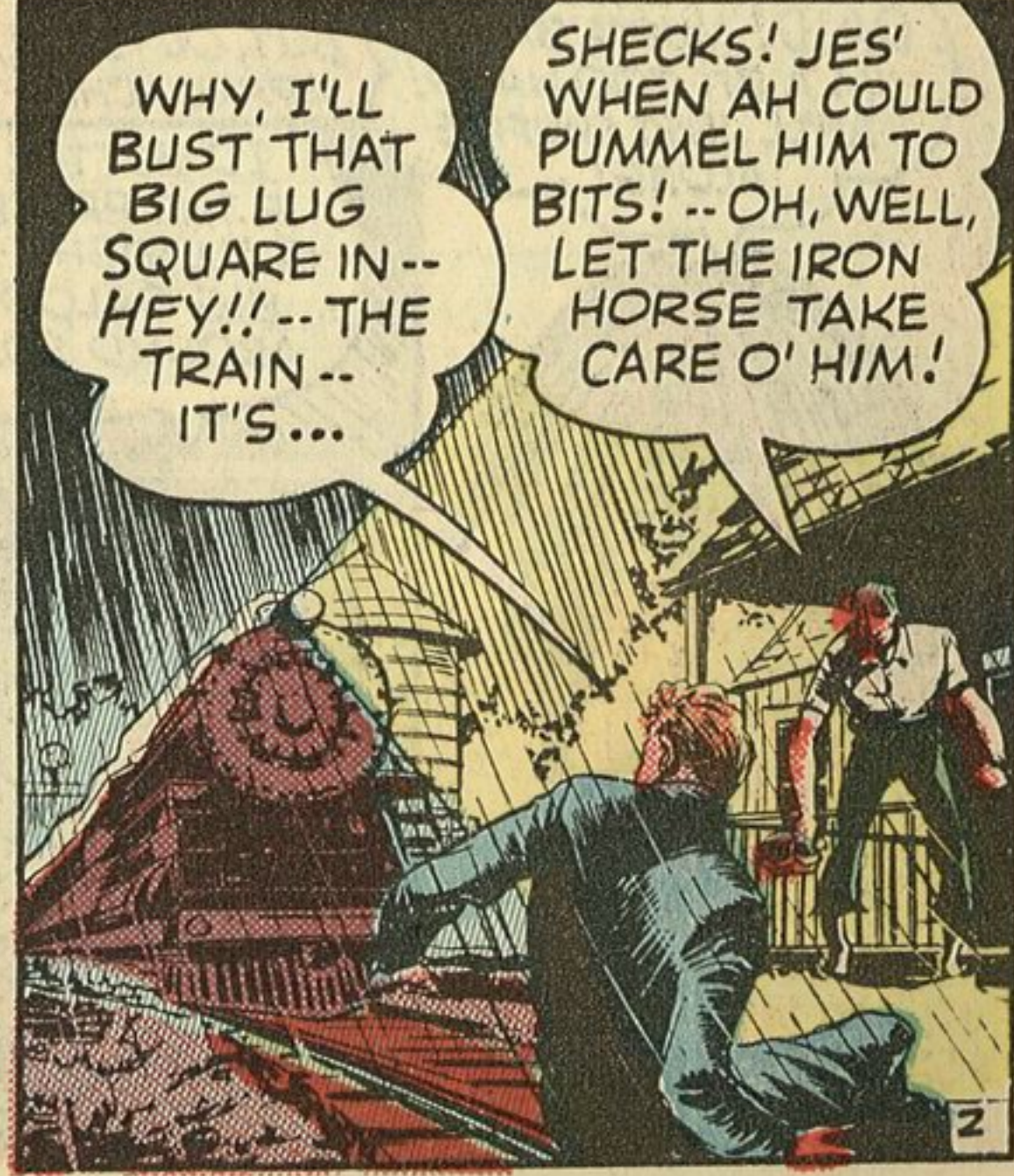


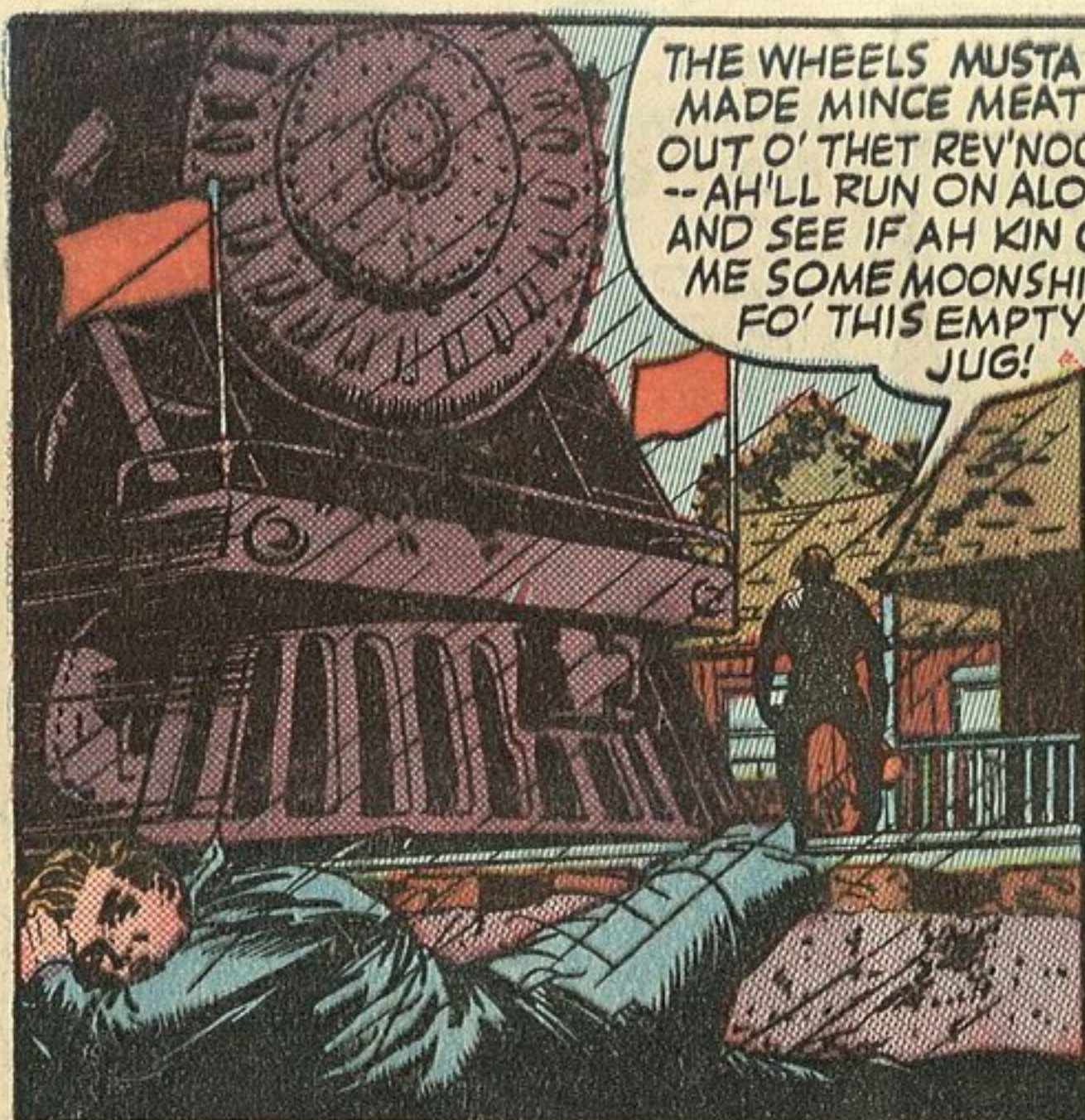
MEET KI KANE'S JAW BREAKER!



WHY, I'LL BUST THAT BIG LUG SQUARE IN-- HEY!! -- THE TRAIN -- IT'S...

SHECKS! JES' WHEN AH COULD PUMMEL HIM TO BITS! -- OH, WELL, LET THE IRON HORSE TAKE CARE O' HIM!





THE WHEELS MUSTA
MADE MINCE MEAT
OUT O' THET REV'NOOER
--AH'LL RUN ON ALONG
AND SEE IF AH KIN GIT
ME SOME MOONSHINE
FO' THIS EMPTY
JUG!



THIS SHACK, MAYBE---
SIZZLE MAH BONES!
--THE RUNT'S GOT
A STILL! YEP--NOTHIN'
LIKE HOMEMADE
MOONSHINE!

AHH--SOON MY
SECRET CAN BE
TOLD! NOW A
LITTLE ALCOHOL!



KAINUCKY KUSSINS!
THET LITTLE ONE'S
LEFT THE MOONSHINE
STILL ALL TO MAH
HOMELINESS!

AAFTER FILLING HIS JUG...



SLURP--SLURP--

SLURP--



HEY!!
YOU CAN'T
DRINK THAT
STUFF!
G'WAN!
BEAT IT!



HUH? HMM-- ANOTHER
CITY FOLK WITH
BAD MANNERS!



GUESS, I'LL
JUST BOB HIM
LIGHTLY!

KERRACK



DAID! MUSTA BASHED
'IM A BIT TOO HARD!
AH'LL JUST SHUFFLE
ALONG!



BUT, OUTSIDE, ROOKIE
APPROACHES THE SHACK...

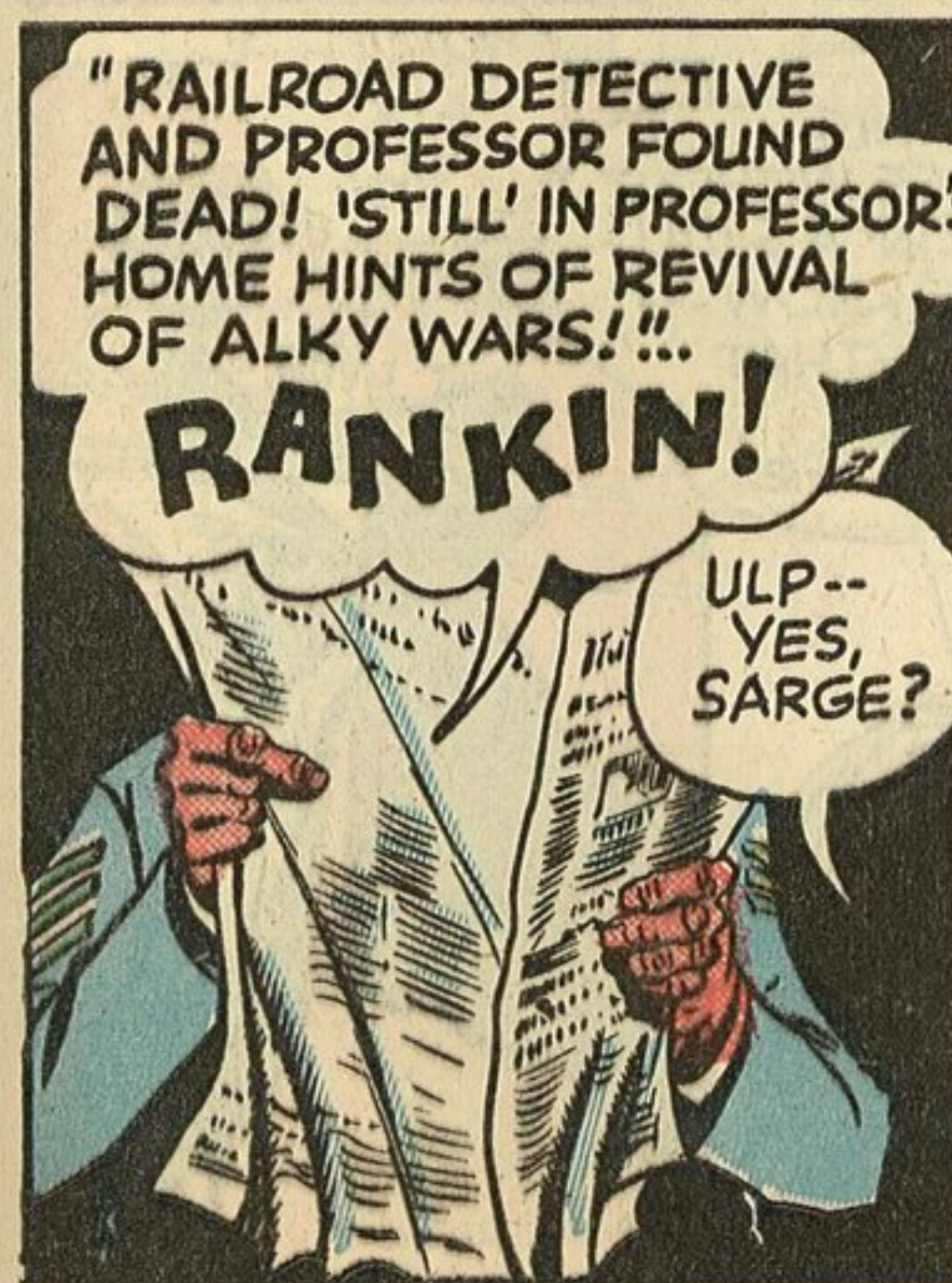
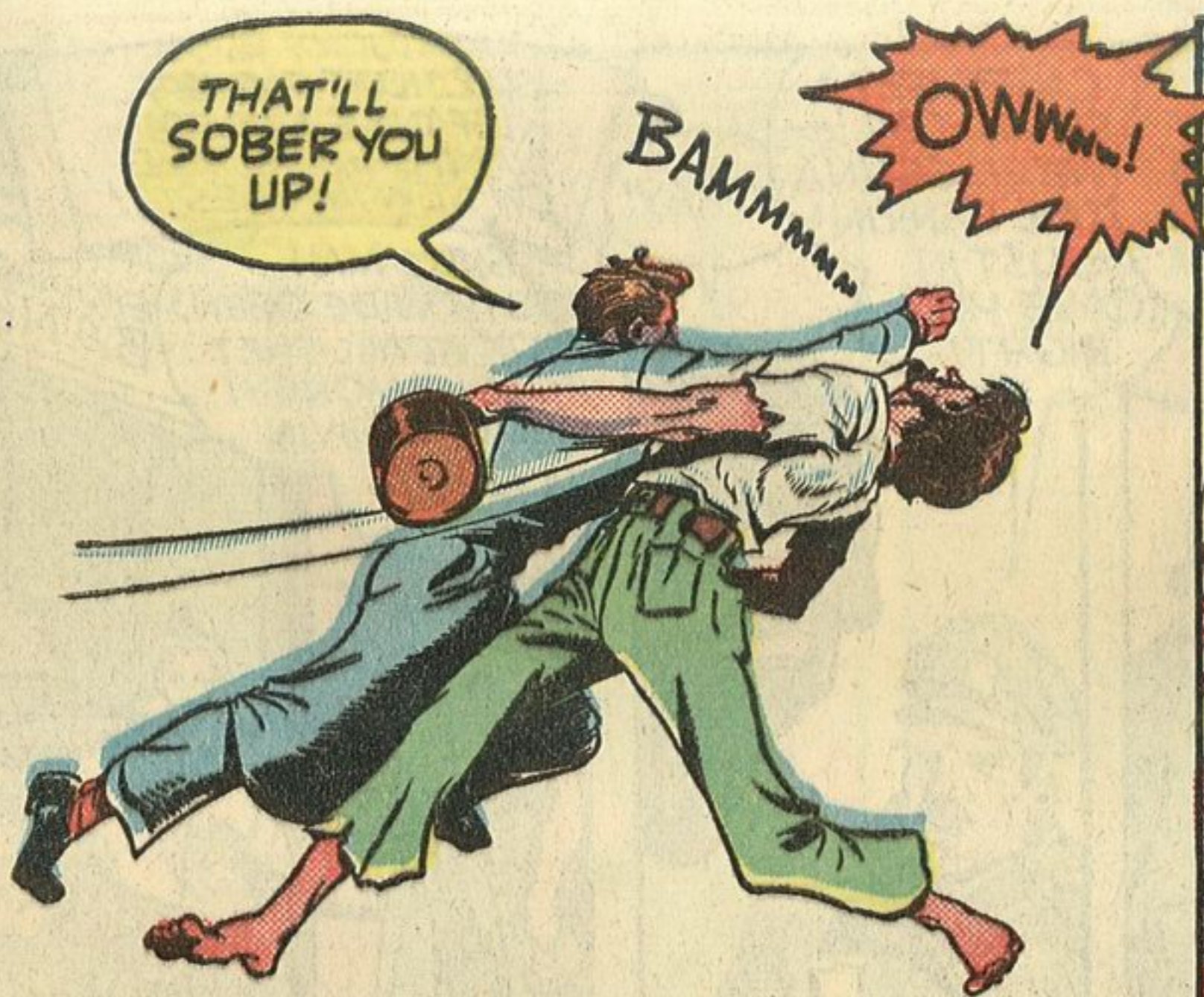
I'D BETTER SEE
IF THE PROFESSOR
IS ALL RIGHT... THAT
BIG GALOOT'S
AROUND SOMEWH--

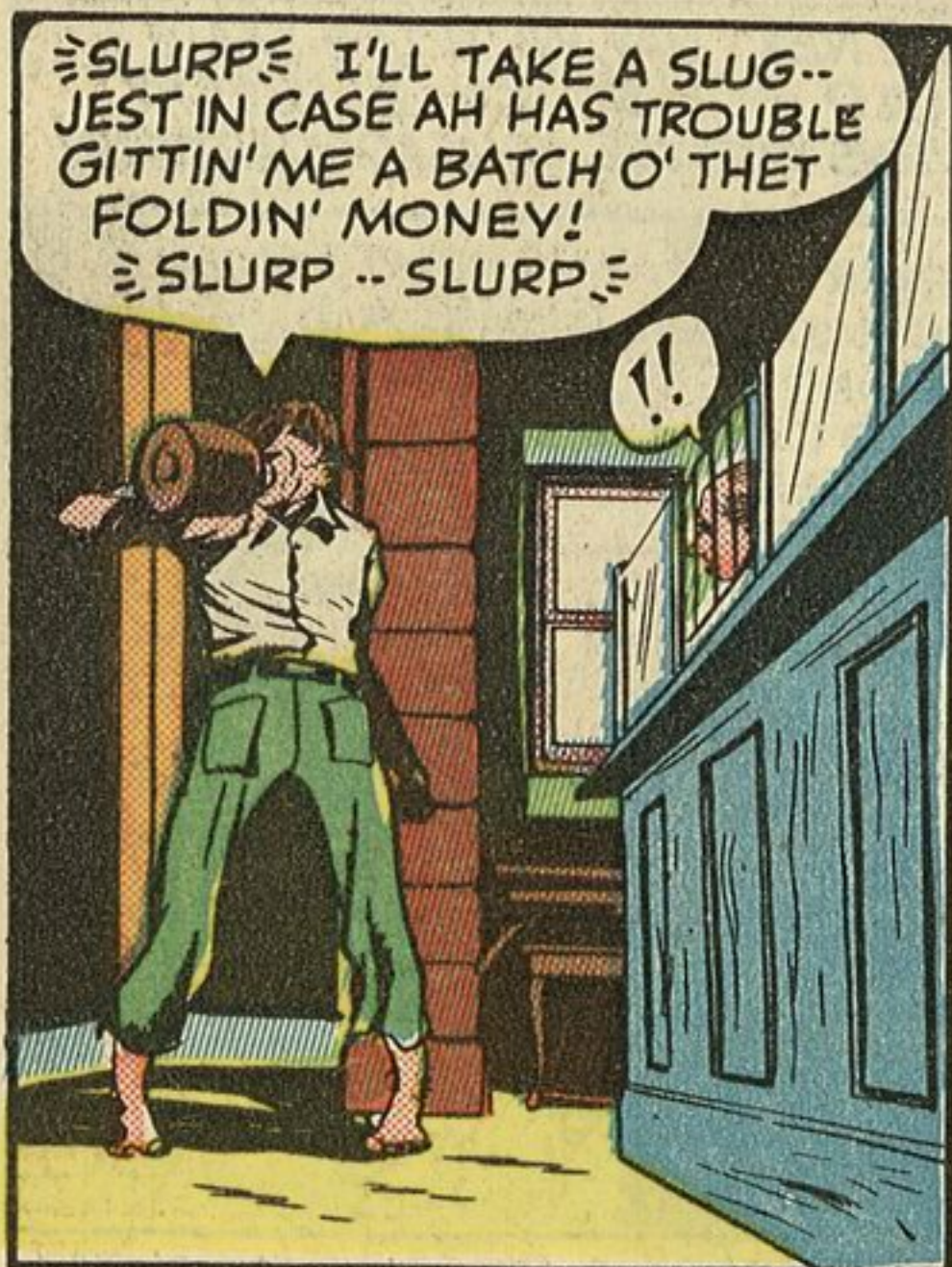


SHECKS! JES' ONE
SWIG BEFO' I GOES--
...KUSSINS! IT'S THET
DRESSED-UP
REV'NOOER!!



JUMPIN' MOTH
BALLS! HE'S KNOCKED
OFF THE PROFESSOR!
IT'S BACK TO THE
HILLS FOR YOU,
BO!





AS LUCK WOULD HAVE IT, ROOKIE WOULD BE SHOWN UP BEFORE SERGEANT BURNS AND CASEY...

C'MON, CASEY, I KNEW RANKIN COULDN'T HANDLE A TOUGH CASE!



RIGHT, SARGE! WE'LL SHOW HIM HOW IT'S DONE!

BUT, OUTSIDE, ROOKIE IS QUICK TO PICK UP THE TRAIL...

THE BIG LUG'S GOING BACK TO THE DEAD PROFESSOR'S SHACK! RANKIN, IT'S TIME FOR THE SHOW DOWN!



BL-211-22
SLUR

JUMPIN' MACKEREL! HE'S BOUNCIN' LIKE A BALL! SHOOT, CASEY! HE'S GONNA GET AWAY!

GOL DERN IT! AH'M SAILIN' THROUGH TH' AIR LIKE A CLAY PIDGIN!

KERASH!



OHOHHH!

G-GLUP!! -- I AM -- BUT THE BULLETS BOUNCE OFF HIM LIKE PEBBLES!

HERE'S WHERE I--
... **ULP!**... HE'S ASLEEP! AHH--
HERE'S THE JUG!



SNOOZE, BROTHER, WHILE I FIND OUT WHAT GOES ON IN THE JUG!





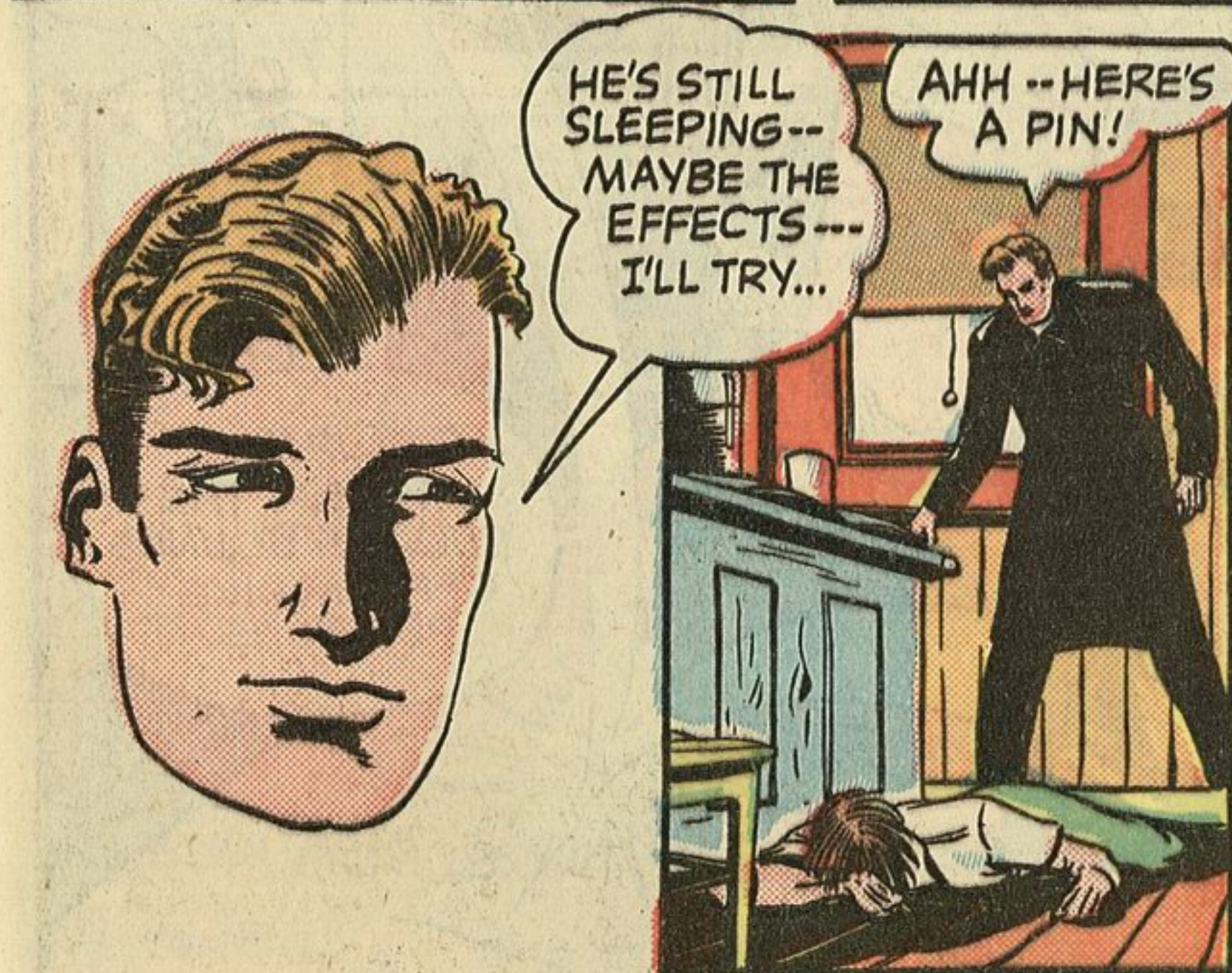
JIMINY!
IT'S
TURNING
HARD!



WHAT THE--!
IT'S COMING
OUT!

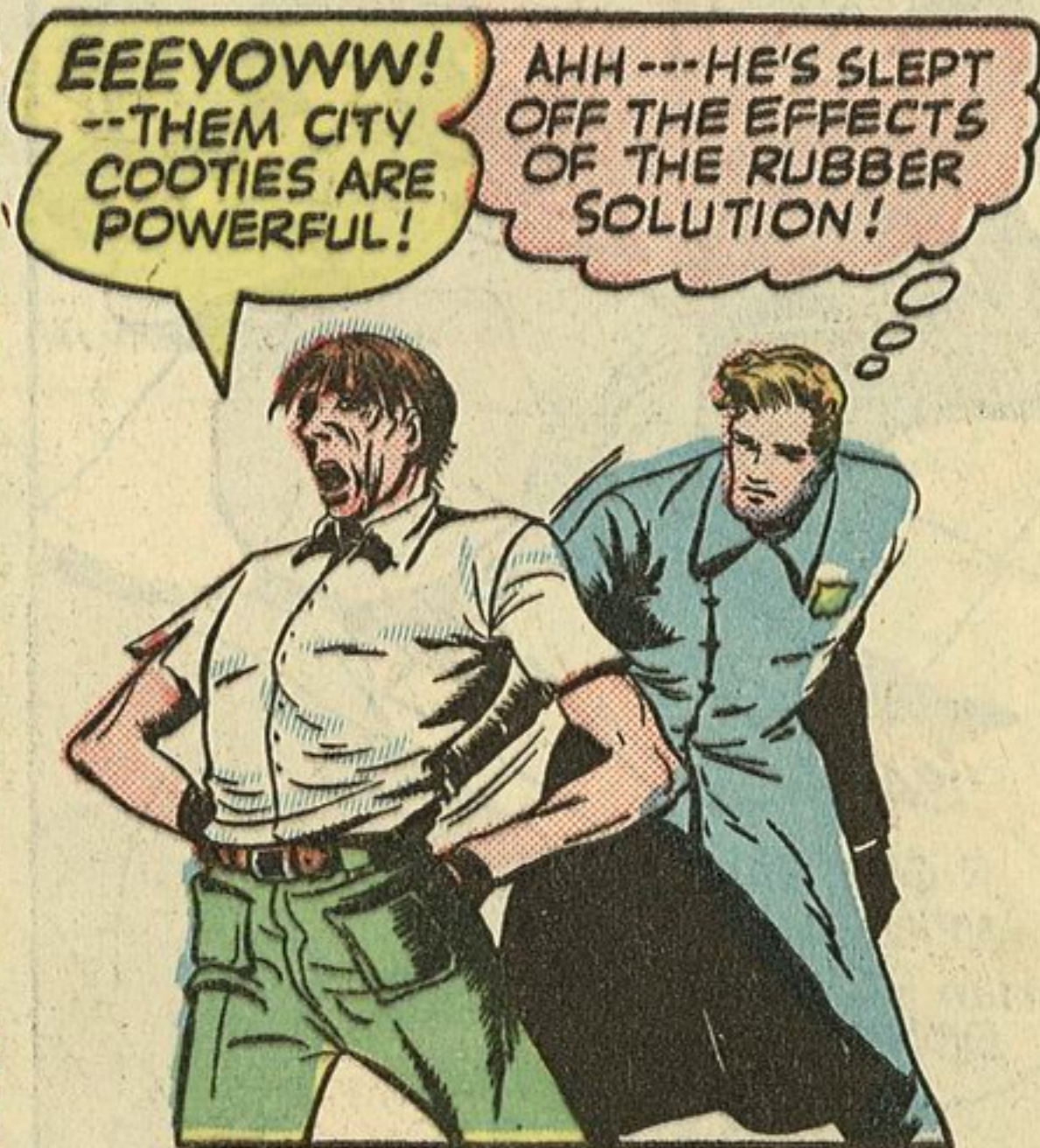


OOPS!
IT'S
RUBBER!
HMMM...



HE'S STILL
SLEEPING--
MAYBE THE
EFFECTS--
I'LL TRY...

AHH --HERE'S
A PIN!



EEEYOWW!
--THEM CITY
COOTIES ARE
POWERFUL!

AHH ---HE'S SLEPT
OFF THE EFFECTS
OF THE RUBBER
SOLUTION!



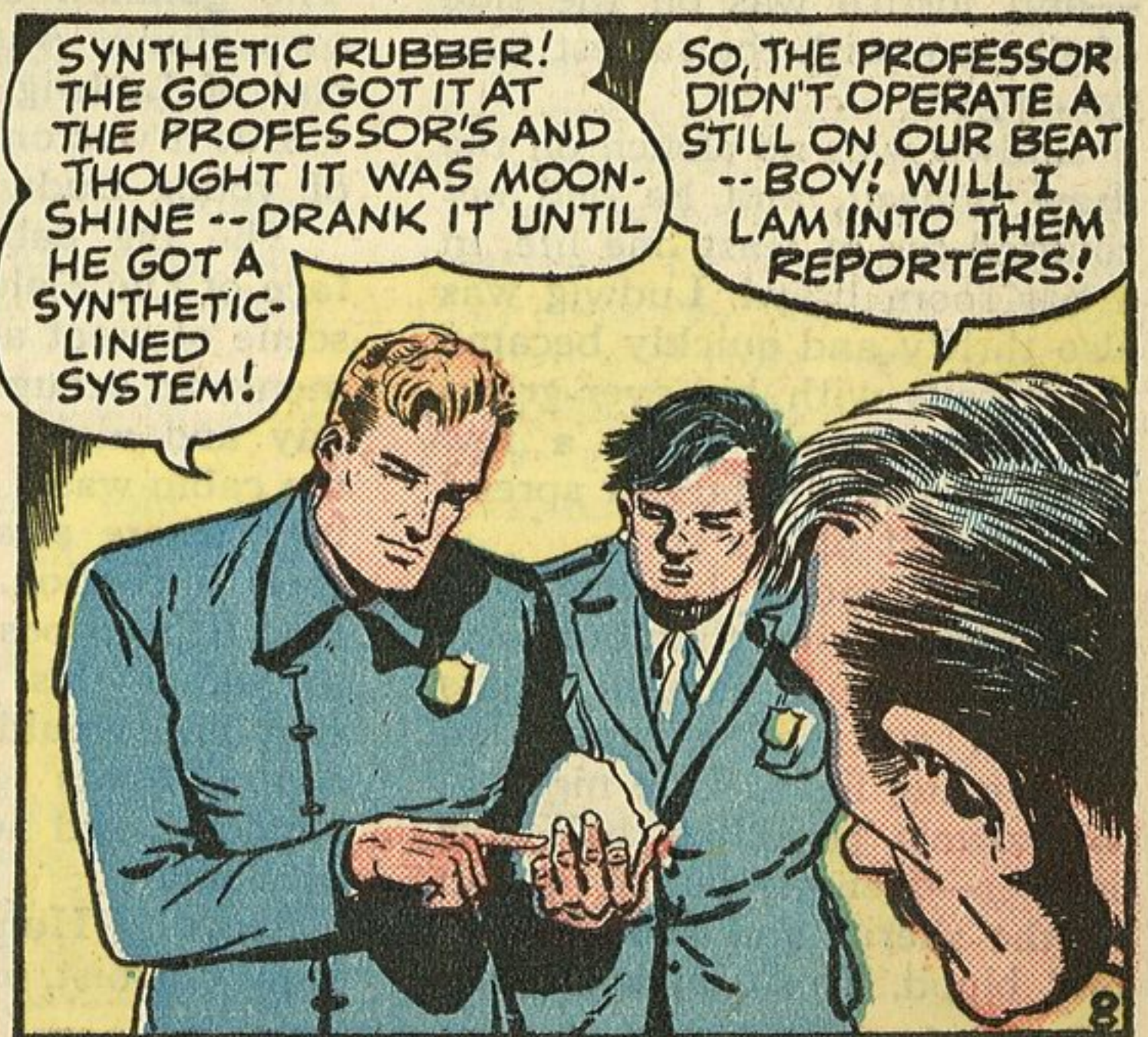
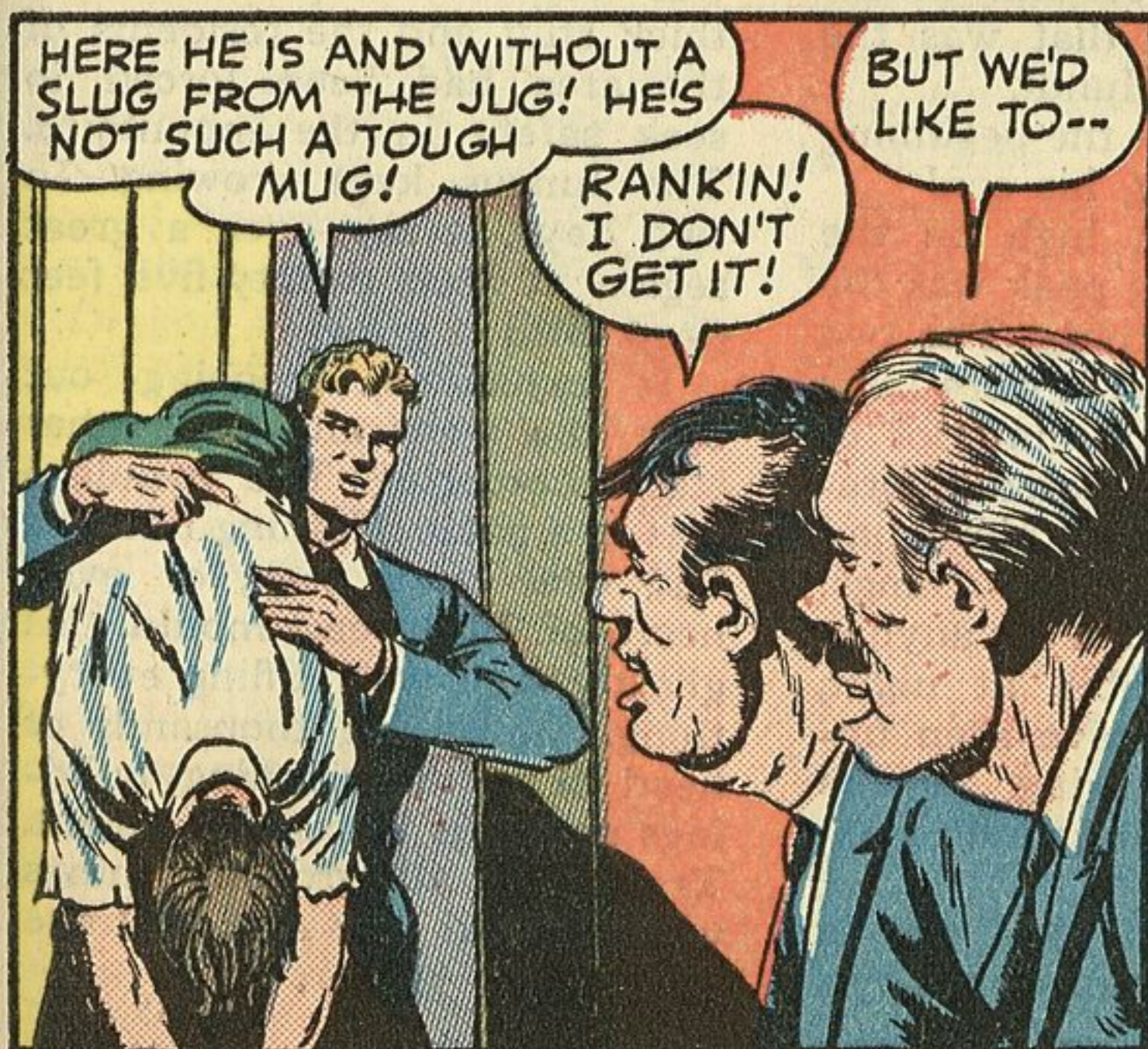
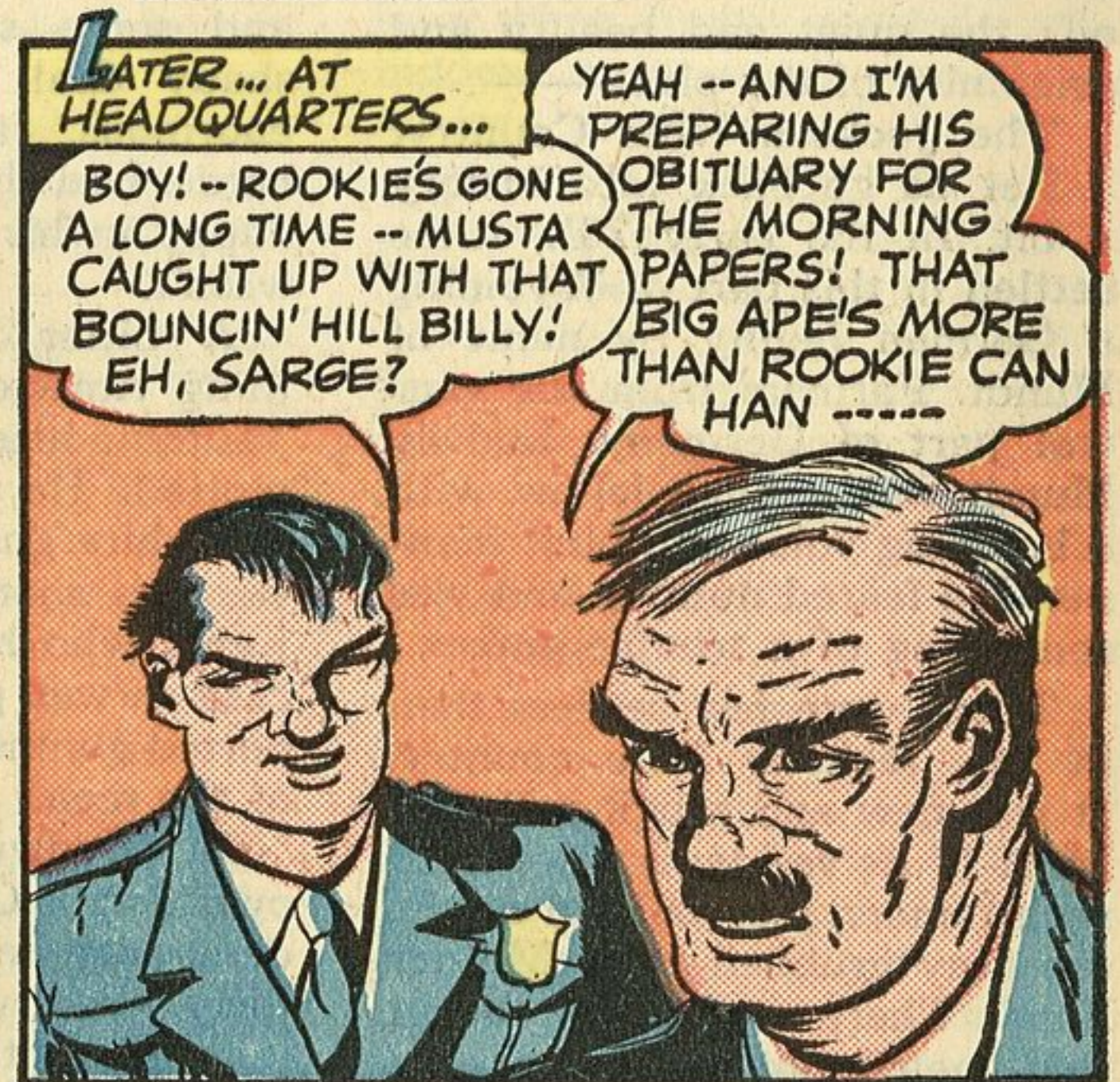
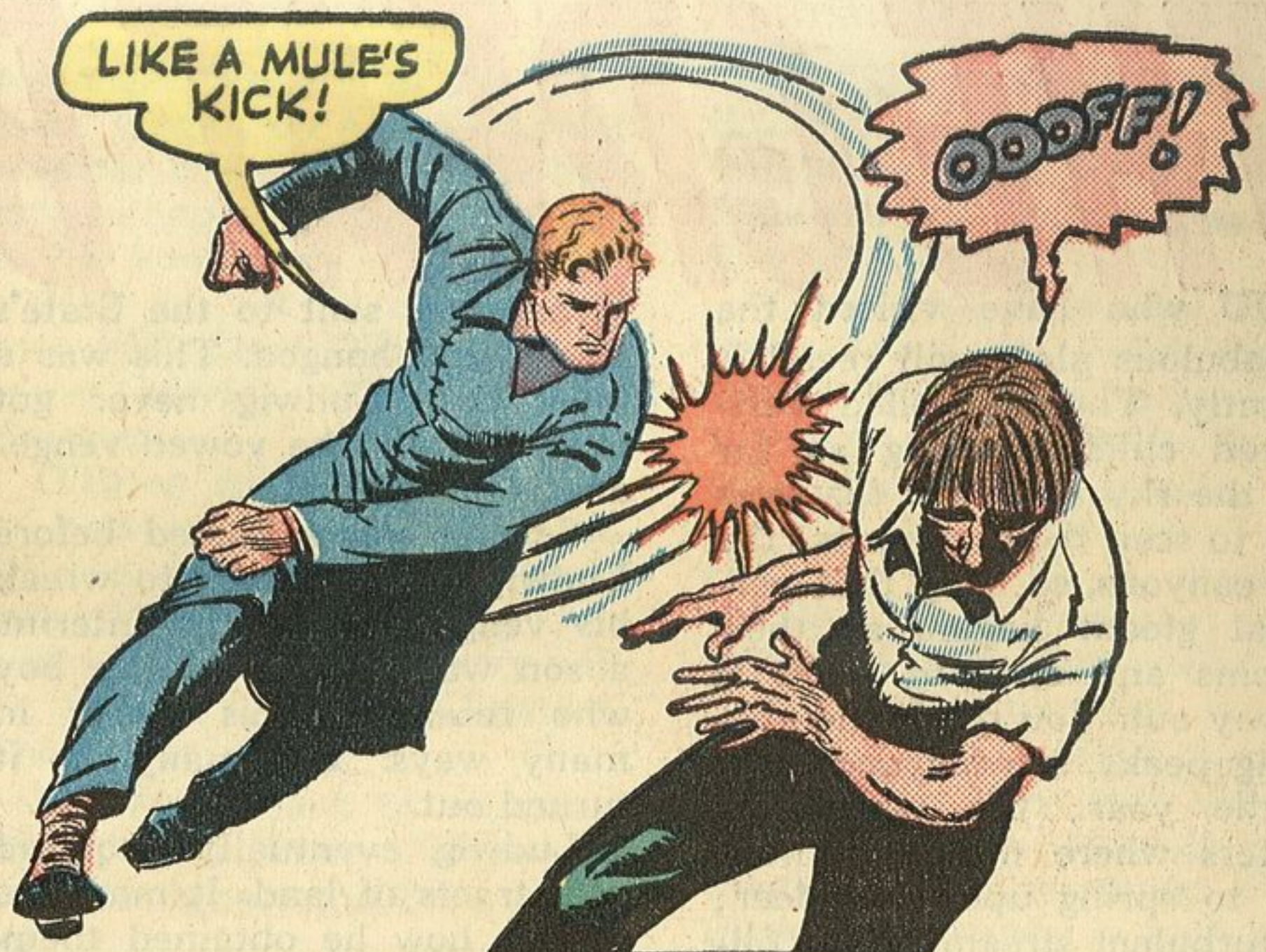
GOL DURN IT! --IT'S
THAT PESKY REV'NOOER
AGAIN! HYAR'S WHAR
AH PULVERIZE ---



ROOKIE SIDESTEPS
A VICIOUS
LUNGE...

OOPS!
--I
MISSED...

SLIDE, OR NO
SLIDE ---
YOU'RE
OUT!



THE GREAT BLIGHT

YOU who have visited the fabulous place will recall it instantly. The high-piled varicolored cliffs towering so far into the sky it makes the eyes ache to scan their summits; the vast canyons, so deep that perpetual gloom lingers at their bottoms and once in there is no way out. You recall the glistening peaks, snowcapped most of the year; the whispering conifers where mountain lions hide to spring upon the deer; the turbulent streams, trout filled; the quiet and beauty and solemnity of the place—

The Jackson Hole Country! Let us go back into history a bit. In the early 70's, there settled in this part of Wyoming a German family by name of Hundt. Farmers from the central part of Germany. Ludwig Hundt was a huge fellow with a booming voice and bluff manner. He feared nothing and was something of a trouble-maker.

There were few settlers then in the Jackson Hole country. It was new and rough and raw. Most of its residents were hard rock-miners, just as hard as the ore they grubbed from Mother Earth. There was no law except that meted out by the six-gun—and justice was on the side of the one with the fastest trigger-finger.

Ludwig was no slouch on the draw himself, and he had accounted for at least one life, in a bar room brawl. Ludwig was also thrifty and quickly became prosperous with his ever-growing cattle ranch. After a few years he had the largest spread in that part of the state.

Ludwig had a brother who was even rougher than old Ludwig. He was several years younger and had a reputation for starting fights. One night in the town's gambling hall this brother—Henry—pulled a gun on the sheriff and shot him in cold blood. The trial was brief.

Henry was sent to the State's prison and hanged. This was a blow that Ludwig never got over. Secretly he vowed vengeance on mankind.

Several years passed before Ludwig got a chance to wreak his vengeance. In the interim, a son was born to him, a boy who resembled his father in many ways. Too many, as it turned out.

Ludwig eventually acquired vast tracts of land. It made no matter how he obtained them, and some said that many a shady deal accounted for his enormous ranches and great herds. Ludwig should have been happy in his prosperity, but he wasn't.

A bitter hatred for everything American rankled in his Teutonic heart. He planned and plotted. He even went so far as to hire gunmen whose duties were to shoot as many of the jurors who had sat on Henry's case as was possible. These imported gunmen got three or four of the men.

But Ludwig didn't foresee his own doom. One of the gunmen demanded more money for his dirty work, which the old German promptly refused to pay. The gunman shot him in his own study. And that was the end of Ludwig Hundt.

But it was only the beginning of young Ludwig, his son!

The big cabin high on the face of Old Baldy peak was the scene of great activity. The two men who occupied it were busy day and night. The interior of the cabin was a crowded laboratory where strange things had their inception. Weird things! Had it been possible for anyone to watch this cabin at night, that one would have seen uncanny lights glowing in the windows, and heard muffled explosions.

Ludwig Hundt, Jr., was a great chemist, one of Germany's

most renowned. Or had been until he had come to America early in the 20's. He had come with a purpose, as you shall see. He had brought with him a younger man who was also a great chemist. These two had been working for years on a secret process—a process definitely not meant for the good of humanity! It was a process of death!

Except by horseback along a dangerous, winding trail, there was no way of reaching the Hundt cabin. At least, the few who knew of its existence believed this. But Ludwig Hundt was a resourceful man . . . as was his younger assistant, Hans Weller.

February 6, 1943. On the morning of February 5th, the residents of Tepee, Wyoming, awoke to find a strange substance covering the ground. It was a greenish mould, which quivered and expanded and grew with lightning rapidity. As far as the eye could see this greenish blanket covered everything. The horrible thing was that it didn't merely obliterate the surface; it was growing higher and higher!

By noon of that day, the town was covered deep under the thick stuff and the residents of the area had been forced to seek safety in the mountains. The fungus kept growing. In two days, it lay over a great region at least twenty-five feet deep. Still it grew!

It expanded, reaching out over the state and into other states bordering. The populace was in a panic. Nothing like this had ever been seen, or even heard of. Like yeast mould, this ghastly stuff was stifling everything, smothering thousands of head of cattle, crushing buildings under its increasing weight. Trees and all growing things were snuffed out. And still the awful stuff grew. . . .

March 19, 1943. Last Thursday, the 17th, a strange grayish mass was seen rolling down the San Fernando Valley in Southern California. The Army was called, but they were powerless to stop the mass. What scientists term as a "fungus mould," this mass has in the last two days practically covered the entire San Fernando area and at least seven vital aircraft plants are imperiled. Already the huge Lockheed factory is being covered by the horrible mould, which in places is twenty feet thick. Many residences have been inundated and the occupants forced to flee for their lives. Aerial bombs have been tried and such things as chemical sprays, but the mould persists and only a few days more will see the great valley a place of greenish mould.

March 21, 1943. Last night the "mould blight" struck at San Diego and the vast Naval Training Station. Thousands of sailors have been evacuated from their barracks to an area several miles inland. In five hours the mould has crossed the bay and attacked many ships at anchor. Balboa Park is deserted to the terrible blight and the St. James Hotel roof is spawning the stuff in a stream that is crawling over the sides of the building and down to the streets. How the mould got there nobody knows. For that matter, nobody knows how or where it originated. Every scientist in the country is baffled. . . .

April 2, 1943. The entire state of Wyoming, most of Utah and Idaho, the southern half of Oregon and all of Southern California is obliterated under the green scum that stifles all life.

April 14, 1943. The "mould blight" has struck at the Eastern Seaboard! A veritable ocean of it is now crawling toward the Nation's Capitol. Birmingham and Atlanta have ceased to function as cities and the residents are fleeing. . . .

Jimmy Christian didn't hear of the sensational blight throttling America until he reached the seacoast of India, after a

prolonged sojourn in the Burmese jungles on a Government mission. But it didn't take him long to hop a Clipper and speed to his homeland.

Now he sat in consultation with FBI Chief O'Brien in the secret service offices at San Francisco.

O'Brien spread his hands in a gesture of helplessness. "We've done everything, tried everything. But nothing has worked. The whole country will be choked to death, Christian. Choked to death!"

"I never heard of anything like it," said Jimmy. "Have you any idea where the thing started?"

O'Brien shook his grizzled head.

"It seems that Wyoming was the first state hit," Jimmy went on. "How about it? No clues?"

"None."

"I'm going to Wyoming tonight," Jimmy stated. "That seems the logical place to begin." He stood up and O'Brien got to his feet.

"Anything you want, name it, Christian. If you can do anything, for the love of heaven do it!"

All Jimmy wanted was a fast plane, which he soon had. It was loaded with several kinds of bombs. He took off about eight o'clock, heading for Wyoming. Army Lieut. Gus Bockway, his pilot, said, "Catch a couple hours sleep, Mr. Christian, you need it. I'll wake you up in time."

Jimmy did just that. And it seemed that he had only shut his eyes when the pilot nudged him.

"We're over Laramie field now."

"Land," Jimmy told him. "We can't do anything till morning."

Jimmy had obtained a list of the famous chemists of Germany who had migrated to America in recent years. On that list was one, Ludwig Hundt, Jr., Wyoming. Nothing was known of Hundt except in Germany where he had invented a deadly gas during the first World

War. Jimmy had no trouble in discovering that the Hundt family had lived in the Jackson Hole country. To that area they flew at dawn.

There was little now to be seen except the awful sea of mould. But high on a towering mountain the pilot spotted a cabin through his glasses.

"We can't land—Hey! We can, too. There's a mesa a couple of miles from that peak. It'll be a long hard walk."

He found the flat topped mountain and brought the ship down. Then they both set out for the cabin, not knowing what they'd find, if anything. They made a discovery a half hour later when Jimmy spotted, well hidden in a small coulee, a modern autogyro.

"Mmm!" he said. "No trapper owns one of those. Let's have a peek at it."

The ship carried, strangely enough, a regulation insect powder sprinkling device such as used on dust pilots' planes. Jimmy scooped up some of the fine particles in the bottom of the sprinkler.

"I think we've got something here," he said. "These pellets could be the stuff that causes that fungus mould. We'll analyze them—here." He tossed several in a small stream nearby and instantly a blooming greenish mould sprang from the water.

"Just as I thought! All that stuff needs is moisture. Come on, Lieutenant."

They had no trouble in getting the drop on the two German chemists, who had recently returned from the East on a mould-spreading expedition. They herded them back to the plane, handcuffed.

And before arriving in San Francisco, Jimmy had the secret formula for stopping the greenish death.

Ten days later, the country was clean of mould. Somehow, Ludwig Hundt, Jr., had obtained some poison and committed suicide in prison.

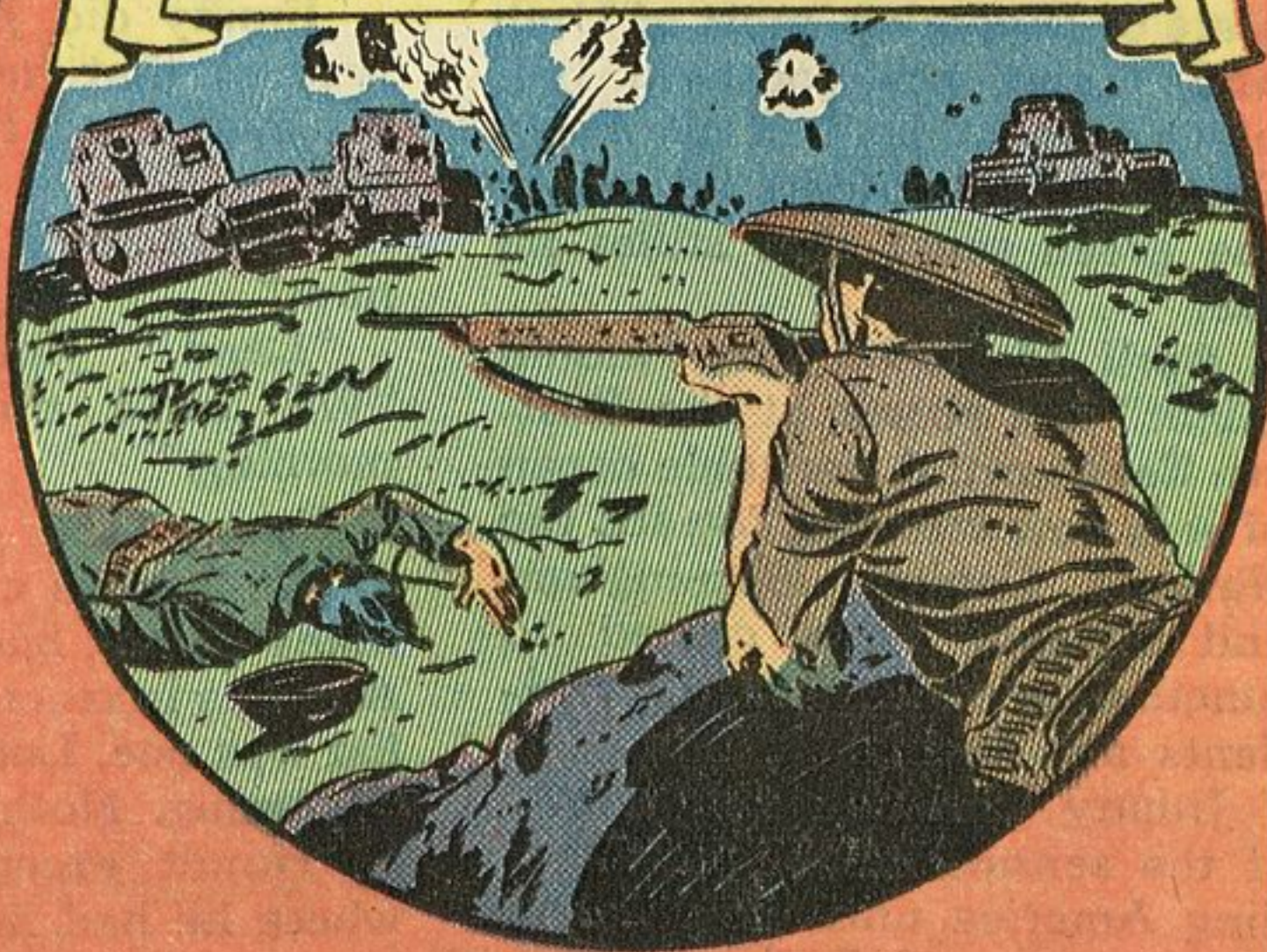
Which ends the story of America's strangest blight.

YANKEE EAGLE

By
AVALLO



SHARP AND SAVAGE FIGHTING
MARKS A DESPERATE LAST STAND
AGAINST THE INVADERS IN THE
INTERIOR OF OLD CHINA...



ON THE SIDE OF THE EMBATTLED CHINESE GUERRILLAS IS LARRY NOBLE, EX-HOLLYWOOD STUNT MAN -- KNOWN AS YANKEE EAGLE...

RIFLES ARE NO GOOD AGAINST TANKS! WE'VE GOT TO RETREAT!

WE MUST STAND OR DIE! WE CAN RETREAT NO FURTHER!



BEHIND US LIE THE FLAT LANDS OF WANG PO! THERE IS NO RIDGE OR STREAM TO DELAY THE JAPANESE ARMORED MIGHT. THEY WILL SPREAD LIKE THE LOCUST - TO DESTROY US!



IF ONLY WE COULD GET THE FIERCE WARRIORS OF KWAN CHUNG TO AID US, WE WOULD DRIVE THOSE LITTLE MEN BACK INTO THE SEA!

THEN WHAT'S STOPPING US?



THE WARRIORS OF KWAN CHUNG OBEY NO ONE BUT THEIR GOD OF WAR, THE IDOL OF YUAN CHI! WHILE YUAN CHI SLEEPS, THE SWORDS OF HIS WARRIORS REMAIN UNSHEATHED AND RUSTING IN THEIR SCABBARDS!



SOMEBODY'S GOT TO TELL THOSE KWANG CHUNG BOYS THAT THERE'S A WAR GOING ON -- AND I GUESS I'M ELECTED!

YOU COULD NOT GET THROUGH THE JAPANESE LINES! YOU ARE TOO GOOD A FIGHTER TO BE KILLED!



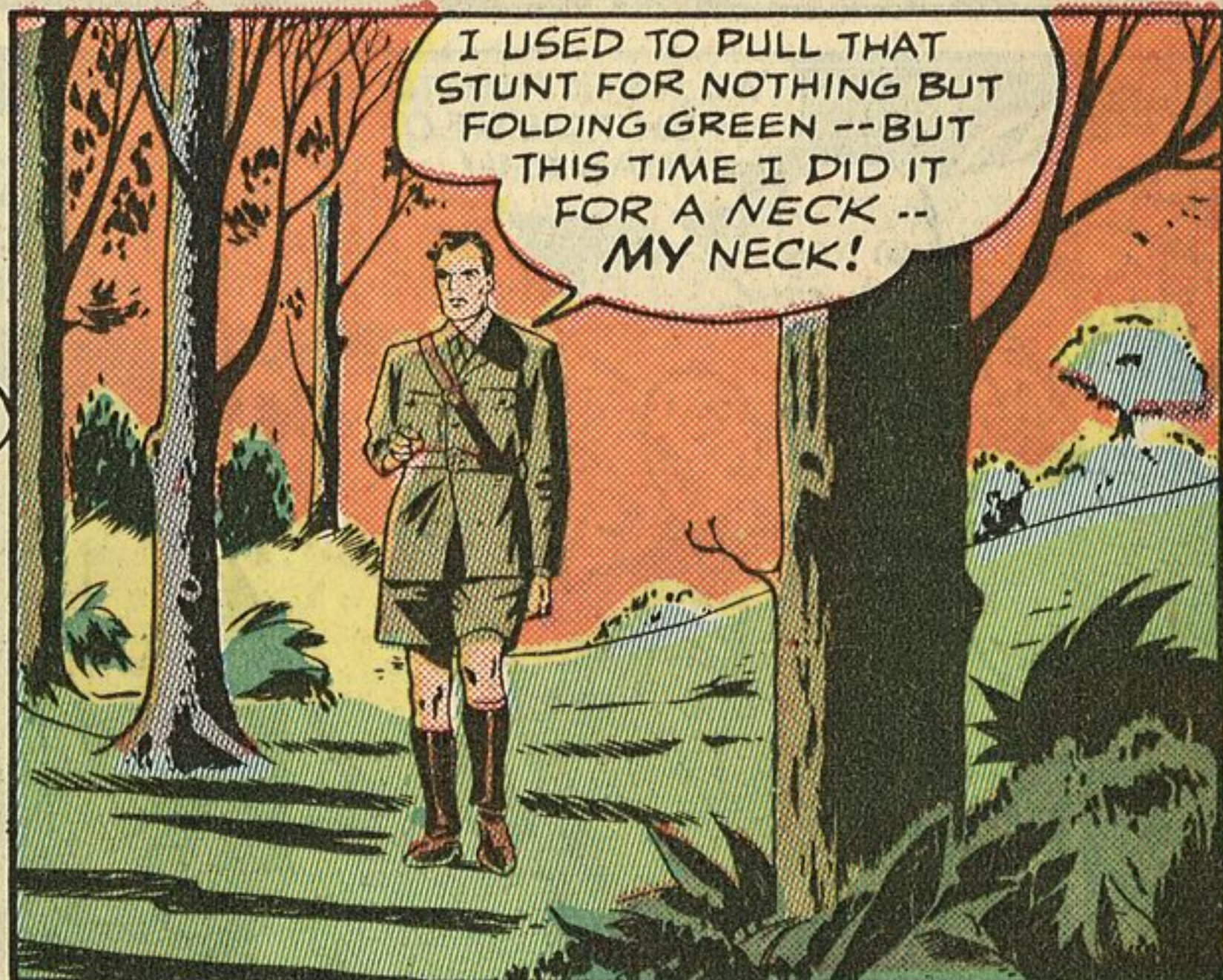
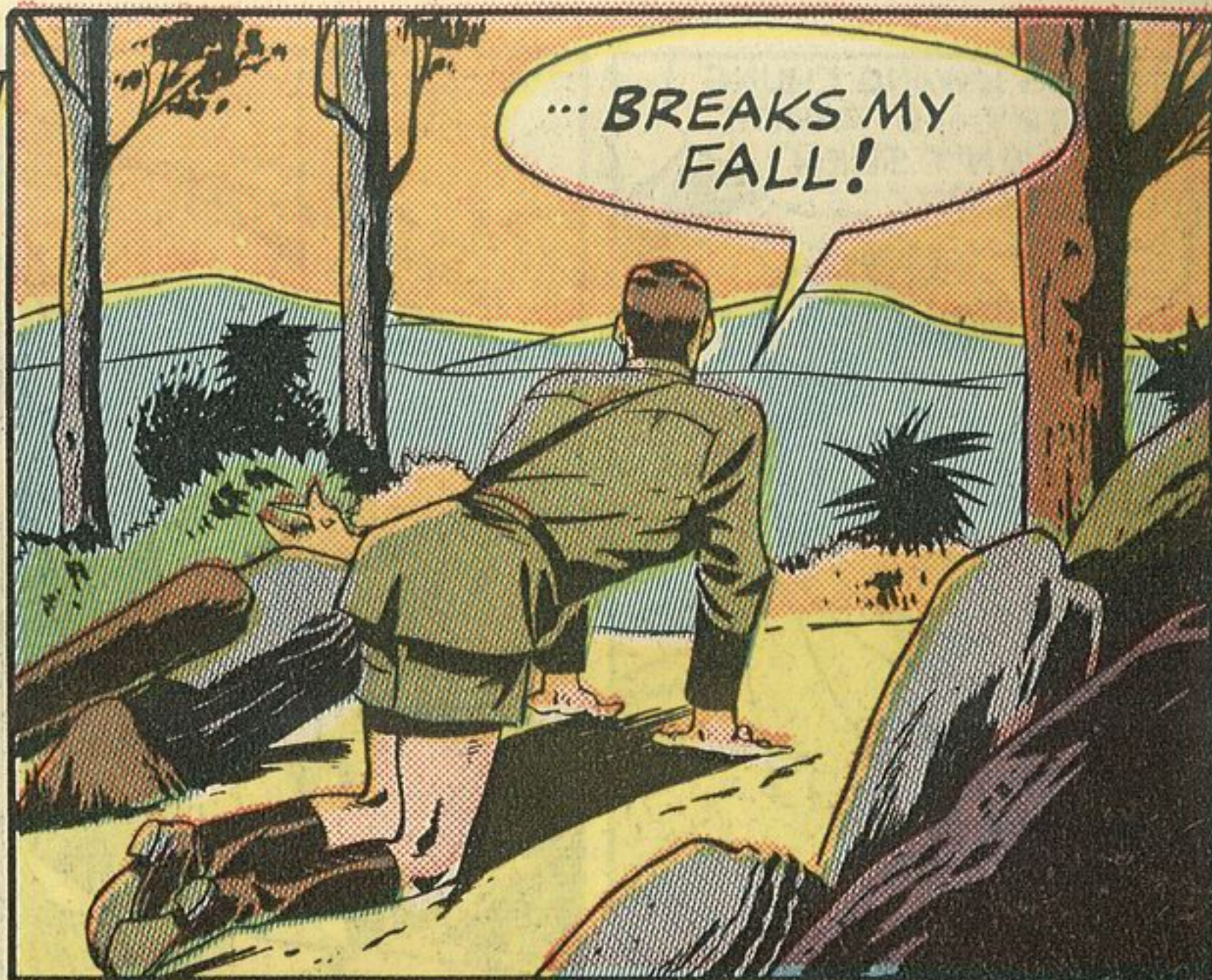
HOLD ON UNTIL I GET BACK! I'LL BRING THOSE KWAN CHUNG FIGHTERS WITH ME!

MAY THE DOVES OF FORTUNE SMILE ON YOU!

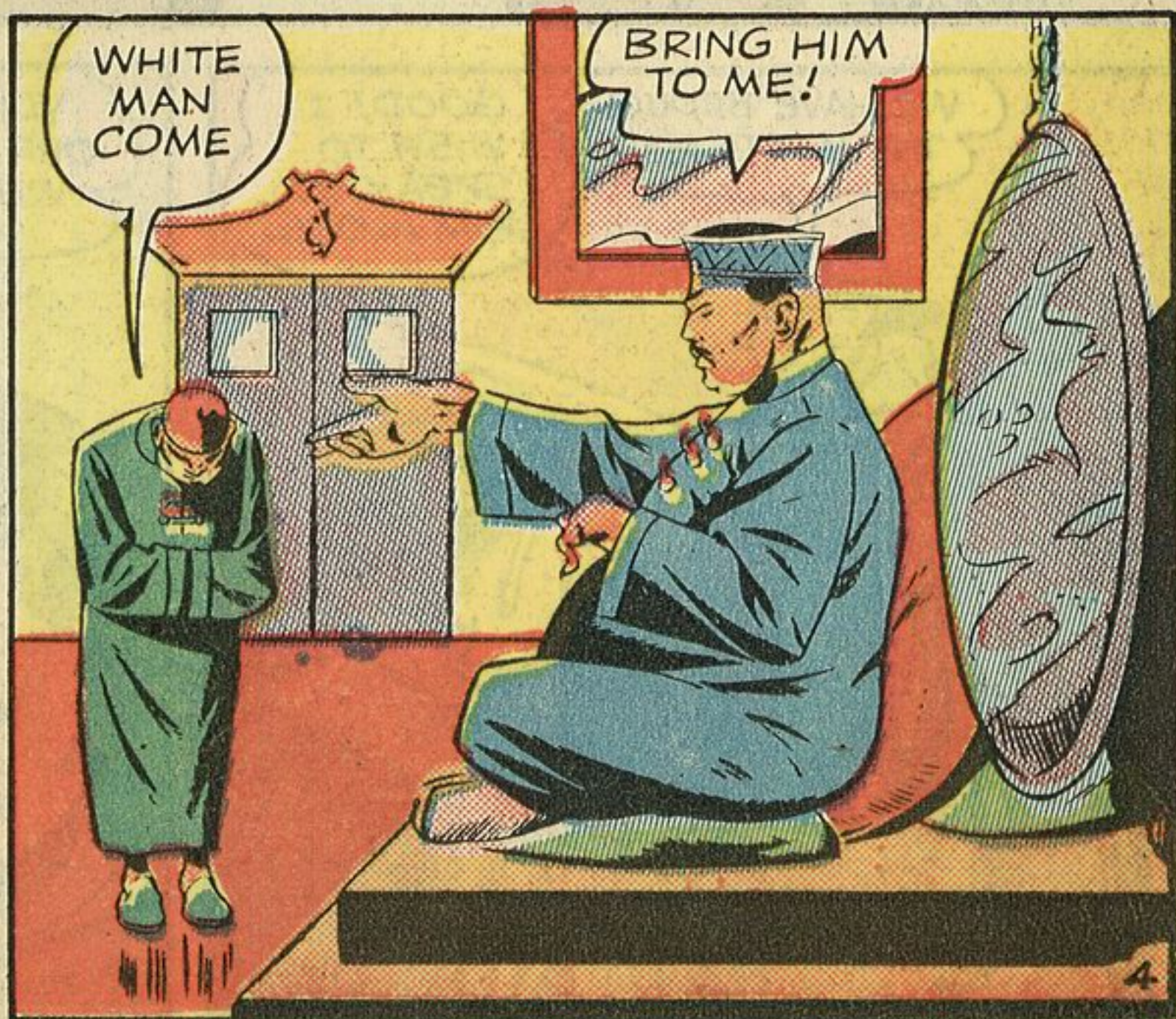
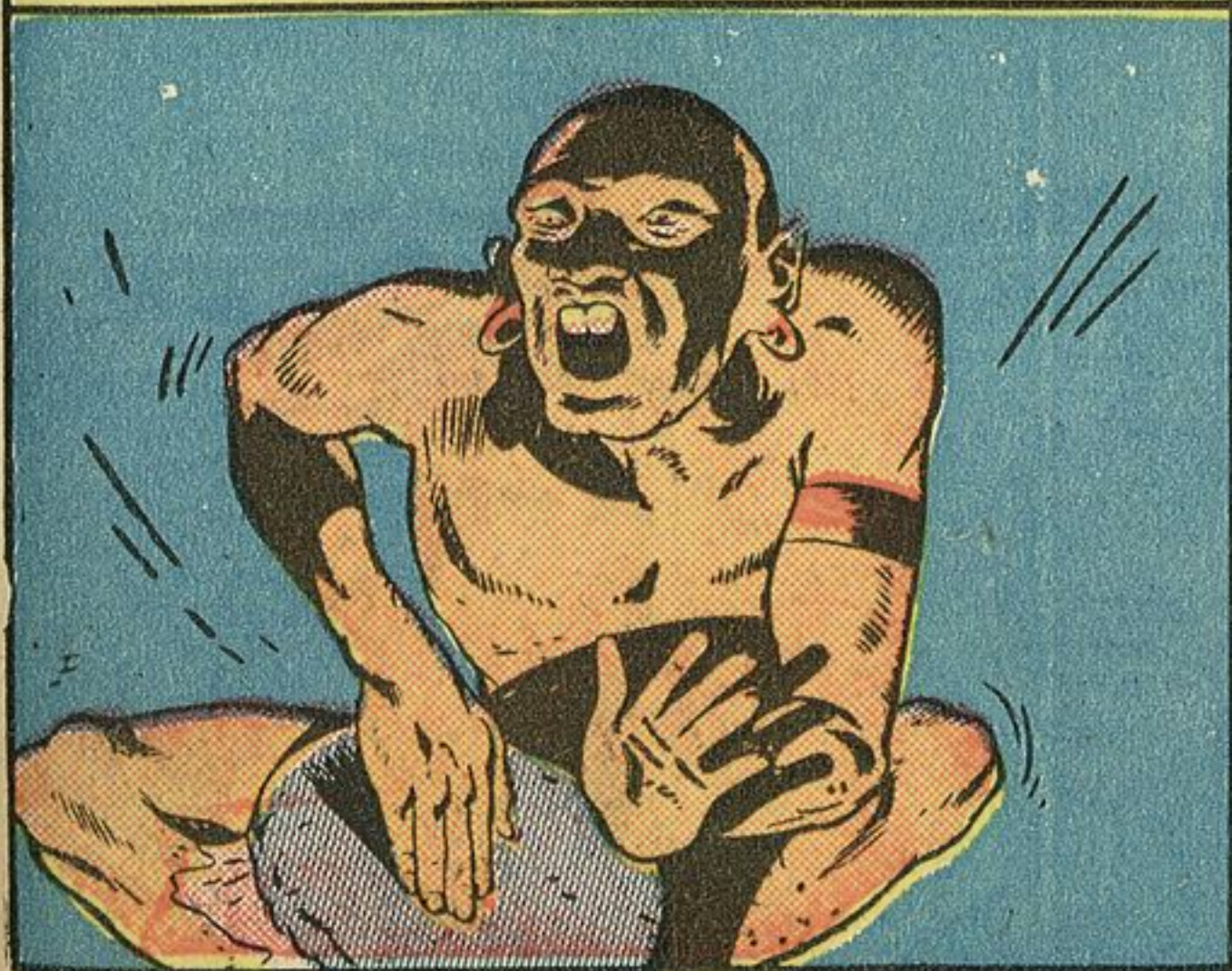




FALLING LIKE A ROCKET, THE **YANKEE EAGLE** TIMES HIS JUMP TO THE BAREST SPLIT SECOND! ...



WHILE LARRY NOBLE MAKES HIS WAY THROUGH THE FORESTS TO THE PROVINCE OF THE FIERCE HILLSMEN, NEWS OF HIS COMING GOES BEFORE HIM!







MY PEOPLE ARE WARRIORS! THEY KNOW NOTHING OF WHAT HAPPENS OUTSIDE THESE HILLS AND WE DO NOT WELCOME INTRUDERS!

SOMEONE IS GOING TO INTRUDE ON YOU PRETTY SOON! ... NASTY LITTLE MEN WITH FIRE-BREATHING HORSES AND DEATH-STICKS!



YOU'VE GOT TO HELP! YOUR BROTHERS ARE FIGHTING THEM NOW AT CHUGA PASS! ALL CHINA CRIES OUT FOR YOU!

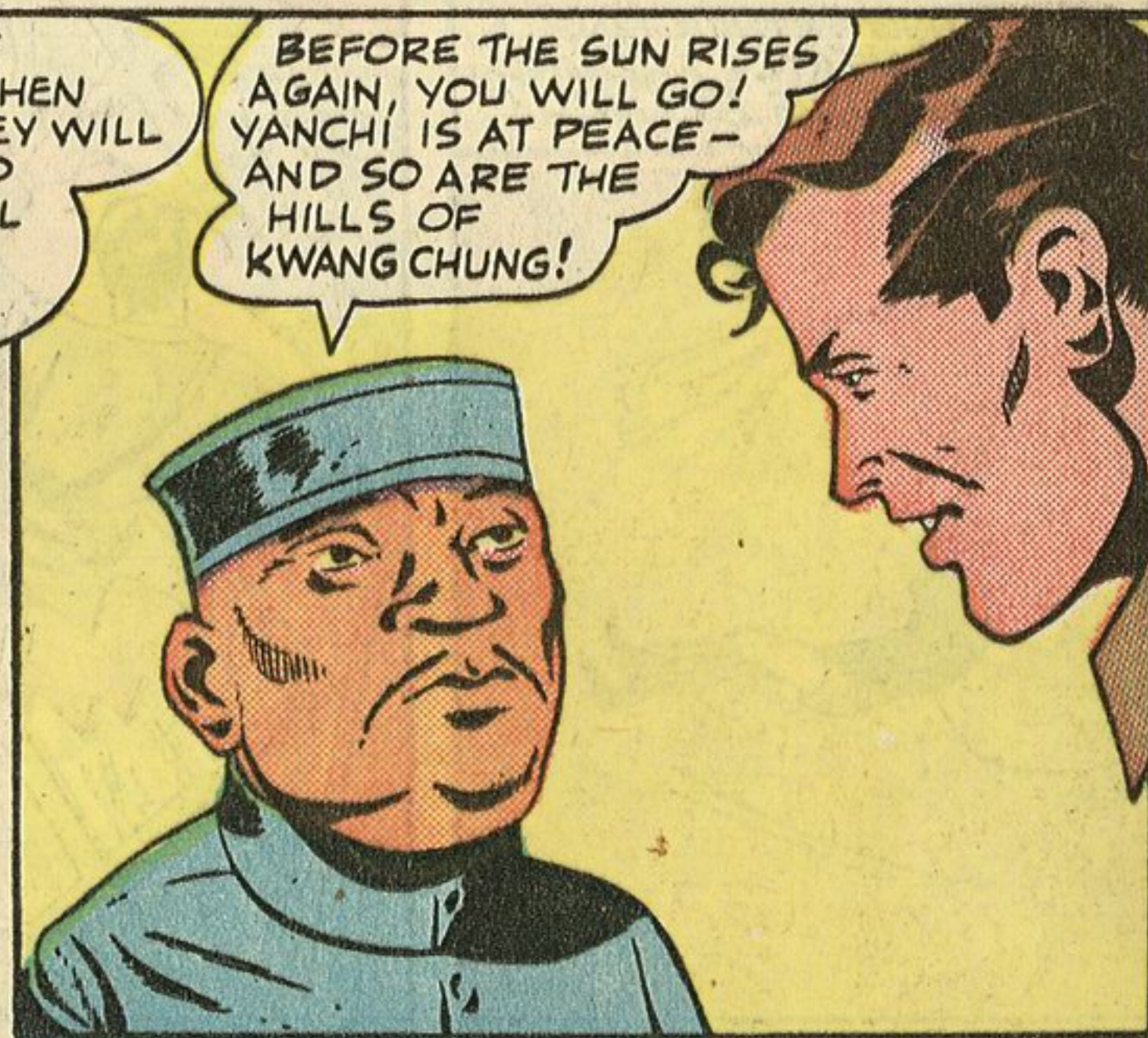
YANCHI, THE GOD OF WAR, STILL SLEEPS! THERE IS NO DANGER!



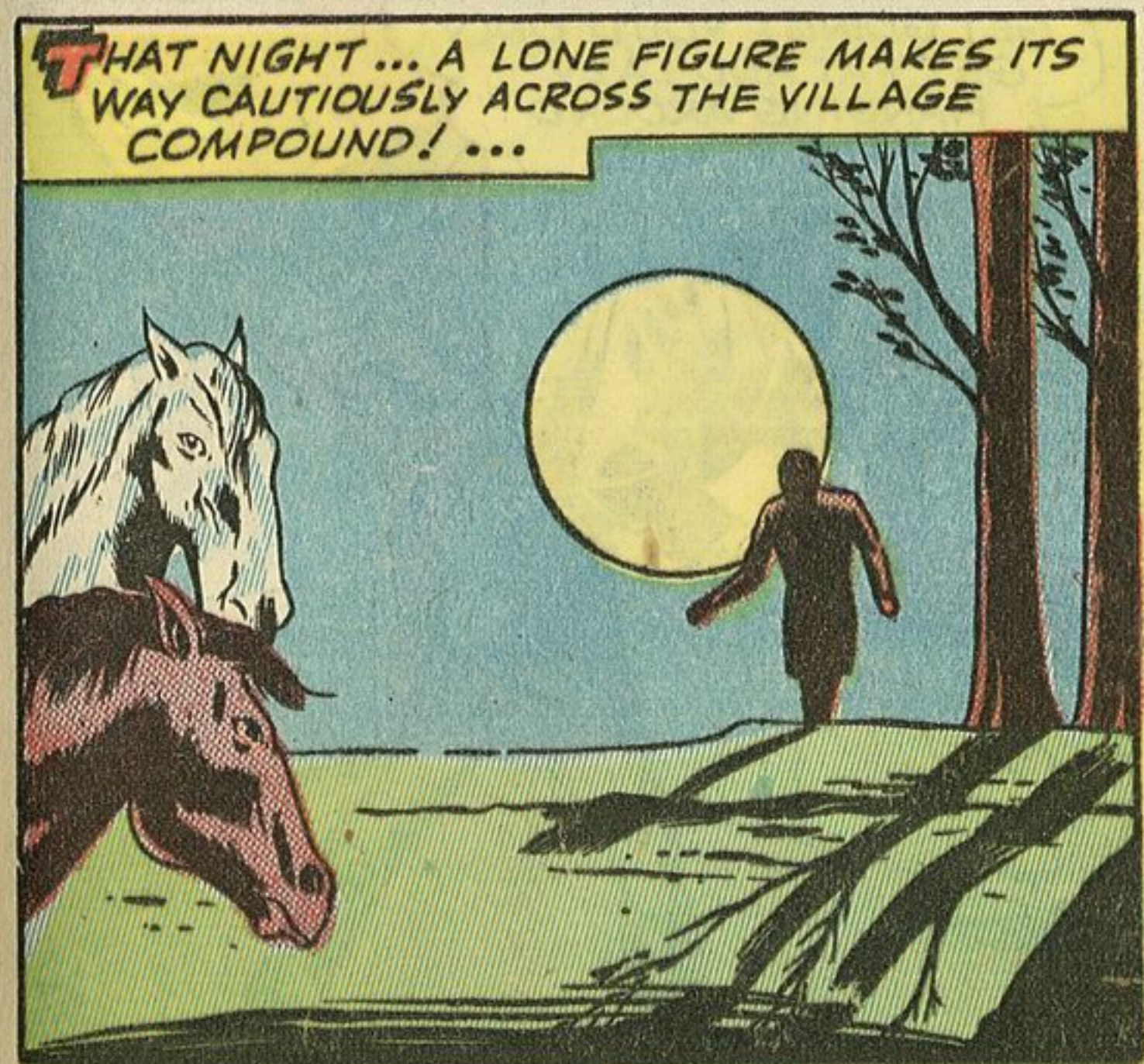
COME! I WILL SHOW YOU!



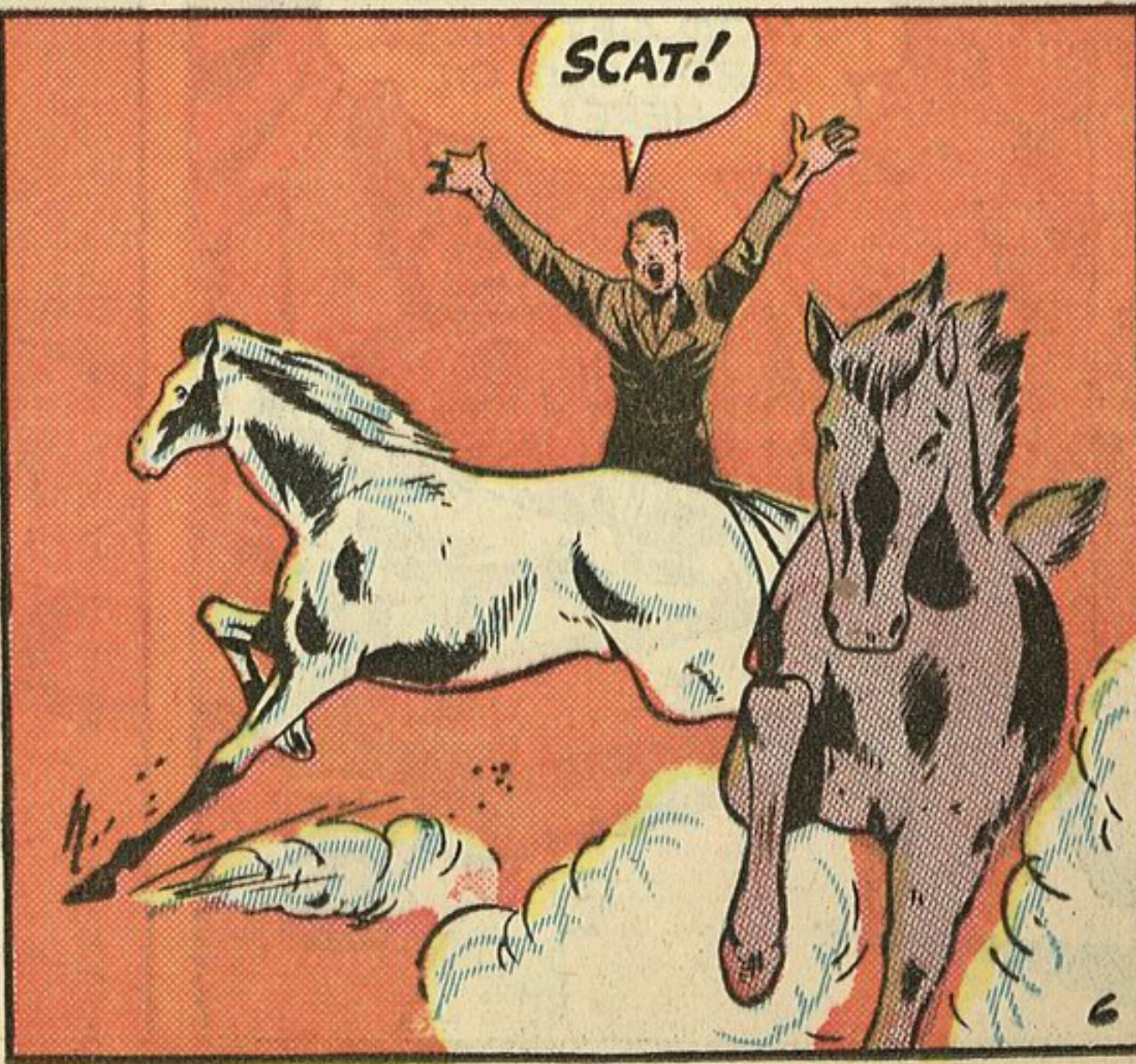
THE DOVES OF PEACE REMAIN NEAR HIM! WHEN DANGER COMES, THEY WILL FLY AWAY - AND YANCHI SHALL HAVE SPOKEN!



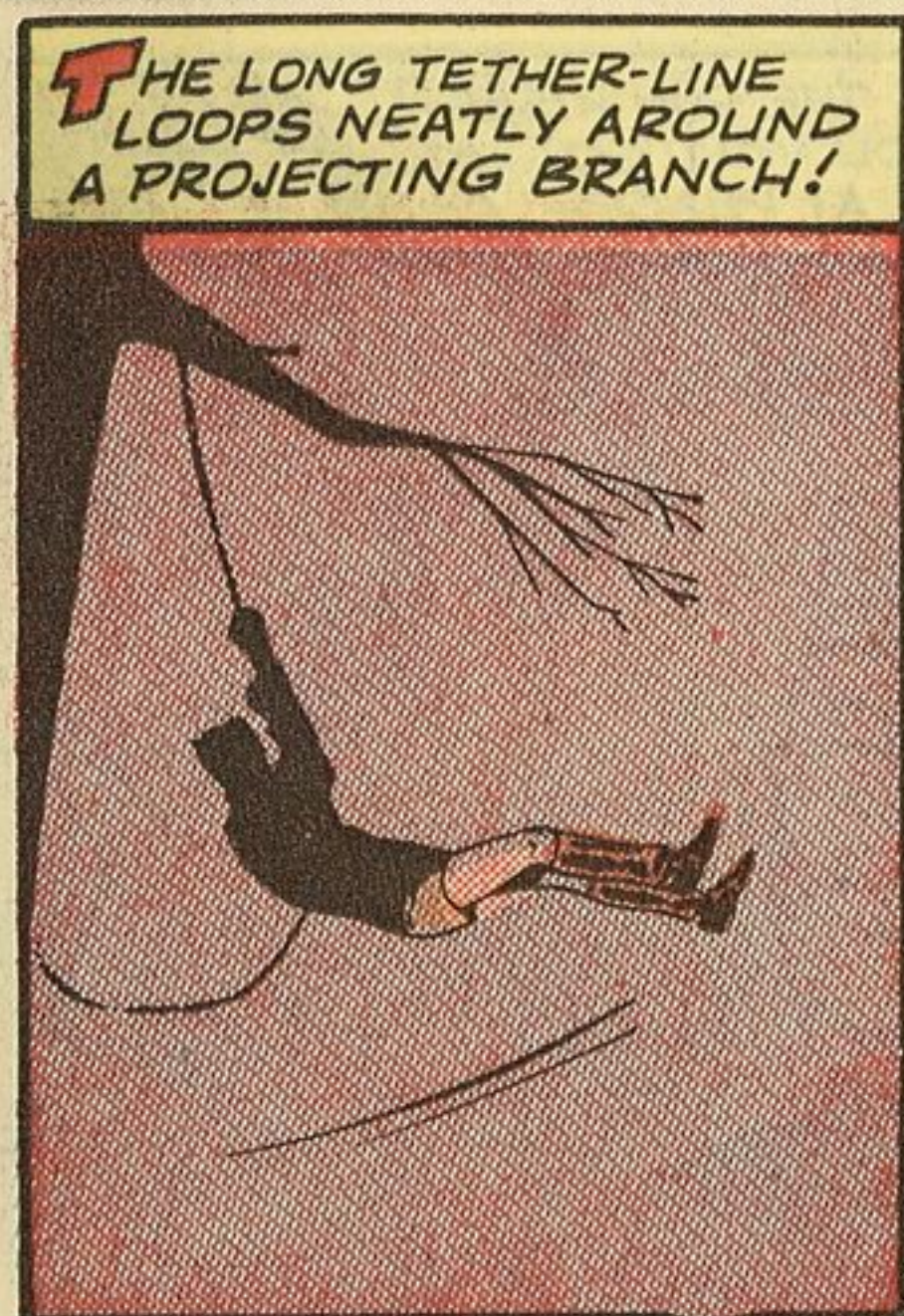
BEFORE THE SUN RISES AGAIN, YOU WILL GO! YANCHI IS AT PEACE - AND SO ARE THE HILLS OF KWANG CHUNG!



THAT NIGHT ... A LONE FIGURE MAKES ITS WAY CAUTIOUSLY ACROSS THE VILLAGE COMPOUND! ...



SCAT!





THE DOVES FLY
AWAY - THE HOUR
OF DANGER HAS
COME!

LOOK!

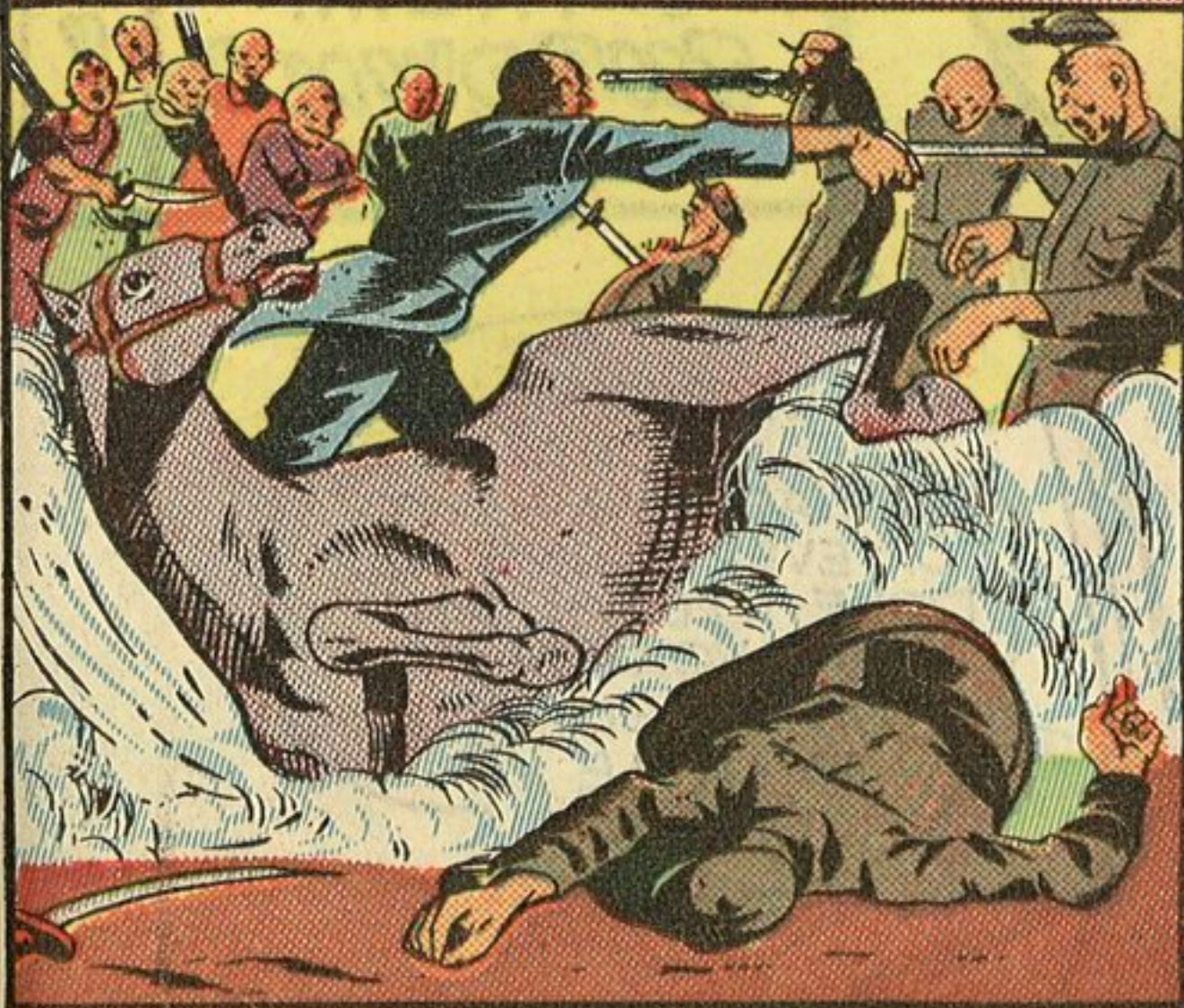
YUAN CHI HAS SPOKEN!
NOW THE MEN OF OUR
HILLS SHALL MARCH!



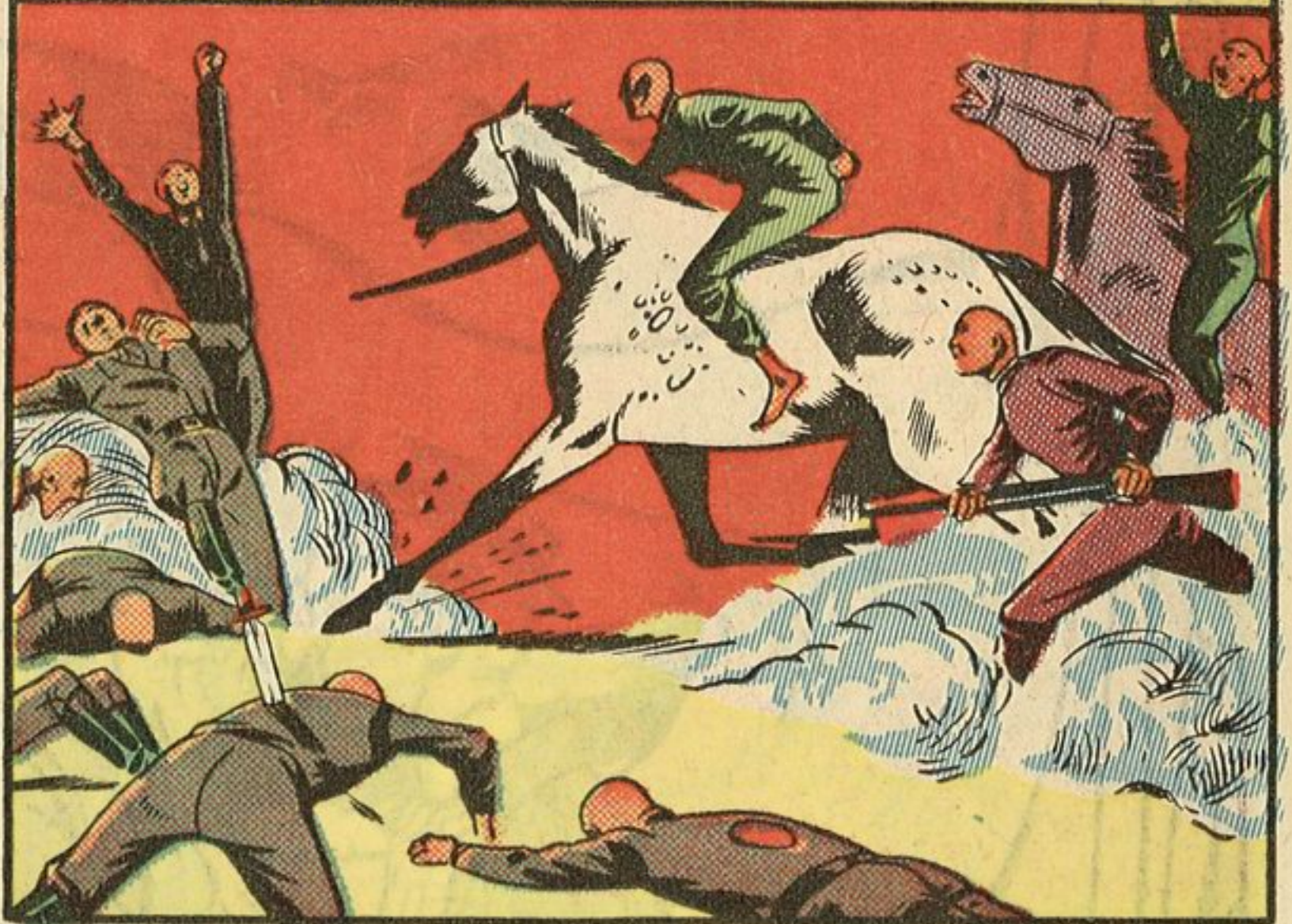
THROUGH THE LENGTH AND
BREADTH OF THE HILLS OF
KWAN CHUNG, THE WORD FLIES
AND THE FIERCE WARRIORS
TAKE TO THEIR MOUNTS!



LIKE AN AVENGING BLACK CLOUD, THE
WARRIORS OF KWAN CHUNG FALL ON
THE FLANKS OF THE INVADING JAPANESE!



AND THEIR WILD WAR-YELL ECHOES AND
RE-ECHOES ABOVE THE TUMULT OF BATTLE!



THE LITTLE BROWN
MEN FLEE!
THEY ARE
BEATEN!

WAH! THEY ARE
MERELY MORTALS!
NO ONE CAN STAND
UP AGAINST THE
FEROCITY OF THE
WARRIORS OF
KWAN CHUNG!



IT IS INDEED A MIRACLE!
CHINA SHALL BE FOREVER
IN YOUR GRATITUDE!

DON'T THANK
ME! THANK THE DOVES
OF YUAN CHI! THEY
REALLY GAVE THE
JAPS THE
BIRD!

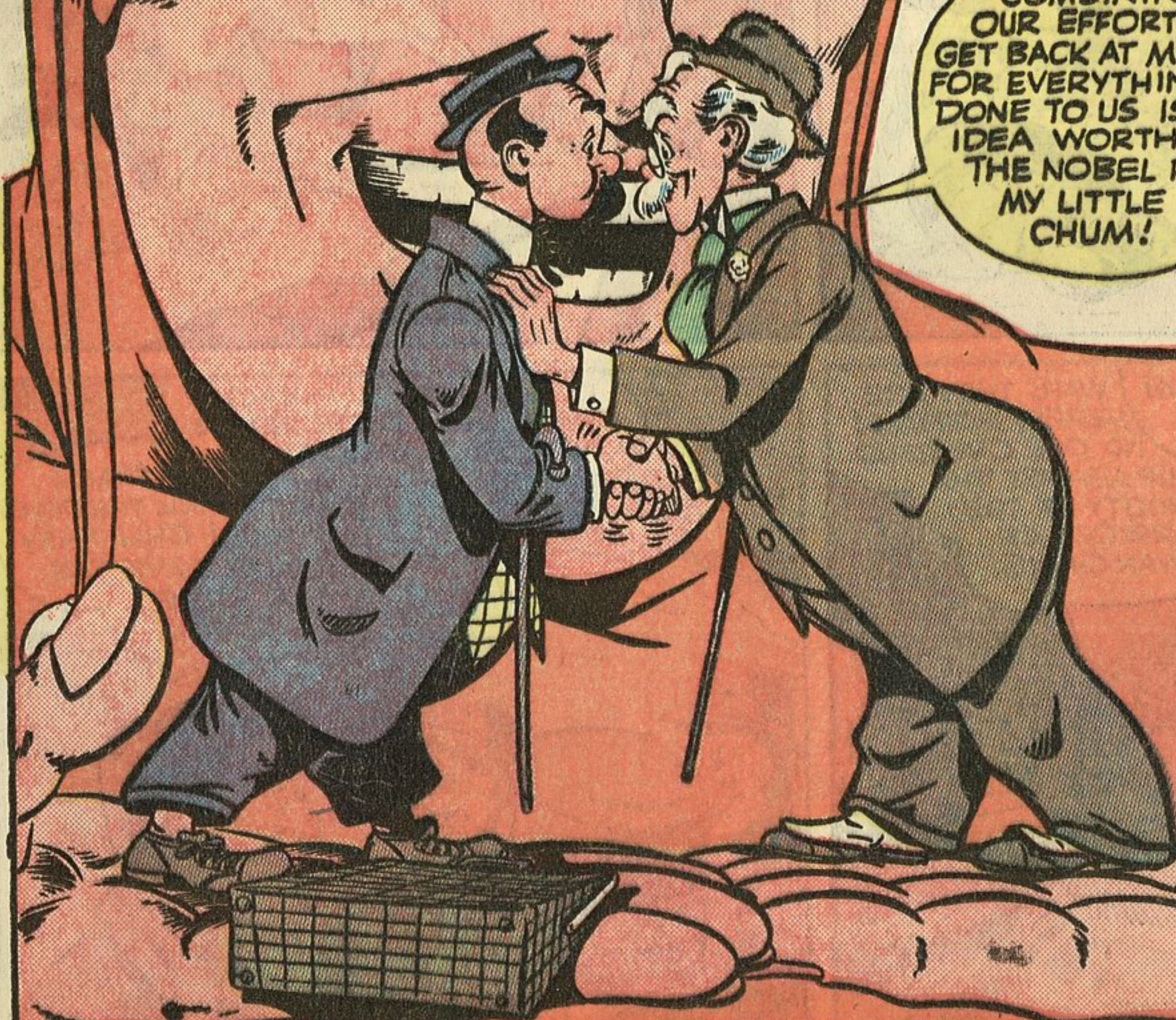


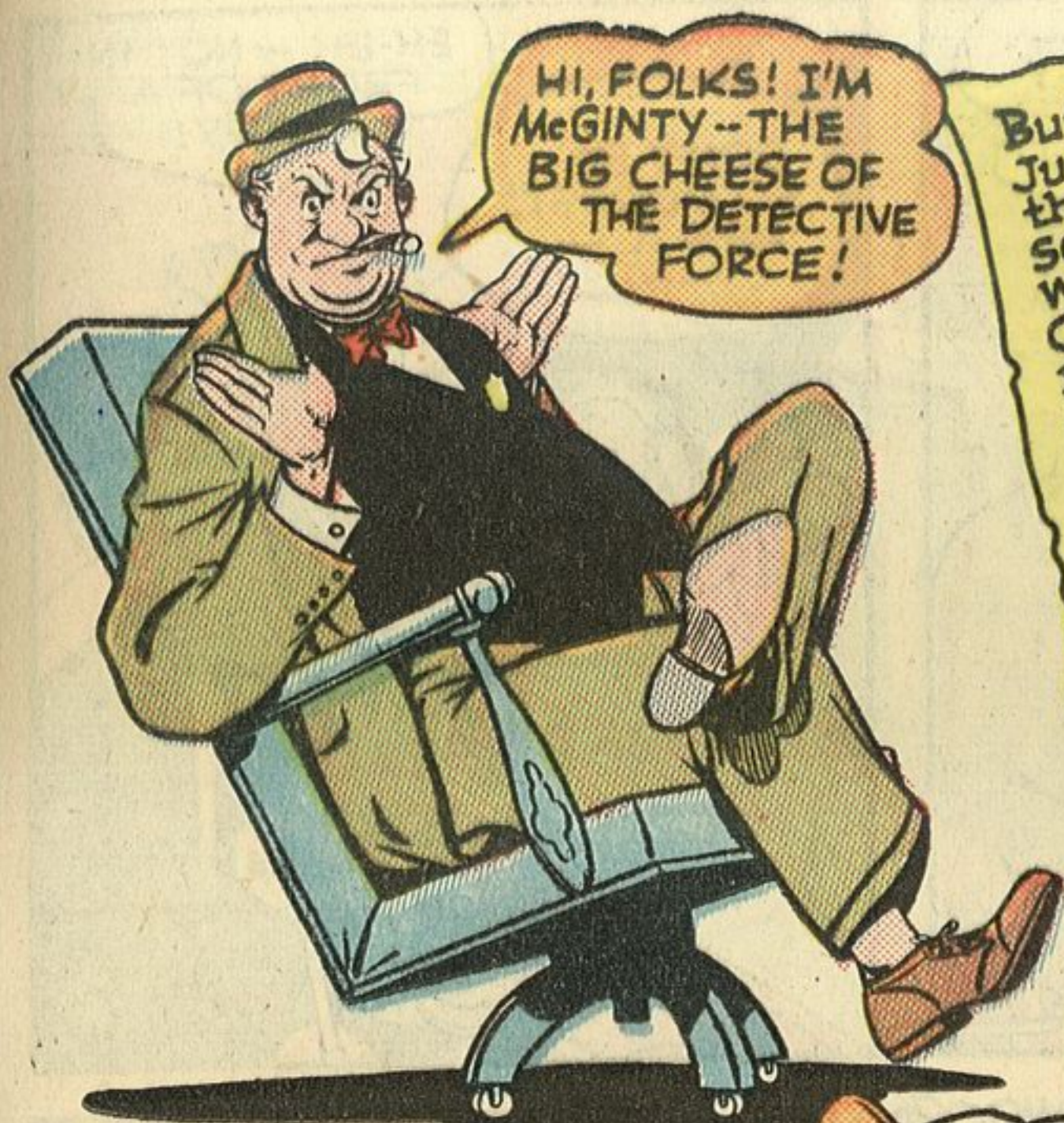
THE JESTER



WITH THOSE TWO
LITTLE IMPS,
OSCAR DOOLE
AND
TERWILLIGER
J. THUMP
THROWN IN!

COMBINING
OUR EFFORTS TO
GET BACK AT MCGINTY
FOR EVERYTHING HE'S
DONE TO US IS AN
IDEA WORTHY OF
THE NOBEL PRIZE,
MY LITTLE
CHUM!





HI, FOLKS! I'M
McGINTY--THE
BIG CHEESE OF
THE DETECTIVE
FORCE!

But WAIT!
Just to start
this story
some place,
we pick up
Oscar Oople,
moaning
and groaning
in a
diner...

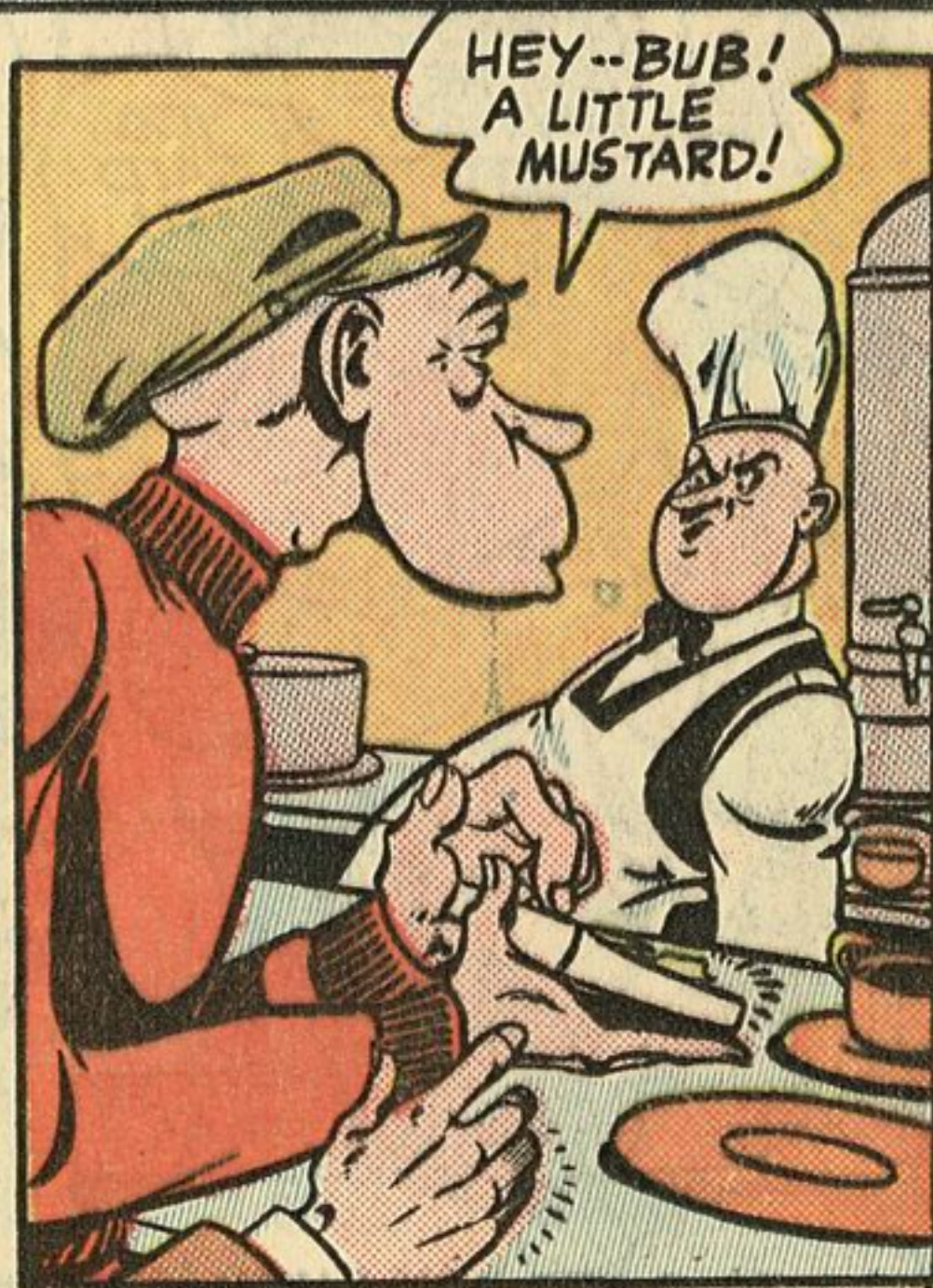


I'M MAD!-OUTRIGHT
AND ORNERY! EVERY
TIME I DO A LITTLE
SOMETHING TO BENEFIT
MYSELF, THAT "DICK" McGINTY
STEPS IN AND SQUELCHES
MY PLANS! - THE HEEL!

and--by a
strange twist
of fate --
Terwilliger J.
Thump, our
little klepto-
maniac, enters..
--y' know, the
guy who helps
himself to any-
thing within
ten inches
of him!



DUM DE
DE DUM
ME ME ME
ME MA



HEY--BUB!
A LITTLE
MUSTARD!



??
I COULDA
SWORN I
HAD A
SANDWICH
HERE!!
???



I'VE BEEN
POISONED!
-- NO
MUSTARD!

CRUNCH
CRUNCH



McGINTY--
McGINTY!...
EVERY TIME
SOMETHING GOES
WRONG FOR ME,
McGINTY HAS
HIS FOOT
IN IT!

McGINTY??
McGINTY??
OH--DID I HEAR
YOU SAY
McGINTY?

...er... boys-you two will be chumming around together from now on, so I might as well introduce you...

Oscar Oople meet Terwilliger J. Thump ...and Visaversa!

GLAD T'KNOW YOU!

PLEASURE'S ALL MINE!

SAY, PAL... DID I HEAR YOU SAY THAT YOU HAD GRIEVANCES AGAINST MCGINTY?

CHUM -- MCGINTY IS A HEEL!

NO PARKING

DON'T BE SO MODEST! HE'S A ...

EH-EH -- NOT IN FRONT OF A LADY!

NO PARKING

W-WOOOOO! WELL, HE IS, ANYWAY!

YOU SAID IT!

Y'KNOW -- WE OUGHT TO GET TOGETHER AND GET EVEN WITH HIM!

W-WOOOOO! Y'GOT SOMETHING THERE, PAL!

BUT WHAT'LL WE DO TO GET EVEN WITH MCGINTY ??

I'VE AN OLD-MAID SISTER WHO LIVES UP AT -- BZZZZZ ZZZZZ ZZZ

A NOBLE IDEA! C'MON!

SAY, CHUM -- DO YOU FEEL A DRAFT?

W-WOOOOO!

HEY--YOU TWO! COME BACK HERE! and tell me what you're up to--so I'll know what to put on the next page!...

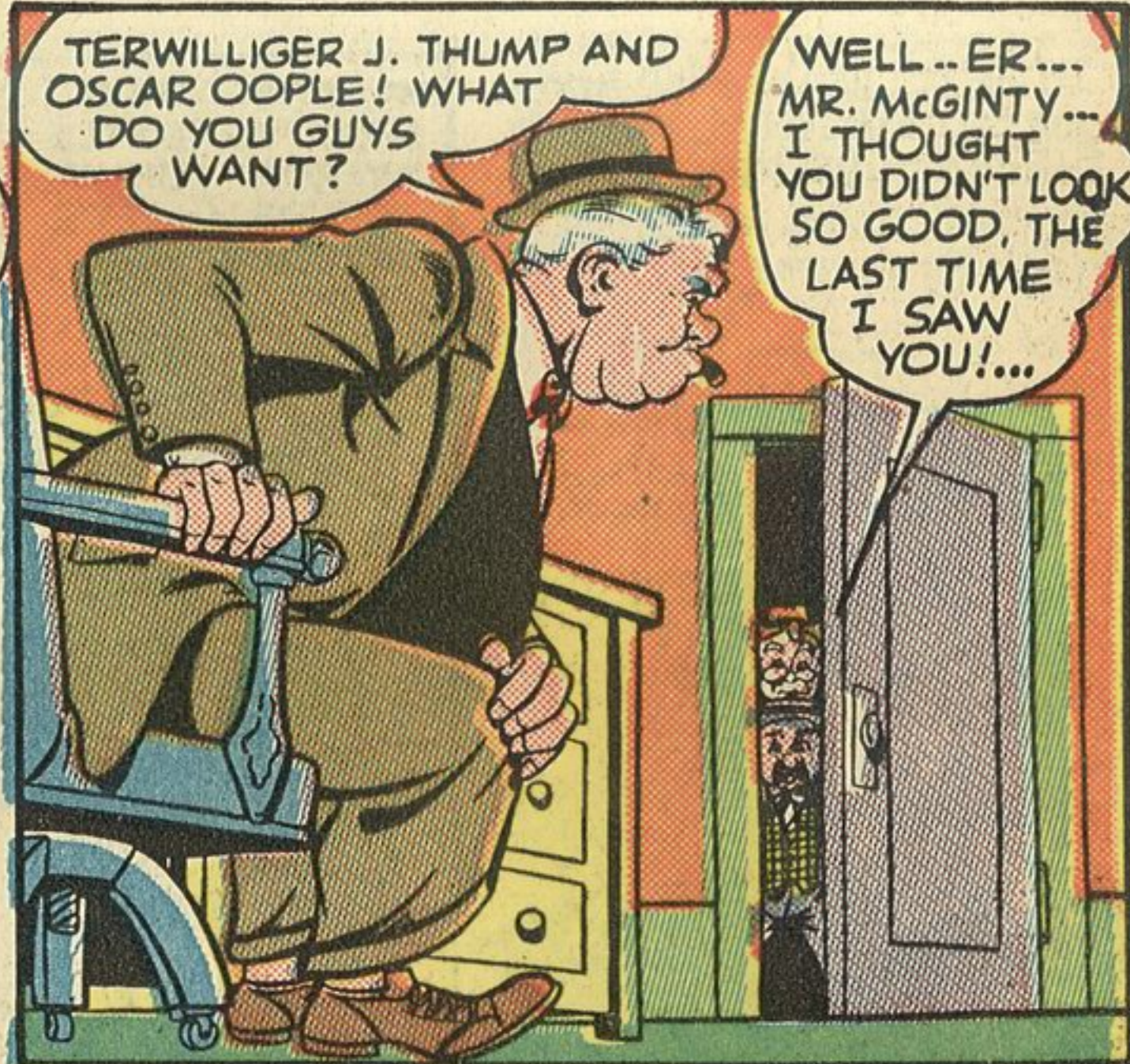
PAGE 4

WHEW! I never thought I'd catch those guys!! Heh-heh... and did I find out what's going to happen to McGinty! Boy!...this is going to kill you!...



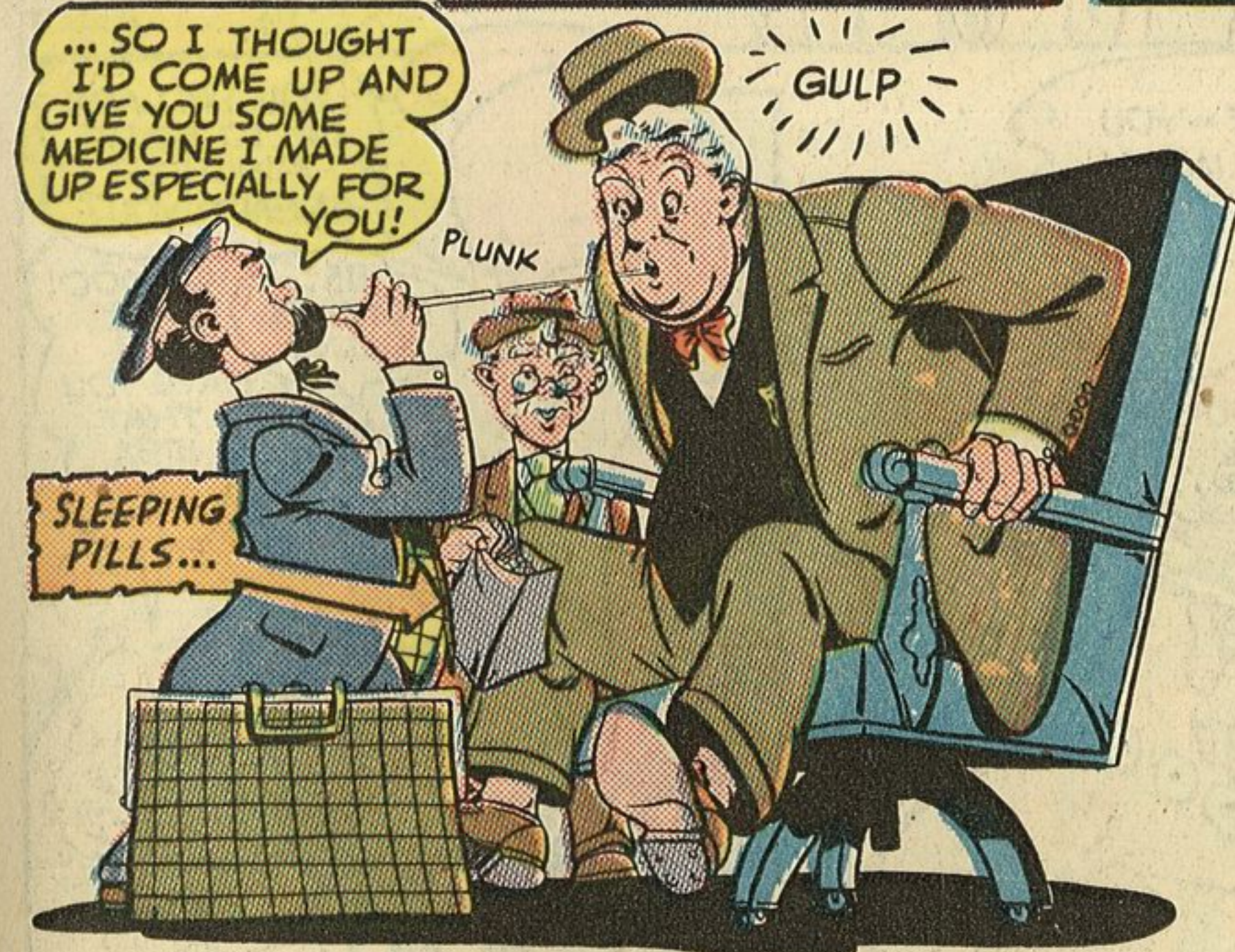
HA-HA-HA! SAY, LITTLE CHUM! I'VE ANOTHER IDEA WE COULD PULL ON MCGINTY!

W-WOOOOO! WE COULD GET EVEN WITH MCGINTY FOR SIX MONTHS AND STILL HAVE IDEAS LEFT!



TERWILLIGER J. THUMP AND OSCAR OOPLE! WHAT DO YOU GUYS WANT?

WELL...ER... MR. MCGINTY... I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T LOOK SO GOOD, THE LAST TIME I SAW YOU!...



... SO I THOUGHT I'D COME UP AND GIVE YOU SOME MEDICINE I MADE UP ESPECIALLY FOR YOU!

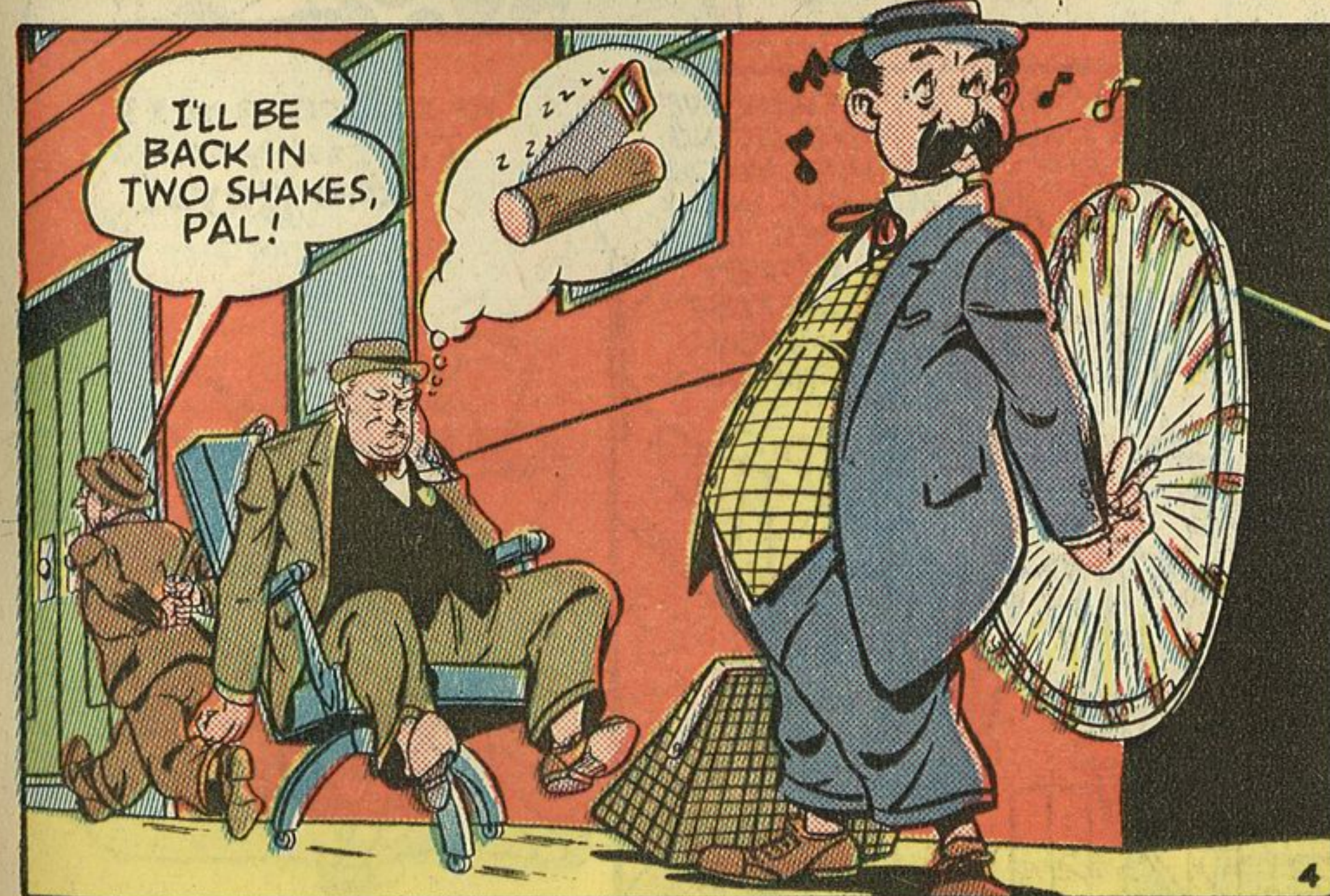
PLUNK

GULP

SLEEPING PILLS...



OKAY, OSCAR --- THE COAST IS CLEAR! C'MON!



I'LL BE BACK IN TWO SHAKES, PAL!

Aren't they a couple of rascals?! Haw-haw! Don't tell Oople and Thump .. but I'm going to pull a dirty trick on THEM...



I'd better shake a leg and get this finished before those guys beat it!...



W-WOOO! McGINTY'S "WAGON" IS SURE FIXED NOW!

SWELL, LITTLE CHUM! ...LET'S SCAT AROUND THIS CORNER AND GET AWAY FROM HERE!



DANG THAT ARTIST! WHAT'D HE HAVE TO GO AND DRAW THE JESTER IN HERE NOW FOR?

C'MERE -- YOU LITTLE IMPS!



YOU TWO ARE UP TO SOME MISCHIEF, AREN'T YOU?

US?.. DON'T BE SILLY!

W-WOOO! WHAT EVER GAVE YOU THAT IDEA?

WHY, THE GUY WHO DRAWS ME! IF THERE WASN'T SOMETHING HE WANTED ME TO FIX UP HE WOULDN'T HAVE PUT ME IN HERE! SEE?

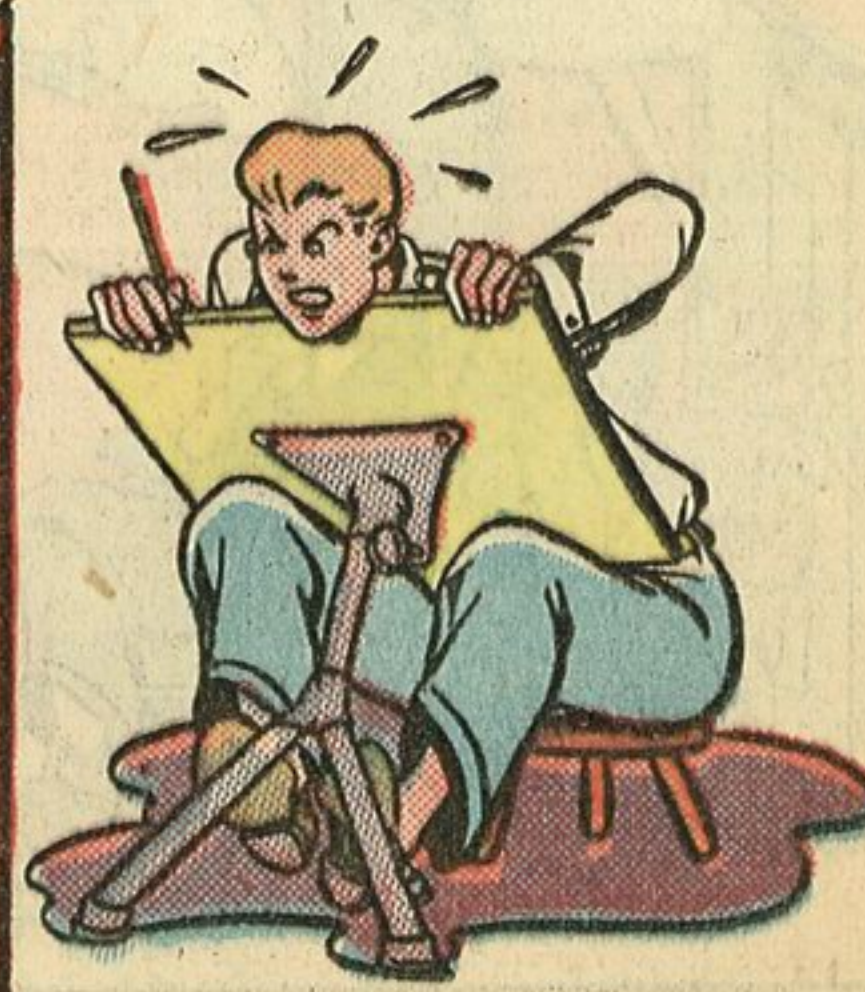


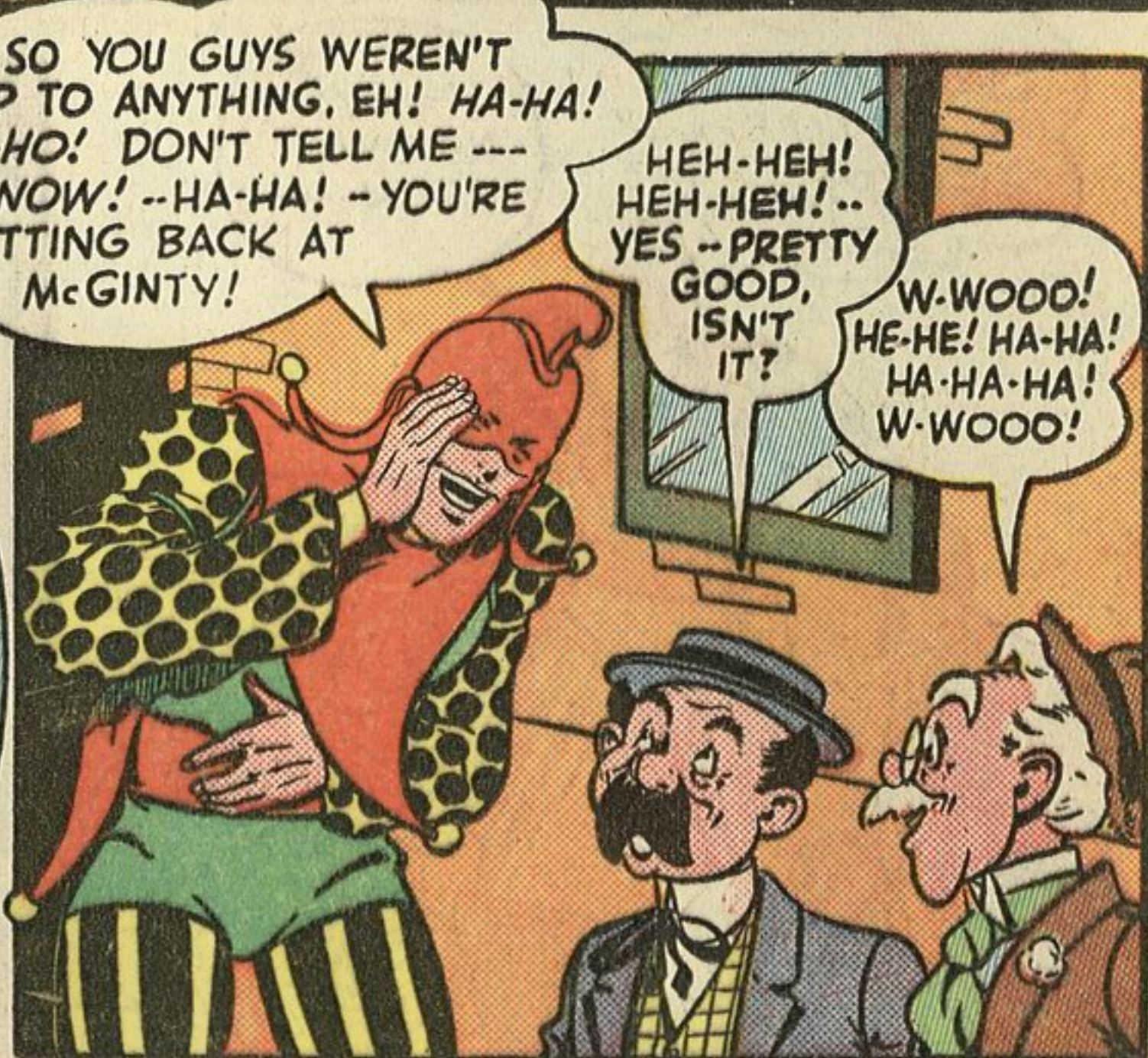
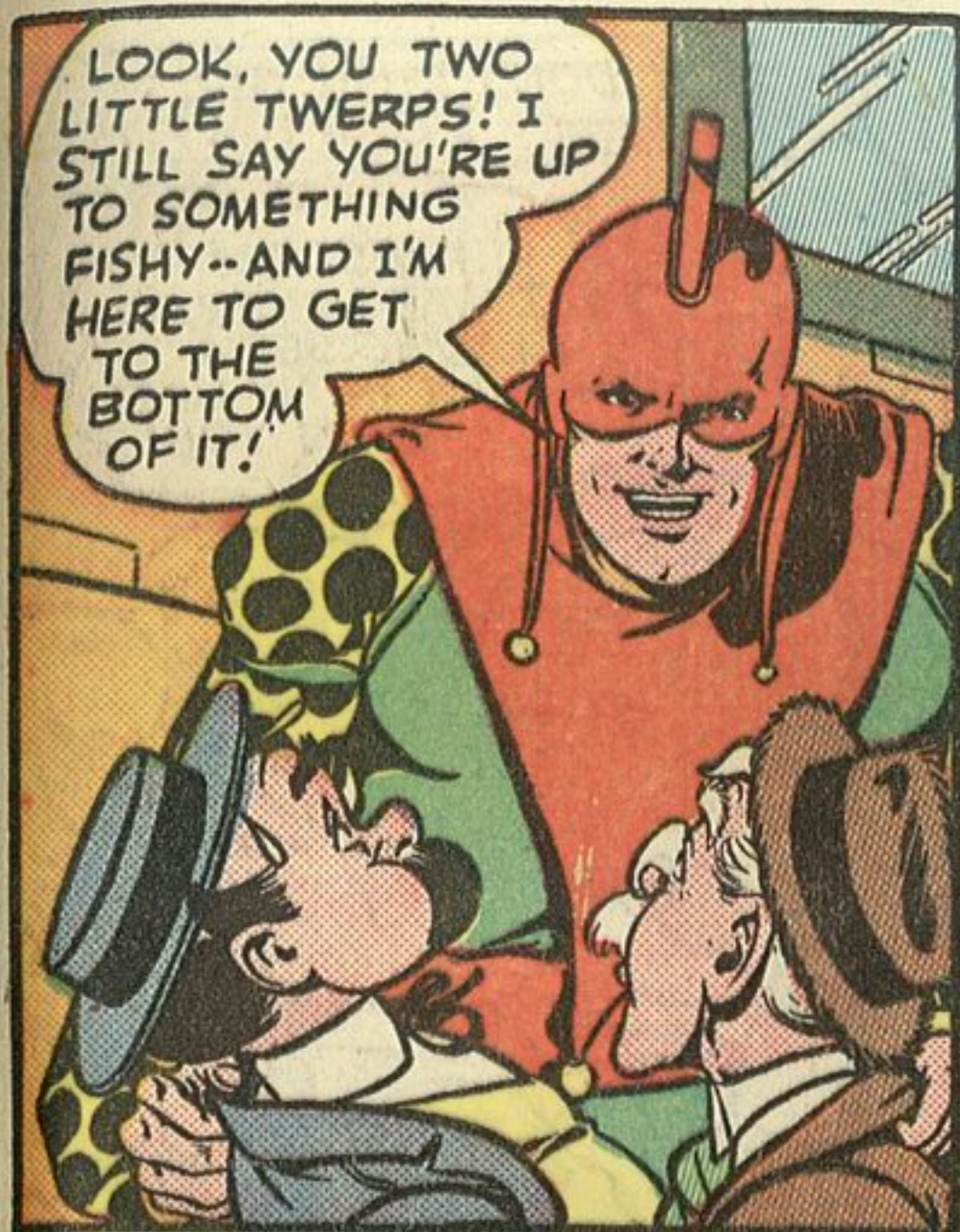
HOW DO YOU LIKE THAT! JUST BECAUSE HE'S THE HERO, HE THINKS HE HAS TO COME IN THIS STRIP ONLY WHEN SOMETHING ISN'T ON THE UP AND UP!



YES -- YOU'D THINK WE WERE ALWAYS DOING SOMETHING WRONG! HARUMF! WHAT DOES THAT DOPEY ARTIST KNOW, ANYWAY?

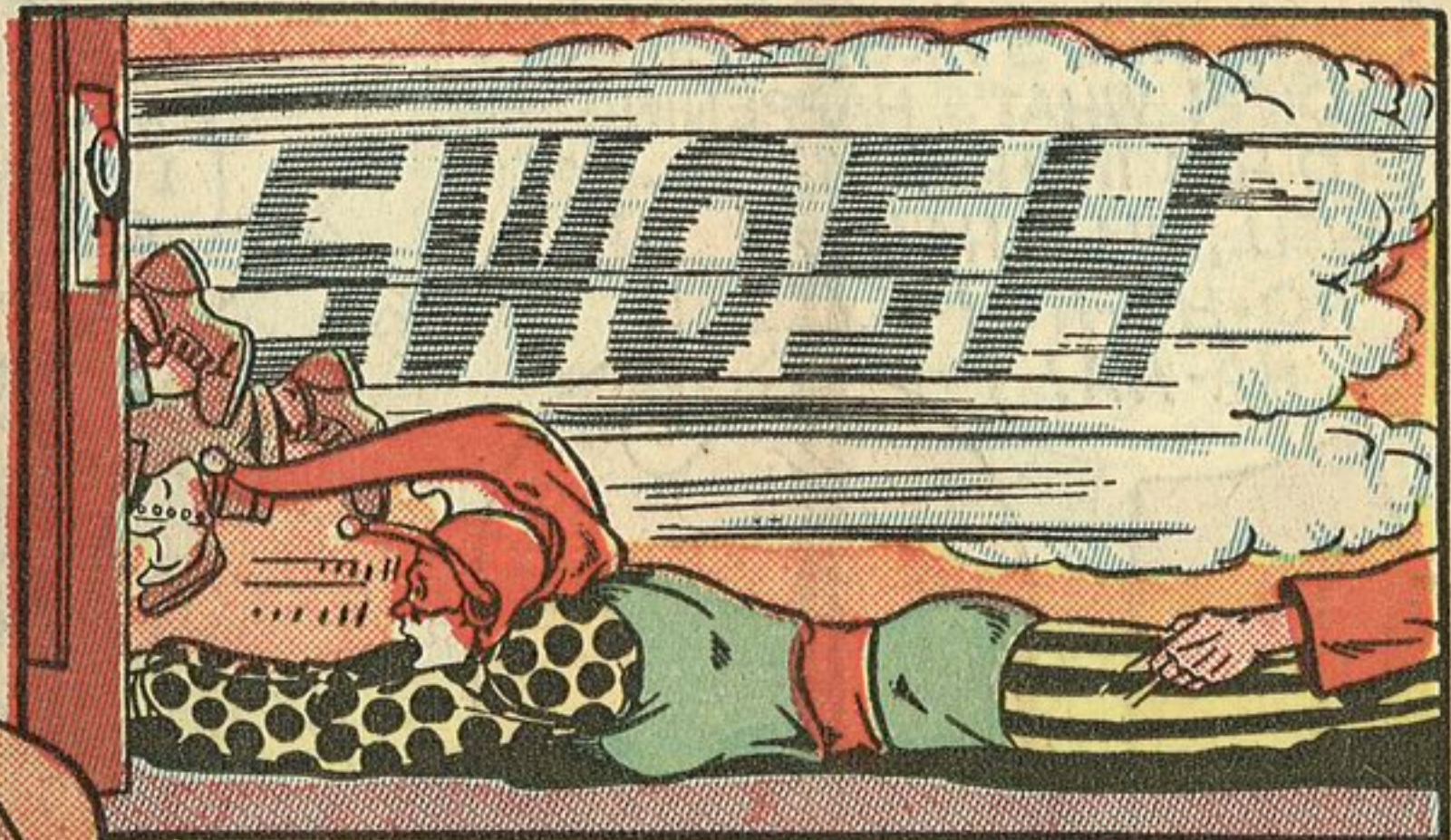
I'm a dope, am I? I'll fix you two guys!





Sa-aay! -- I hope I can fix those two!



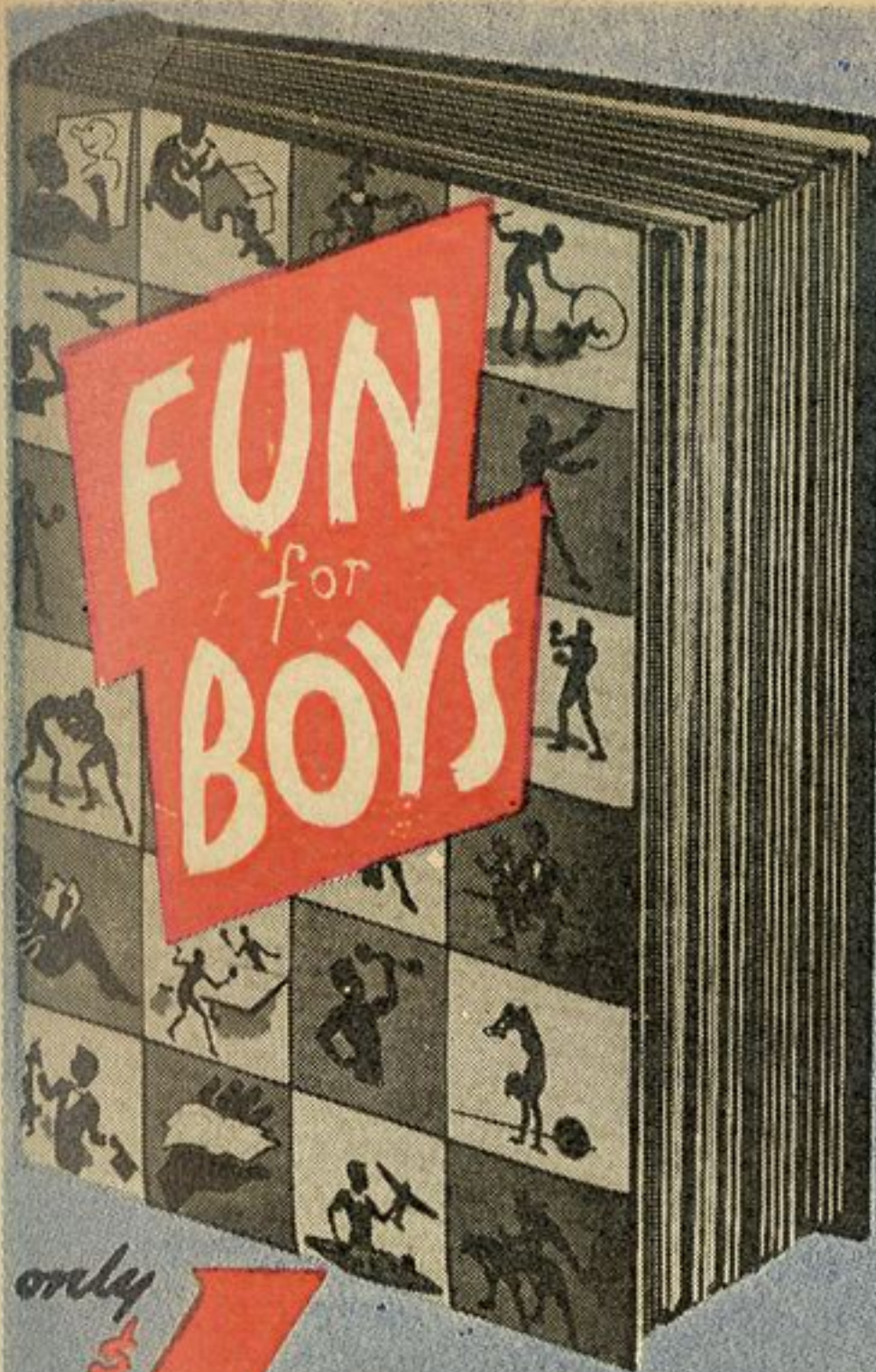


WELL...
I'm the artist
who sits and
thinks --
Of these crazy
stories beside
a brink ...
I give them to
the editor who
always shrinks
And says my
stories usually
S-S-S-----!



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